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B 7

EDWARD HENRY SCOTT.

V. 13

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Samuel Scott

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THE

# WORKS

OF THE

# REV. JONATHAN SWIFT, D. D.,

DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S, DUBLIN.

*ARRANGED BY THOMAS SHERIDAN, A.M.*

WITH

NOTES, HISTORICAL AND CRITICAL.

A NEW EDITION, IN NINETEEN VOLUMES;

CORRECTED AND REVISED

*BY JOHN NICHOLS, F.S.A. EDINBURGH AND PERTH.*

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LETTERS

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# LETTERS

TO AND FROM

# DR. SWIFT.

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

## FROM MR. GAY AND THE DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY.

DEAR SIR, AMESBURY, AUG. 28, 1732.

MR. Hoare has a hundred and odd pounds of yours in his hands, which you may have whenever you please to draw upon me for it. I know I am more indebted to you (I mean, beside the South Sea bond of a hundred, that still subsists); but I cannot tell you exactly how your account stands till I go to town. I have money of my own too in Mr. Hoare's hands, which I know not at present how to dispose of. I believe I shall leave it without interest till I go to town, and shall then be at the same loss how to dispose of it as now. I have an intention to get more money next winter; but am prepared for disappointments, which I think it is very likely I shall meet with; yet as you think it convenient and necessary that I should have more than I have, you see I resolve to do what I can to oblige you. If my designs should not take effect, I desire you will be



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as easy under it as I shall be; for I find you so solicitous about me, that you cannot bear my disappointments as well as I can. If I do not write intelligibly to you, it is because I would not have the clerks of the postoffice know every thing I am doing. If you would come here this summer, you might, with me, have helped to have drunk up the duke's wine, and saved your money. I am growing so saving of late, that I very often reproach myself with being covetous; and I am very often afraid that I shall have the trouble of having money, and never have the pleasure of making use of it. I wish you could live among us; but not unless it could be to your ease and satisfaction. You insist upon your being minister of Amesbury, Dawley, Twickenham, Riskings, and prebendary of Westminster. For your being minister in those places, I cannot promise you; but I know you might have a good living in every one of them. Gambadoes I have rid in, and I think them a very fine and useful invention; but I have not made use of them since I left Devonshire. I ride and walk every day to such excess, that I am afraid I shall take a surfeit of it. I am sure, if I am not better in health after it, it is not worth the pains. I say this, though I have this season shot nineteen brace of partridges. I have very little acquaintance with our vicar; he does not live among us, but resides in another parish. And I have not played at backgammon with any body since I came to Amesbury, but lady Harold, and lady Bateman. As Dr. Delany * has taken away a fortune

* Dr. Delany married Mrs. Pendarves; but not till a few years after the date of this letter. We have a letter with that lady's signature,

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fortune from us, I expect to be recommended in Ireland. If authors of godly books are entitled to such fortunes, I desire you would recommend me as a moral one; I mean, in Ireland, for that recommendation would not do in England.

## THE DUCHESS BEGINS.

The duchess will not lend you two or three thousand pounds to keep up your dignity, for reasons to *Strada dal Poe;* but she had much rather give you that, or ten thousand pounds more, than lay it out in a fine petticoat, to make herself respected.

I believe, for all you give Mr. Gay much advice, that you are a very indiscreet person yourself, or else you would come here to take care of your own affairs; and not be so indiscreet as to send for your money over to a place, where there is none. Mr. Gay is a very rich man; for I really think he does not wish to be richer; but he will, for he is doing what you bid him; though, if it may not be allowed, he will acquire greater honour, and less trouble. His covetousness, at present, is for health, which he takes so much pains for, that he does not allow himself time to enjoy it. Neither does he allow himself time to be either absent or present. When he began to be a sportsman, he had like to have killed a dog; and now every day I expect he will kill himself, and then the bread and butter affair can never be brought before you. It is really an affair of too great consequence to be trusted in a letter; therefore pray come on purpose to decide it.

signature, September 2, 1736. Mr. Faulkner says, in 1735, "she was married some years after; and she was a lady of the "finest accomplishments and most universal genius."



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If you do, you will not hear how familiar I am with Goody Dobson; for I have seen Goody Dobson play at that with so ill a grace, that I was determined never to risk any thing so unbecoming. I am not beloved, neither do I love any creature, except a very few, and those not for having any sort of merit, but only because it is my humour; in this rank, Mr. Gay stands first, and yourself next, if you like to be respected upon these conditions. Now do you know me? He stands over me, and scolds me for spelling ill; and is very peevish (and sleepy) that I do not give him up the pen; for he has yawned for it a thousand times. We both once heard a lady (who at that time we both thought well of) wish that she had the best living in England to give you. It was not I; but I do wish it with all my heart, if Mr. Gay does not hang out false lights for his friend.

## MR. GAY GOES ON HERE.

I had forgot to tell you, that I very lately received a letter from Twickenham, in which was this paragraph: "Motte, and another idle fellow, I find, "have been writing to the dean, to get him to give "them some copyright, which surely he will be "not so indiscreet as to do, when he knows my de- "sign, and has done these two months and more. "Surely I should be a properer person to trust the "distribution of his works with, than a common "bookseller. Here will be nothing but the lu- "dicrous and little things; none of the political, or "any things of consequence, which are wholly at "his own disposal. But, at any rate, it would be "silly

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" silly in him to give a copyright to any, which can " only put the manner of publishing them hereafter " out of his own and his friends power, into that of " mercenaries."

I really think this is a very useful precaution, considering how you have been treated by these sort of fellows.

The duke is fast asleep, or he would add a line.

---

## FROM SIR WILLIAM FOWNES.

DEAR SIR, ISLAND BRIDGE, SEPT. 9, 1732.

IT has been the observation of travellers (as I have been frequently told) that in all the countries they have seen, they never met with fewer publick charitable foundations than in this kingdom.

Private charities, no doubt, will have their reward; but publick are great incitements: and good examples often draw others on, though grudgingly; and so a good work be done, no matter who are the workmen.

When I was lord mayor, I saw some miserable lunaticks exposed, to the hazard of others, as well as themselves. I had six strong cells made at the workhouse for the most outrageous, which were soon filled; and by degrees, in a short time, those few drew upon us the solicitations of many, till by the time the old corporation ceased, we had, in that house, forty and upward. The door being opened,



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interest soon made way to let in the foolish, and such like, as mad folks. These grew a needless charge upon us, and had that course gone on, by this time the house had been filled with such. The new corporation got rid of most of these by death, or the care of friends, and came to a resolution not to admit any such for the future; and the first denial was to a request of the earl of Kildare, which put a full stop to farther applications. As I take it, there are at this time a number of objects which require assistance; and probably many may be restored, if proper care could be taken of them. There is no publick place for their reception, nor private undertakers, as about London. Friends and relations here would pay the charge of their support and attendance, if there were a place for securing such lunaticks.

I own to you, I was for some time averse to our having a publick Bedlam, apprehending we should be overloaded with numbers, under the name of mad. Nay, I was apprehensive our case would soon be like that in England; wives and husbands trying who could first get the other to Bedlam. Many, who were next heirs to estates, would try their skill to render the possessor disordered, and get them confined, and soon run them into real madness. Such like consequences I dreaded, and therefore have been silent on the subject till of late. Now I am convinced that regard should be had to those under such dismal circumstances; and I have heard the primate and others express their concern for them; and no doubt but very sufficient subscriptions may be had to set this needful work on foot. I should think it would be a pleasure to any one, that has any intention this way, to see something done

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done in their lifetime, rather than leave it to the conduct of posterity. I would not consent to the proceeding on such a work in the manner I have seen our poor-house, and Dr. Stevens's hospital, *viz.* to have so expensive a foundation laid, that the expense of the building should require such a sum, and so long a time to finish, as will take up half an age.

My scheme for such an undertaking should be much to this effect:

First, I would have a spot of ground fixed on, that should be in a good open air, free from the neighbourhood of houses; for the cries and exclamations of the outrageous would reach a great way, and ought not to disturb neighbours: which was what you did not think of, when you mentioned a spot in a close place, almost in the heart of the city. There are many places, in the outskirts of the city, I can name, very proper.

Next to the fixing of a proper spot, I would, when that is secured, (which should be a good space) have it well enclosed with a high wall, the cost of all which must be known. Then I would have the cells at the Royal Hospital Infirmary, lately made for mad people, be examined, how convenient, and in all points they are adapted to the purpose, with the cost of these cells, which I take to be six or eight. Then I would proceed to the very needful house for the master and the proper servants. Then another building, to which there should be a piazza for a stone gallery, for walking dry; and out of that several lodging cells for such as are not outrageous, but melancholy, *&c.* This may be of such a size that it may be enlarged in length, or by



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a return; and overhead the same sort of a gallery, with little rooms, or cells, opening the doors into the gallery; for, by intervals, the objects affected may be permitted to walk at times in the galleries. This is according to the custom of London. Annexed to the master's house must be the kitchen and offices.

This proceeding may be so contrived, as to be enlarged from time to time, as there shall be a fund, and occasion to require additions. There is no necessity for any plans or architects; but any ordinary capacities may contrive those enlargements. Perhaps there may appear some well disposed persons who will say, they will make this enlargement, and so others; and, by such helps, they may be sufficiently done to answer all purposes.

It comes just now into my head, that there is a very proper spot, which I think the chapter of St. Patrick set to one Lee, a bricklayer, or builder. It lies back of Aungier street east, comes out of York street, down a place called the Dunghill, runs down to the end of King street, facing William street; at the north end of which some alms houses are built by Dowling and others. Also there stands, to the front of the street, a large stone building, called an alms house, made by Mrs. Mercer; though, by the by, I hear she is weary of her project, and does little in supplying that house, or endowing it. Perhaps the ground may be easily come at from Lee's heirs; and, by your application, I know not but Mrs. Mercer may give her house up to promote so good a work. This will go a good way, and being followed by subscriptions, a great and speedy progress may be made, in which I will readily join my interest

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interest and labour. If that spot fails we will pitch upon another. Whatsoever may be your future intentions do not deny me the consideration of the good your appearance and help may now do. I would not make a step in this affair, if it shall not be agreed, that all matters, which require the consent by votes, shall be determined by the method of a balloting box, that no great folks, or their speeches, should carry what they please, by their method of scoring upon paper, and seeing who marks, *&c.* too much practised.

If there be nothing in this paper worth your attention, you know how to dispose of it. You have the thoughts of your assured humble servant.

W. FOWNES.

## FROM LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

LONDON, NOV. 7, 1732.

I SHOULD have answered yours sooner, but that I every day expected another from you, with your orders to speak to the duke; which I should with great pleasure have obeyed, as it was to serve a friend of yours. Mrs. Floyd is now, thank God, in as good health as I have seen her these many years, though she has still her winter cough hanging upon her; but that, I fear, I must never expect she should be quite free from at this time of day. All my trouble with her now is, to make her drink

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drink wine enough, according to the doctor's order, which is not above three or four glasses, such as are commonly filled at sober houses; and that she makes so great a rout with, and makes so many faces, that there is nobody that did not know her perfectly well, but would extremely suspect she drinks drams in private.

I am sorry to find our tastes so different in the same person; and as every body has a natural partiality to their own opinion, so it is surprising to me to find lady Suffolk dwindled in yours, who rises infinitely in mine, the more and the longer I know her. But you say, "you will say no more of courts, "for fear of growing angry;" and indeed, I think you are so already, since you level all without knowing them, and seem to think, that no one who belongs to a court can act right. I am sure this cannot be really and truly your sense, because it is unjust: and if it is, I shall suspect there is something of your old maxim in it (which I ever admired and found true) that you must have offended them, because you do not forgive. I have been about a fortnight from Knowle, and shall next Thursday go there again for about three weeks, where I shall be ready and willing to receive your commands, who am most faithfully and sincerely yours.

FROM

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## FROM MR. GAY.

DEAR SIR, NOV. 16, 1732.

I AM at last come to London before the family, to follow my own inventions. In a week or fortnight I expect the family will follow me. You may now draw upon me for your money, as soon as you please. I have some of my own too that lies dead; and I protest I do not know which way at present to dispose of it, every thing is so precarious. I paid Mrs. Launcelot 12l. and pay myself the five guineas you had of me, and have deducted your loss by paying off one of the South Sea bonds: and I find I have remaining of yours 211l. 15s. 6d. And I believe over and above that sum, there will be more owing to you upon account of interest on the bonds, about four or five pounds. Mr. Hoare has done this for me, but I have not had time to call upon him yet, so that I cannot be more particular. As the money now lies in Mr. Hoare's hands, you see it is ready on demand. I believe you had best give notice when you draw on me for it, that I may not be out of the way. I have not as yet seen Mr. Pope, but design in a day or two to go to him, though I am in hopes of seeing him here to day or to morrow. If my present project succeeds, you may expect a better account of my own fortune a little while after the holidays; but I promise myself nothing, for I am determined, that neither any body else, or myself, shall disappoint me. I wish the arguments made use of

to

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to draw you here, were every way of more consequence. I would not have you change one comfort of life for another. I wish you to keep every one of those you have already, with as many additional ones as you like. When I sit down to consider on the choice of any subject, to amuse myself by writing, I find I have a natural propensity to write against vice, so that I do not expect much encouragement; though I really think in justice, I ought to be paid for stifling my own inclination; but the great are ungrateful. Mr. Pulteney's young son has had the smallpox, and is perfectly recovered. He is not in town, but is expected in about a week from the Bath. I must answer the letter you writ to the duchess and me, when her grace comes to town; for I know she intended to have a part in it. Why cannot you come among us in the beginning of the new year? The company will be then all in town, and the spring advancing upon us every day. What I mean by the company is, those who call themselves your friends, and I believe are so. It is certain the parliament will not meet till the middle of January. I have not been idle while I was in the country; and I know your wishes in general, and in particular, that industry may always find its account. Believe me, as I am, unchangeable in the regard, love, and esteem I have for you.

FROM

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## FROM CHARLES FORD, ESQ.

LONDON, DEC. 23, 1732.

YESTERDAY I received your letter of the 9th, and am infinitely obliged to you for the constant concern you show for me. I am ashamed to trouble you so much, and so often, in my own affairs; and your great kindness makes me almost ashamed to ask pardon for it. * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

I am very glad to hear the character you give of lord Orrery. He was extremely applauded for a speech he made against the army bill. There is no danger of repealing the test. The court has taken the usual method of gaining the fanatick leaders much against the grain of the body. It is said, the bishop of Salisbury* is the chief encourager of them; that the queen spoke to him, and that he answered, He can be besmeared, although they would not suffer him to go the dirty road to Durham. That was the excuse they made him upon the last vacancy of that see. I am extremely proud that lady Acheson does me the honour to remember her humble servant. I heartily wish she could be persuaded to keep good hours, having observed, by many of my acquaintance, that nothing impairs health so much as sitting up late. I often hear from my sister: she writes in quite another strain than she talked, with cheerful-

* Dr. Benjamin Hoadly.

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ness and good nature. I fancy Arsalla * has cured the lady of her spleen.

I heartily wish you many new years, with health and happiness; and am, most entirely, *&c.*

I am told poor Gay's play is now in rehearsal, and will please. It was that brought him to town a little before he died †; though, without his fever, he could not probably have held out long any where.

## TO MRS. PILKINGTON.

MADAM, DEANERY HOUSE, JAN. 1, 1732-3.

I SEND you your bit of a newspaper with the verses ‡, than which I never saw better in their kind. I have the same opinion of those you were pleased to write

* The seat of Peter Ludlow, esq., father to the first earl of Ludlow.

† Nov. 16, 1732, Mr. Gay tells the dean, "I am at last come "to London before the family, to follow my own inventions.— "If my present object succeeds, you may expect a better account "of my fortune a little while after the holidays. But I promise "myself nothing." See the preceding letter. He died Dec. 4, only eighteen days after.

‡ Mrs. Pilkington, when she was about sixteen, having been teased by her brother to write some verses as a school exercise for him, asked him what she should write upon: Why, said he pertly, what should you write upon but paper? So taking it for her subject, she writ the following lines; which, four years after, were printed in one of the London newspapers. See Pilkington's Memoirs, vol. I, p. 88.

O spotless

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write upon me *, as have also some particular friends of genius and taste, to whom I ventured to communicate them, who universally agree with me. But

O spotless paper, fair and white!
On whom, by force, constrain'd I write,
How cruel am I to destroy
Thy purity, to please a boy?
Ungrateful I, thus to abuse
The fairest servant of the Muse.
Dear friend, to whom I oft impart
The choicest secrets of my heart;
Ah, what atonement can be made
For spotless innocence betray'd!
How fair, how lovely didst thou show,
Like lilied banks, or falling snow!
But now, alas! become my prey,
No floods can wash thy stains away;
Yet this small comfort I can give,
That which destroy'd, shall make thee live.

* Mrs. Pilkington having heard that Dr. Swift had received a paper book, richly bound and gilt, from the earl of Orrery, and a silver standish from Dr. Delany, sent him an eagle quill with the following verses upon his birthday, Nov. 30, 1732:

Shall then my kindred all my glory claim,
And boldly rob me of eternal fame?
To ev'ry art my gen'rous aid I lend,
To musick, painting, poetry, a friend.
'Tis I celestial harmony inspire,
When fix'd to strike the sweetly warbling wire §.
I to the faithful canvas have consign'd
Each bright idea of the painter's mind;
Behold from Raphael's skydipt pencils rise
Such heav'nly scenes as charm the gazer's eyes.
O let me now aspire to higher praise!
Ambitious to transcribe your deathless lays:
Nor thou, immortal bard, my aid refuse,
Accept me as the servant of your Muse;
Then shall the world my wond'rous worth declare,
And all mankind your matchless pen revere.

§ Quills of the harpsichord.



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as I cannot with decency show them, except to a very few, I hope, for both our sakes, others will do it for me. I can only assure you I value your present, as much as either of the others, only you must permit it to be turned into a pen; which office I will perform with my own hand, and never permit any other to use it. I heartily wish you many happy new years; and am, with true esteem, madam, your most obliged friend and servant,

J. SWIFT.

## FROM MR. ROBERT ARBUTHNOT *.

DEAR SIR, ROUEN, JAN. 2, 1732-2.

I HAVE flattered myself these many years, that vapours or company would have brought you over seas to Spa, or to some such place, and that you would have taken Paris in your way; and so I should have had the pleasure of seeing you in some place of my own, I wonder much that a person of so much good humour can let yourself grow old, or die without seeing some other country than your own. I am not quite so wicked as to wish you any real illness to bring you to us, though I should not be sorry that you thought you had need of change of air. I wish you a happy new year, and many more; and (whatever interest I have against it) good health, and prosperity, and every thing that I can wish to one that I much honour and esteem.

* Mr. Arbuthnot married a widow lady of Suffolk, with 600l. a year. See his character in Mr. Pope's letter to lord Digby, September 1, 1722.



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I recommended to your friendship and acquaintance the bearer, Mr. de la Mar. His brother, now dead, has been with you in Ireland: and this gentleman deserves from me all the kindness my friends can show him. Adieu, dear sir, If I can serve you in any thing, command me always, for I am, with great esteem, your most humble and most obedient servant,

ROB. ARBUTHNOT.

## TO LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

MADAM, JANUARY 8, 1732-3.

ALTHOUGH I have but just received the honour of your ladyship's letter, yet, as things stand, I am determined, against my usual practice, to give you no respite, but to answer it immediately; because you have provoked me with your lady Suffolk. It is six years last spring since I first went to visit my friends in England, after the queen's death. Her present majesty heard of my arrival, and sent at least nine times to command my attendance before I would obey her, for several reasons not hard to guess *; and, among others, because I had heard her character from those who knew her well. At last I went, and she received me very graciously. I told her the first time, "That I was informed she loved to see "odd persons; and that, having sent for a wild boy "from Germany, she had a curiosity to see a wild

* It should be, "not hard to *be guessed*."



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" dean from Ireland." I was not much struck with the honour of being sent for, because I knew the same distinction had been offered to others, with whom it would not give me much pride to be compared. I never went once but upon command; and Mrs. Howard, now lady Suffolk, was usually the person who sent for me, both at Leicester-house and Richmond. Mr. Pope (with whom I lived) and Mr. Gay were then great favourites of Mrs. Howard, especially the latter, who was then one of her led-captains. He had wrote * a very ingenious book of fables, for the use of her younger son, and she often promised to provide for him. But some time before, there came out a libel against Mr. Walpole, who was informed it was written by Mr. Gay; and although Mr. Walpole owned he was convinced that it was not written by Gay, yet he never would pardon him, but did him a hundred ill offices to the princess. Walpole was at that time very civil to me, and so were all the people in power. He invited me and some of my friends to dine with him at Chelsea. After dinner, I took an occasion to say, what I had observed of princes and great ministers, " That if they heard " an ill thing of a private person, who expected " some favour, although they were afterward con- " vinced that the person was innocent, yet they " would never be reconciled." Mr. Walpole knew well enough that I meant Mr. Gay. I afterward said the same thing to the princess, with the same intention: and she confessed it a great injustice. But Mr. Walpole gave it another turn: for, he said to some of his friends, and particularly to a lord a

* It should be, " he had *written*."

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near relation of yours, "That I had dined with him, "and had been making apologies for myself:" it seems, for my conduct in her late majesty's reign, in which no man was more innocent; and particularly more officious to do good offices to many of that party which was then out of power, as it is well known. Mrs. Howard was then in great favour, and openly protected Mr. Gay; at least, she saw him often, and professed herself his friend: but Mr. Walpole could hardly be persuaded to let him hold a poor little office for a second year, of commissioner to a lottery. When I took my leave of her highness, on coming hither, she was very gracious; told me, "The medals she had promised me were not "ready, but she would send them to me." However, by her commands, I sent her some plaids for herself and the princesses, and was too gallant to hear of any offers of payment. Next spring, I came again to England; was received the same way; and as I had many hints given me that the court at Leicester-fields would endeavour to settle me in England (which I did not much regard) the late king died. I went, by Mrs. Howard's orders, to kiss their new majesties hands, and was particularly distinguished by the queen. In a few weeks, the queen said to Mrs. Howard (alluding to one of Mr. Gay's fables) "that she would take up the Hare;" and bad her to put her in mind, in settling the family, to find some employment for Mr. Gay: but, in the event, it proved only an offer to be a gentleman-usher to a girl of two years old, which all his friends (and I among the rest) advised him not to accept; and accordingly he excused himself with the utmost



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respect. This I, and every body else were sure must have been a management of Mr. Walpole. As to myself, in a few weeks after the king's death, I found myself not well; and was resolved to take a step to Paris for my health, having an opportunity of doing it with some advantages and recommendations. But my friends advised me first to consult Mrs. Howard; because, as they knew less of courts than I, they were strongly possessed that the promise made me might succeed, since a change was all I desired. I writ to her for her opinion; and particularly conjured her, "since I had long done with courts, not to use "me like a courtier, but give me her sincere ad-"vice;" which she did, both in a letter, and to some friends. It was, "by all means not to go: it "would look singular, and perhaps disaffected;" and, to my friends, enlarged upon the good intentions of the court toward me. I staid; my health grew worse: I left Mr. Pope's house; went to a private lodging near Hammersmith: and, continuing ill, I writ to Mrs. Howard, with my duty to the queen, took coach for Chester, recovered in my journey, and came over hither: where although I have ever since lived in obscurity, yet I have the misfortune, without any grounds, except misinformation, to lie under her majesty's displeasure, as I have been assured by more than two honourable persons of both sexes; and Mr. Gay is in the same condition. For these reasons, as I did always, so I do still think Mrs. Howard, now my lady Suffolk, to be an absolute courtier. Let her show you the character I writ of her, and whereof no one else has a copy; and I take Mr. Pope and Mr. Gay, who judge

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judge more favourably, to be a couple of simpletons. In my answer to the last letter which my lady Suffolk honoured me with, I did, with great civility, discharge her from ever giving herself another trouble of that kind. I have a great esteem for her good sense and taste. She would be an ornament to any court: and I do not in the least pity her for not being a female minister, which I never looked on as an advantageous character to a great and wise lady; of which I could easily produce instances. Mr. Pope, beside his natural and acquired talents, is a gentleman of very extraordinary candour; and is, consequently, apt to be too great a believer of assurances, promises, professions, encouragements, and the like words of course. He asks nothing; and thinks, like a philosopher, that he wants nothing. Mr. Gay is, in all regards, as honest and sincere a man as ever I knew; whereof neither princes nor ministers are either able to judge, or inclined to encourage: which, however, I do not take for so high a reach of politicks as they usually suppose: for, however insignificant wit, learning, and virtue, may be thought in the world, it perhaps would do government no hurt to have a little of them on its side. If you have gone thus far in reading, you are not so wise as I thought you to be; but I will never offend again with so much length. I write only to justify myself. I know you have been always a zealous whig, and so am I to this day: but nature has not given you leave to be virulent. As to myself, I am of the old whig principles, without the modern articles and refinements.

Your ladyship says not one syllable, to inform me whether you approve of what I sent you to be writ-



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ten on the monument *, nor whether you would have it in Latin or English. I am ever, with true respect and high esteem,

Madam, your ladyship's, &c.

The friend I named, who I was afraid would die, is recovered; and his preferment is by turns in the crown and the primate; but the next vacancy will not be in the crown's disposal.

## DR. ARBUTHNOT TO DR. SWIFT.

MY DEAR FRIEND, LONDON, JAN. 13, 1732.

I HAD the pleasure of receiving one from you by Mr. Pilkington. I thank you for the opportunity it gave me of being acquainted with a very agreeable ingenious man. I value him very much for his musick, which you give yourself an air of contemning; and I think I treated him in that way to a degree of surprise.

I have had but a melancholy sorrowful life for some time past; having lost my dear child, whose life, if it had so pleased God, I would have willingly redeemed with my own. I thank God for a new lesson of submission to his will, and likewise for what he has left me.

We have all had another loss of our worthy and dear friend Mr. Gay †. It was some alleviation of

* In St. Andrew's church, Dublin, to the memory of her sister, lady Penelope Berkeley.

† He died December 4, 1732.

my

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my grief to see him so universally lamented by almost every body, even by those who knew him only by reputation. He was interred at Westminster-Abbey, as if he had been a peer of the realm; and the good duke of Queensberry, who lamented him as a brother, will set up a handsome monument upon him. These are little affronts put upon vice and injustice, and is all that remains in our power. I believe the Beggar's Opera, and what he had to come upon the stage, will make the sum of the diversions of the town for some time to come. Curll (who is one of the new terrours of death) has been writing letters to every body for memoirs of his life. I was for sending him some, particularly, an account of his disgrace at court, which, I am sure, might have been made entertaining: by which I should have attained two ends at once, published truth, and got a rascal whipped for it. I was overruled in this. I wish you had been here, though I think you are in a better country. I fancy to myself, that you have some virtue and honour left, some small regard for religion. Perhaps christianity may last with you at least twenty or thirty years longer. You have no companies or stockjobbing, are yet free of excises; you are not insulted in your poverty, and told with a sneer, that you are a rich and a thriving nation. Every man that takes neither place nor pension, is not deemed with you a rogue, and an enemy to his country.

Your friends of my acquaintance are in tolerable good health. Mr. Pope has his usual complaints of head-ach and indigestion, I think, more than formerly. He really leads sometimes a very irregular life, that is, lives with people of superiour health and strength. You will see some new things of his, equal to any



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of his former productions. He has affixed to the new edition of his Dunciad, a royal declaration against the haberdashers of points and particles, assuming the title of criticks and restorers, wherein he declares, that he has revised carefully this his Dunciad, beginning and ending so and so, consisting of so many lines, and declares this edition to be the true reading; and it is signed by John Barber, *major civitatis Londini.*

I remember you, with your friends, who are my neighbours: they all long to see you. As for news, there is nothing here talked of but the new scheme of excise. You may remember, that a ministry in the queen's time, possessed of her majesty, the parliament, army, fleet, treasury, confederate, *&c.* put all to the test, by an experiment of a silly project of the trial of a poor parson *. The same game, in my mind, is playing over again, from a wantonness of power. *Miraberis quam pauca sapientia mundus regitur.*

I have considered the grievance of your wine: the friend that designed you good wine, was abused by an agent that he intrusted this affair to. It was not this gentleman's brother, whose name is de la Mar, to whom show what friendship you can. My brother is getting money now, in China, less, and more honestly, than his predecessors supercargoes; but enough to make you satisfaction, which, if he comes home alive, he shall do.

My neighbour the proseman is wiser, and more cowardly and despairing than ever. He talks me into a fit of vapours twice or thrice a week. I dream

* Dr. Sacheverell.

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at night of a chain, and rowing in the gallies. But, thank God, he has not taken from me the freedom I have been accustomed to in my discourse, (even with the greatest persons to whom I have access) in defending the cause of liberty, virtue and religion: for the last, I have the satisfaction of suffering some share of the ignominy that belonged to the first confessors. This has been my lot, from a steady resolution I have taken of giving these ignorant impudent fellows battle upon all occasions. My family send you their best wishes, and a happy new year; and none can do it more heartily than myself, who am, with the most sincere respect, your most faithful humble servant.

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## TO THE EARL OF ORRERY.

MY LORD, JANUARY, 1732-3.

IT is some time since Mrs. Ball gave me, enclosed and directed to me, your lordship's verses, in your own hand, with the alterations you were pleased to make, for which I have long deferred my acknowledgments; and if I were to follow the course of my own nature, the delay should be longer: because, although I believe no man has a more grateful sense of a real honour done him than myself, yet no man is in more confusion how to express it. Although I had not the least hand in publishing those verses (which would have ill become me) yet I will not be so affected as to conceal the pride I have in seeing them abroad, whatever enmity they may procure against

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## FROM THE RIGHT HONOURABLE JOHN BARBER, LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

LONDON, FEB. 6, 1732-3.

Queen Anne's Birthday:
The bells all ringing.

BELIEVE me, sir, and it is with great truth I speak it, that there is not a person in the world I would sooner oblige than yourself; and I should be glad to have it in my power to serve Mrs. Barber in the way you mention; but it is odds it may not be in my power, for many things may fall, that her spouse is not fit for; as, all places relating to the law, he can have no pretensions to. There are a dozen persons in my house, called *lord mayor's officers*, who wear black gowns, and give from eight to nine hundred pounds for their places, which at first they make about sixty pounds *per annum* of, and rise in time to three or four hundred pounds; but they are generally young men. These places, I suppose, should any one fall, would not be thought good enough. There are many other places in my gift. We have had mayors gone through the office who have not got one hundred pounds, and others have got ten thousand pounds: it is all chance. I have gone through the fourth part of my year, and have got only about two hundred guineas, by the deaths of one of the city musick, and a porter to Guildhall.

But suppose a place should fall worth fifteen hundred or two thousand pounds, that he may be fit for, one

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one third of the purchase goes to the city, and must be paid before his admission; the other two thirds are mine: but I cannot put a less price than was paid before, because the last price is entered in the city books.

I know you love particulars, and thus you have the case as it stands.

You will give me leave to add a word or two, which I do in confidence, That I have been, for many years, plagued with a set of ungrateful monsters, called *cousins*, that I tremble at the name; and though I give yearly pensions to some, and monthly and weekly to others, all would not do, and I am insulted and abused by them, and cannot help myself.

Now, as Mrs. Barber and her family design to settle here, and she has done me the honour in most places to call me *cousin*, I hope it will not be expected I should have the care of them. I have very ill health; and any additional care that way would hurt me very much; but for doing her and her family any good offices, I shall never be wanting.

I must now beg leave to return you my thanks for your affectionate and kind wishes. The honour, I own, is very great I am in possession of, and I am sensible I am placed aloft, and that all my words and actions are scanned; but I will not be discouraged, and hope I shall get through with honour. One motive for making me think so, is the great pleasure and satisfaction I have in the hopes of seeing you here, where your advice and example will be of great use; and therefore I hope you will lose no time, but come away, and I will fit up an apartment for you in Queen's square, and another at Sheen (which

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(which I hope you will accept) places that I shall hardly be able to see this year.

Mr. Pilkington gains daily upon us, and comes out a facetious agreeable fellow. I carried him the other day to see her grace of Bucks in the Park. Her grace seeing him, asked, who he was? I answered, "He was a present from you from Dublin." She smilingly replied, "He is no fool then, I am "sure."

I shall conclude a long dull letter, with my sincere wishes for your health and prosperity, and that you would not delay one hour coming to bless your friends here with your company; which by none is more desired than, sir, your most obedient and most humble servant,

J. BARBER.

## FROM LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

FEB. 8, 1732-3.

I RECEIVED yours of the 8th of January but last week, so find it has lain long on the road after the date. It was brought me while at dinner, that very lady sitting close to me, whom you seem to think such an absolute courtier *. She knew your hand, and inquired much after you, as she always does; but I, finding her name frequently mentioned, not with that kindness I am sure she deserves, put it into my pocket with silence and surprise. Indeed,

* The countess of Suffolk.

were

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were it in people's power, that live in a court with the appearance of favour, to do all they desire with their friends, they might deserve their anger, and be blamed, when it does not happen right to their minds; but that, I believe, never was the case of any one: and in this particular of Mr. Gay, thus far I know, and so far I will answer for, that she was under very great concern, that nothing better could be got for him: and the friendship upon all other occasions in her own power, that she showed him, did not look like a double-dealer.

As to that part concerning yourself and her, I suppose, it is my want of comprehension, that I cannot find out why she was to blame to give you advice, when you asked it, that had all the appearance of sincerity, good nature, and right judgment. And if after that, the court did not do what you wanted, and she both believed and wished they would, was it her fault? At least, I cannot find out that you have hitherto proved it upon her. And though you say, you lamented the hour you had seen her, yet I cannot tell how to suppose that your good sense and justice can impute any thing to her, because it did not fall out just as she endeavoured, and hoped it would.

As to your creed in politicks, I will heartily and sincerely subscribe to it that I detest avarice in courts, corruption in ministers, schisms in religion, illiterate fawning betrayers of the church in mitres. But, at the same time, I prodigiously want an infallible judge to determine when it is really so: for as I have lived longer in the world, and seen many changes, I know those out of power and place always see the faults of those in, with dreadful large spectacles; and, I dare



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say, you know many instances of it in lord Oxford's time. But the strongest in my memory is, sir Robert Walpole, being first pulled to pieces in the year 1720, because the South Sea did not rise high enough; and since that, he has been to the full as well banged about, because it did rise too high. So experience has taught me, how wrong, unjust, and senseless party factions are; therefore I am determined never wholly to believe any side or party against the other; and to show that I will not, as my friends are in and out of all sides, so my house receives them altogether; and those people meet here, that have, and would fight in any other place. Those of them that have great and good qualities and virtues I love and admire; in which number is lady Suffolk; and I do like and love her, because I believe, and as far as I am capable of judging, know her to be a wise, discreet, honest and sincere courtier, who will promise no farther than she can perform, and will always perform what she does promise; so, now, you have my creed as to her *.

I thought I had told you in my last, at least I am sure I designed it, that I desire you would do just as you like about the monument; and then, it will be most undoubtedly approved by your most sincere and faithful servant.

E. GERMAIN.

* This spirited defence of lady Suffolk, against a man of Swift's ability and disposition, does lady Betty Germain more honour, than she would have deserved by writing the best satire against all the courts and courtiers in the world.

FROM

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## FROM THE DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY.

SIR, FEB. 21, 1732-3.

SOON after the death of our friend Mr. Gay, I found myself more inclined to write to you, than to allow myself any other entertainment. But, considering that might draw you into a correspondence, that most likely might be disagreeable, I left off all thoughts of this kind, till Mr. Pope showed me your letter to him, which encourages me to hope we may converse together as usual: by which advantage, I will not despair to obtain in reality some of those good qualities, you say, I seem to have. I am conscious of only one, that is, being an apt scholar; and if I have any good in me, I certainly learned it insensibly of our poor friend, as children do any strange language. It is not possible to imagine the loss his death is to me; but as long as I have any memory, the happiness of ever having such a friend can never be lost to me.

As to himself, he knew the world too well to regret leaving it; and the world in general knew him too little to value him as they ought. I think it my duty to my friend, to do him the justice to assure you, he had a most perfect and sincere regard for you. I have learned a good deal of his way of thinking on your account; so that, if at any time you have any commands in this part of the world, you will do me a pleasure to employ me, as you would him: and



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I shall wish it could ever be in my power to serve you in any thing essential. The duke of Queensberry meant to write, if I had not, concerning your money affair. We both thought of it, as soon as we could of any thing; and if you will only write word what you would have done with your money, great care shall be taken according to your order. I differ with you extremely, that you are in any likelihood of dying poor or friendless: the world can never grow so worthless. I again differ with you, that it is possible to comfort one's self for the loss of friends, as one does upon the loss of money. I think I could live on very little, nor think myself poor, or be thought so; but a little friendship could never satisfy me; and I could never expect to find such another support as my poor friend. In almost every thing, but friends, another of the same name may do as well; but friend is more than a name, if it be any thing.

Your letter touched me extremely; it gave me a melancholy pleasure. I felt much more than you wrote, and more than, I hope, you will continue to feel. As you can give Mr. Pope good advice, pray practise it yourself. As you cannot lengthen your friend's days, I must beg you, in your own words, not to shorten your own: for I do full well know by experience, that health and happiness depend on good spirits. Mr. Pope is better in both this year, than I have seen him a good while. This you will believe, unless he has told you what he tells me, that I am his greatest flatterer. I hope that news has not reached you; for nothing is more pleasant than to believe what one wishes. I wish to be your friend;

I wish

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I wish you to be mine; I wish you may not be tired with this; I wish to hear from you soon; and all this, in order to be my own flatterer, I will believe.

I never write my name.

I hope you have no aversion to blots.

Since I wrote this, the duke of Queensberry bids me tell you, that if you have occasion for the money, you need only draw upon him, and he will pay the money to your order. He will take care to have the account of interest settled, and made up to you. He will take this upon himself, that you may have no trouble in this affair.

## FROM THE COUNTESS OF KERRY.

LIXNAW, MARCH 4, 1732-3.

THE kind concern and friendly remembrance of the most esteemed dean of St. Patrick's, has raised in me a satisfaction and pleasure that I had almost given up, having been resolved a good while humbly to content myself in a state of indolence and indifference; and if I could avoid the pains of body and mind, not to seek farther after those points in life, I so long and vainly pursued: but you have invaded my tranquillity in a manner I must not only forgive, but pay my acknowledgments for, since at the same time you make a melancholy representation of my misfortunes, you strike a light for me from another quarter from whence to raise hope. I most heartily rejoice in what you tell me of Mr. Fitzmaurice, who



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has indeed given me an undeniable mark of taste, by the sense he has of the honour you do him in letting him into your society, from whence it is impossible to come without some good influence. For my part, I grieve at the interval that necessity seems to call for, to interrupt such advantage, and it is my study to find an occasion indispensable that he may return *; and as I think to be a member of our senate-house, is the best way to lead a young man into the world, I have been watching a good while for some gap in that body, that he might step into. There seems now to offer one on the death of sir Ralph Gore, that may not be impracticable, since it is a very small borough entirely belonging, as I am informed, to the bishop of Clogher, who, I dare say, is above disposing of it for court favour only, or to the highest bidder; practices much in fashion of late. Might I not then presume upon your friendship with the bishop, to recommend this young man as an honest one at present, and whom he might devote to his service by so great and seasonable an obligation, beside paying an acknowledgment that in gratitude is due, although the person were never so well qualified: thus much sure I may say without censure. If I have taken too great liberty in recommending this matter to you, forgive me, and impute it to my zeal in endeavouring to take all opportunities to turn this lad into the world, that I may see what figure he will be likely to make hereafter. But if I do not succeed in this, or any other attempt, I thank Providence sincerely, I can now boast I have attained philosophy enough to take every thing with

* It is presumed, from his travels.

patience

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patience as it comes, by no means thinking myself too good to be the sport of higher powers; and my christian duty will not permit me to look for reasons. As little wisdom as I have bought, I wish I had it sooner; now it is too late, *la farce est joué*, and my curtain almost drawn; so that if I could, I would no more traffick with the world upon my own account: friendship only is what I still must always value; yours, surely, is more than comes to my share.

You are very good to inquire after my eyes: they are, indeed, well beyond my expectation; but are to me like the miser's gold, hoarded up as imaginary treasure that one wants, at the same time that one possesses; for so much as this letter I have not taxed them a long time. I shall, with attention, observe all you recommend to me in the way of passing my time; and do daily see reason to respect *la bagatelle;* yet are there some places where that is too insipid to be made any use of. I have an excellent chaplain, that I employ in reading, and my domestick. Handicrafts and gardening do the rest. As for quadrille, it is a part of entertainment only for strangers. What shall I say for taking up so much of your time? Forgive, dear dean, your most real and faithful humble servant,

A. KERRY.



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## TO THE DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY.

MADAM, MARCH 20, 1732-3.

I HAD lately the honour of a letter from your grace, which was dated just a month before it came to my hand, and the ten days since, I have been much disordered with a giddiness, that I have been long subject to at uncertain times. This hindered me from an acknowledgment of the great favour you have done me. The greatest unhappiness of my life is grown a comfort under the death of my friend *, I mean, my banishment in this miserable country; for the distance I am at, and the despair I have of ever seeing my friends, farther than by a summer's visit; and this, so late in my life, so uncertain in my health, and so embroiled in my little affairs, may probably never happen; so that my loss is not so great as that of his other friends, who had it always in their power to converse with him. But I chiefly lament your grace's misfortune, because I greatly fear, with all the virtues and perfections which can possibly acquire the highest veneration to a mortal creature from the worthiest of human kind, you will never be able to procure another so useful, so sincere, so virtuous, so disinterested, so entertaining, so easy, and so humble a friend, as that person whose death all good men lament. I turn to your letter, and find your grace has the same thoughts. Loss of friends has been called a tax upon long life,

* Mr. Gay.

and

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and what is worse, it is then too late to get others, if they were to be had, for the younger ones are all engaged. I shall never differ from you in any thing longer, than till you declare your opinion; because I never knew you wrong in any thing, except your condescending to have any regard for me; and therefore, all you say upon the subject of friendship, I heartily allow. But I doubt you are a perverter; for sure I was never capable of comparing the loss of friends, with the loss of money. I think we never lament the death of a friend upon his own account, but merely on account of his friends, or the publick, or both; and his, for a person in private life, was as great as possible. How finely you preach to us who are going out of the world, to keep our spirits, without informing us where we shall find materials! Yet I have my flatterers too, who tell me, I am allowed to have retained more spirits than hundreds of others who are richer, younger, and healthier than myself; which, considering a thousand mortifications, added to the perfect ill will of every creature in power, I take to be a high point of merit, as well as an implicit obedience to your grace's commands. Neither are those spirits (such as they be) in the least broken by the honour of lying under the same circumstances, with a certain great person, whom I shall not name, of being in disgrace at court. I will excuse your blots upon paper, because they are the only blots that you ever did, or ever will make in the whole course of your life. I am content, upon your petition, to receive the duke and your grace for my stewards for that immense sum; and in proper time, I may come to thank you, as a king does the commons, for your loyal bene-



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volence. In the mean while, I humbly intreat your grace, that the money may lie where you please, till I presume to trouble you with a bill, as my lord duke allows me.

One thing I find, that you are grown very techy since I lost the dear friend who was my supporter; so that perhaps you may expect I shall be very careful how I offend you in words, wherein you will be much mistaken; for I shall become ten times worse after correction. It seems Mr. Pope, like a treacherous gentleman, showed you my letter wherein I mention good qualities that you *seem* to have. You have understroked that offensive word, to show it should be printed in *italic*. What could I say more? I never saw your person since you were a girl, except once in the dark (to give you a bull of this country) in a walk next the Mall. Your letters may possibly be false copies of your mind; and the universal, almost idolatrous esteem you have forced from every person in two kingdoms, who have the least regard for virtue, may have been only procured by a peculiar art of your own, I mean, that of bribing all wise and good men to be your flatterers. My literal mistakes are worse than your blots. I am subject to them, by a sort of infirmity wherein I have few fellow-sufferers; I mean, that my heart runs before my pen, which it will ever do in a greater degree, as long as I am a servant to your grace, I mean, to the last hour of my life and senses. I am with the greatest respect and utmost gratitude, madam, your grace's most obedient, most obliged, and most humble servant.

I desire

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I desire to present my most humble respects and thanks to my lord duke of Queensberry. For a man of my level, I have as bad a name almost as I desire; and I pray God, that those who give it me, may never have reason to give me a better.

## FROM LORD CARTERET.

SIR, MARCH 24, 1732-3.

I HAD the favour of your letter of the 19th of February. A gentleman left it at my door. I have not heard from him since, though he said he would call again, and who he is, I do not know. I showed it to my wife and lady Worsley, who will not fail to obey your commands, and tease me, if I could be forgetful of your orders, to attend the cause of the city of Dublin when it comes into the house. I know by experience, how much that city thinks itself under your protection, and how strictly they used to obey all orders fulminated from the sovereignty of St. Patrick's. I never doubted their compliance with you in so trivial a point as a recorder *. You can give any one law and capacity in half an hour; and if by chance a rake should get those faculties any other way, you can make the worthy citizens believe he has them not; and you can sustain any machine in a furred gown.

I thank you for the letter by Mr. Pilkington. I have seen him twice at a great entertainment at my

* Mr. Stanard was about this time chosen recorder of the city of Dublin, chiefly at the recommendation of Dr. Swift.

lord

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lord mayor's, where you was the first toast. I like the young man very well, and he has great obligations to you, of which he seems sensible.

I hope Dr. Delany is well, and that you see one another often, and then the doctor would not have leisure to pursue his dissertations *, or to answer the reverend prelate † on your side, who I hear has answered him. As I have not read the dissertations, so I shall not read the answer; which, I hope without offence, I may suppose to be your case. If so, I hope you will endeavour to keep me well with the doctor, who took it a little unkindly of me, that I would shut my eyes to such revelation, so demonstrated. I have a great esteem for him, to which nothing that he can write upon those subjects can make any addition: and therefore, I would run no risk as to altering my opinion of him by reading his books.

That health and prosperity may attend you, is my sincere wish; and I entreat you to believe that I am, with great truth, sir, your most humble and obedient servant.

The whole family of my ladies send their compliments.

* Revelation examined with Candour.

† Dr. Robert Clayton, bishop of Killala, Jan. 23, 1729; translated to Corke, Dec. 19, 1735; and to Clogher, Aug. 26. 1745. He was the author of "A Vindication of the Old and New Testa-" ment, &c." against lord Bolingbroke, and of many other valuable treatises.

TO

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## TO DR. SHERIDAN.

DUBLIN, MARCH 27, 1733.

I RECEIVED your letter with some pleasure, and a good deal of concern. The condition you are in requires the greatest haste hither, although your school did not; and when you arrive, I will force Dr. Helsham to see and direct you: your scheme of riding and country air you find hath not answered, and therefore you have nothing to trust to but the assistance of a friendly, skilful doctor. For whether they can do any good or not, it is all we have for it; and you cannot afford to die at present, because the publick, and all your family have occasion for you. Besides, I do not like the place you are in, from your account, since you say people are dying there so fast. You cannot afford to lose daily blood; but I suppose you are no more regular, than you have been in your whole life. I like the article very much, which you propose in your will; and if that takes place forty years hence, and God for the sins of men should continue that life so long, I would have it be still inserted; unless you could make it a little sharper. I own you have too much reason to complain of some friends, who next to yourself have done you most hurt, whom still I esteem and frequent, though I confess I cannot heartily forgive. Yet certainly the case was not merely personal malice to you (although it had the same effect) but a kind of I know not what job, which one of them hath often heartily repented; however it came to be patched

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patched up. I am confident your collection of *bon mots*, and *contes à rire* will be much the best extant; but you are apt to be terribly sanguine about the profits of publishing: however it shall have all the pushing I can give. I have been much out of order with a spice of my giddiness, which began before you left us: I am better of late days, but not right yet, though I take daily drops and bitters. I must do the best I can, but shall never more be a night-walker. You hear they have in England passed the excise on tobacco, and by their votes it appears they intend it on more articles. And care is taken by some special friends here to have it the same way here. We are slaves already. And from my youth upward, the great wise men, whom I used to be among, taught me, that a general excise (which they now by degrees intend) is the most direct and infallible way to slavery. Pray G— send it them in his justice, for they well deserve it. All your friends and the town are just as you left it. I humdrum it on, either on horseback, or dining and sitting the evening at home, endeavouring to write, but write nothing merely out of indolence, and want of spirits. No soul has broke his neck, or is hanged, or married; only Cancerina * is dead, and I let her go to her grave without a coffin, and without fees. So I am going to take my evening walk after five, having not been out of doors yet. I wish you well and safe at home; pray call on me on Sunday night.

I am yours, *&c.*

* One of those poor people to whom the dean used to give money when he met them in his walks. Some of them he named thus, partly for distinction and partly for humour; Cancerina, Stumpanympha, Pullagowna, Friterilla, Flora, Stumphantha.



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P. S. I believe there are a hundred literal blunders, but I cannot stay to mend them.—So pick as you are able.

I am not so FRANK a writer as you.

## FROM LORD BATHURST.

CIRENCESTER,

MY MOST DEAR DEAN, MARCH 29, 1733.

I AM indebted to you for several scraps of paper which you have sent me; but I waited to receive a letter from you, and then would have returned you an answer as well as I could. I obeyed your commands signified in your *pénultième;* I attended your cause; your client happened to be in the right, and we are not a little in the wrong, that we gave no costs. I should have moved for them, but I had distinguished myself in pressing lords to attend, and told so many that I had your commands so to do, that I did not think it proper to take that part upon me, and nobody else would do it; therefore give me leave to tell you, that you are bound in conscience to pay that poor man 100l. He would certainly have had that sum, if you had not interposed in that peremptory manner.

As to your last orders, in relation to the Dublin cause, I take it for granted you are in the wrong. All corporations of men are perpetually doing injustice to individuals. I will attend it, but am as much prejudiced against them, as it is possible, though I know nothing of the man, nor the matter in question.

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tion. I have often reflected, (from what cause it arises I know not) that though the majority of a society are honest men, and would act, separately, with some humanity, and according to the rules of morality; yet, conjunctively, they are hardhearted determined villains. I know physicians, who, if you take them out of their practice, are very good sort of men: but, was there ever in the world a consultation of them, that tended to any thing else than robbery and murder? Do the body of lawyers think of any thing else, but to plunder and destroy the rest of mankind? In short, there is no corporation to be excepted out of this general rule, but the two houses of parliament; and all assemblies of divines, wheresoever dispersed through the christian world. So much for your Dublin cause.

Now, I must tell you, I want exceedingly to see you here; and I would have you come just about Midsummer. If you come a moment before that time, you will find the parliament sitting, all in a flame about excises; and go into what company you will, you can hear of nothing else. I reckon by that time we shall separate, and then I come down to this place *en famille*, (where I am now only a sojourner for three days) and you shall be better accommodated than you were last time you was here. I can assure you, I have made great alterations; and to speak modestly, I think I may say it is by much the finest place in England. What Ireland may produce I cannot tell. Pope has promised to come down; and it is time for him to retire, for he has made the town too hot to hold him.

Poor John Gay! we shall see him no more; but he will always be remembered by those who knew him,

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him, with a tender concern. I want to know how you do, and what you are doing. I suspect you are grown very idle; for I have not heard of any production from that fertile brain of yours a great while. And besides, the greatest mark of idleness that I know, is the minding of other people's business. You that used to be employed in supporting or pulling down ministers, in instructing or diverting mankind, in inflaming kingdoms, or pacifying contending parties, now seem to be dwindled into an Irish solicitor. I expect to see you in a dirty brown coat, with a little green bag under your arm. However, let me see you. If I cannot laugh with you, as I used to do, I will laugh at you; for I am resolved to laugh as long as I live. So, my dear little pettifogger, adieu.

## FROM LORD MASHAM.

SIR, LONDON, APRIL 7, 1733.

I HOPE you will excuse me that I have not answered your letter sooner; but I shall not be backward in obeying your commands, by attending the cause you mention, when it comes into the house. I shall not fail speaking to those few lords I can be so free with, to attend also; and shall rejoice if it should be determined to your satisfaction: and I have good reason to believe it will, being fully convinced, that you can interest yourself in nothing but where justice is uppermost. We have long flattered ourselves with the hopes of having your good company here.

I am

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I am sure there is no family in this kingdom wishes to see you more than that of the Mashams, who will always have you in remembrance, for your health and welfare. I doubt not but you hear from better hands the state of our affairs, in relation to the excising tobacco and wine, therefore shall not trouble you upon that subject; and shall only desire your farther commands wherein I am capable to serve you; assuring you, that I am, with great esteem and faith, sir, your most faithful and humble servant,

MASHAM.

## POSTSCRIPT BY LADY MASHAM.

SIR,

There are few things in life would give me more joy than to see you again in this part of the world. Let your friends have that pleasure; for, in doing it you will oblige a vast number of people; but nobody more, my dear Mr. dean, than your affectionate humble servant,

A. MASHAM.

## FROM THE DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY.

DEAR SIR, APRIL 12, 1733.

I RECEIVED yours of the 23d of March. Perpetual pains in my head have hindered me from writing till this moment; so you see you are not the only person that way tormented. I dare believe there

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there are as many bad heads in England as in Ireland; I am sure none worse than my own; that I am made for pain, and pain for me; for, of late, we have been inseparable. It is a most dispiriting distemper! and brings on pain of mind, whether real or imaginary, it is all one.

While I had that very sincere good friend, I could some times lay open all my rambling thoughts, and he and I would often view and dissect them; but now they come and go, and I seldom find out whether they be right or wrong, or if there be any thing in them. Poor man! he was most truly every thing you could say of him. I have lost, in him, the usefullest limb of my mind. This is an odd expression; but I cannot explain my notion otherwise.

I deny that I am techy; yet am going to seem so again, by assuring you my letters are never false copies of my mind. They are often, I believe, imperfect ones, of an imperfect mind; (which, however, to do it justice, often directs me better than I act.) Though I will not take upon me to declare my way of thinking to be eternally the same, yet whatever I write is at that instant true. I would rather tell a lie, than write it down; for words are wind it is said; but the making a memorandum of one's own false heart, would stare one in the face immediately, and should put one out of countenance. Now, as a proof of my unsettled way of thinking, and of my sincerity, I shall tell you, that I am not so much in the wrong as you observed I was in my last: for, my regard to you is lessened extremely, since I observed you are just like most other people, *viz.* disobliged at trifles, and obliged at nothings; for what else are bare words? Therefore pray never



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believe I wish to serve you, till you have tried me; till then protestations are bribes, by which I may only mean to gain the friendship of a valuable man, and therefore ought to be suspected. I seldom make any for that reason; so that if I have the peculiar happiness to have any wise and good people my flatterers, God knows how I came by it; but sure nothing can equal such glory, except that of having the silly and bad people my enemies.

Here I think we agree. You declare, that no such can depress your spirits; and if our constitutions are alike, I will not only preach up good spirits, but prescribe the materials that have ever agreed with me. If any body has done me an injury, they have hurt themselves more than me. If they give me an ill name (unless they have my help) I shall not deserve it. If fools shun my company, it is because I am not like them; if people make me angry, they only raise my spirits; and if they wish me ill, I will be well and handsome, wise and happy, and every thing, except a day younger than I am, and that is a fancy I never yet saw becoming to man or woman, so it cannot excite envy. Here I have betrayed to you the devilishness of my temper; but I declare to you, nothing ever enlivened me half so much, as unjust ill usage, either directed to myself, or to my friends. The very reverse happens to me, when I am too well spoken of; for I am sorry to find I do not deserve it all. This humbles me as much too much as the other exalts; so I hope you will not be too civil, since I have declared the consequence.

I am in great hopes you will make us a visit this summer; for, though I have a sensible satisfaction by conversing with you in this way, yet I love mightily

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mightily to look in the person's face I am speaking to. By that one soon learns to stop when it is wished, or to mend what is said amiss.

Your stewards will take great care of your money; but you must first direct us to your friend Mr. Launcelott, (ill spelt, to be sure), and order him to give up Mr. Gay's note, on his sister's paying the money to his grace, who will give him his note for the money, or send it to you, as you order. And as to what interest is due to you, I suppose you have kept some account.

By this time you must be too much tired, to bear reading one word more; therefore I will make no excuses. Pray employ me; for I want to be certain, whether I know my own mind or not: for something or other often tells me, that I should be very happy to be of any use to you. Whether it be true or false, neither you or I can be positive, till an opportunity shows; but I do really think, that I am, dear sir, most sincerely yours, *&c.*

## FROM CHARLES FORD, ESQ.

LONDON, APRIL 14, 1733.

I AM extremely concerned to hear the bad state of your health. I have often wished that you would be more moderate in your walks; for, though riding has always been allowed to be good for a giddy head, I never heard walking prescribed for a strain, or any ailment in the leg; and the violent sweats you put yourself into, are apt to give colds, and I doubt occasion much of your other disorder. I am confident



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you would find yourself better here; and even the journey would be of great use to you. I was vastly pleased to hear my lord mayor talk of the delight he should have in seeing you this year, that he might show you a creature of your own making. He has behaved himself so well in his publick capacity, that whether it be his humility, or his pride, he deserves to be gratified. I could heartily wish your other complaints were as much without foundation, as that of having lost half your memory, and all your invention. I will venture to pronounce you have more left of the first than most men, and of the last than any man now alive. While the excises were depending, you were expected every day; for it was said, Why should he not show as much regard for the liberty of England, as he did for the money of Ireland? I wish you had been here, though the affair, in my opinion, is happily ended. Many people were offended that the bills were dropped, and not rejected, and the authors of the scheme left unpunished. It was absolutely impossible to have carried it otherwise. You have heard sir Robert Walpole, and one or two more coming out of the house, were insulted. A few of that rabble have been seized, with the ringleader, who proves to be a Norfolk man; no enemy to excises, but an entire dependant upon the outraged person. Though the rejoicings were as great, and as universal as ever were known, there was no violence, except the breaking a very few windows, whose owners had shown an untimely thrift of their candles. I foretold Henley what his joking would come to; but the mayor of Southampton immediately printed his real letter, which was short, and extremely proper. His designed oponent at the next election, having voted for

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for the excise, will not dare to show himself in the corporation; and Henley, after the division, thanked him for having, by that vote, bestowed him fifteen hundred pounds. * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

I have great hopes this fine mild weather will set you right, and long to hear you are preparing for your journey. I am most entirely, your grateful, *&c.*

## FROM LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

MAY 1, 1733.

I SHOULD have answered yours of the 22d of March long ago, but that I have had some troubles and frights: and the uneasiness I was under made me neglect, what, at another time, would have been agreeable to myself; Mrs. Chambers's younger sister, having had the smallpox; but now perfectly well! though she has been hitherto a very puny sickly girl. Mrs. Floyd too has been excessively bad with her winter cough and dispiritedness; but country air, I think, has a little revived her.

His grace of Dorset bids me present his humble service to you, and says, the rectory of Churchtown is at Mr. Stafford Lightburne's service. As to the countess of Suffolk's affair in dispute, I cannot possibly (according your own just rule) be angry, because I am in the right. It is you ought to be angry, and never forgive her, because you have been so much in the wrong, as to condemn her without the show of justice; and I wish with all my heart, as a judgment upon you, that you had seen her, as I did, when the news of your friend's * death

* Mr. Gay.



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came; for though you are a proud parson, yet (give you, devil, your due) you are a sincere, good natured, honest one. I am extremely Mrs. Kelly's humble servant; but I will never believe she is more valued for her beauty and good qualities in Ireland, than she was in England. The excise you mention has caused great changes here. Some that I am sorry for; though I will not enter into the merits of the cause, because of my aversion for politicks. But if you did dislike it, why did you bestow such a costly funeral upon it, as to burn its bones on a sumptuous pile, like a Roman emperor?

Adieu, my ever honoured old friend; and do not let me see any more respects or ladyships from you.

## FROM MISS KELLY.

SIR, JARVIS STREET, MAY 4, 1733.

I AM sure if you know what I have suffered for having offended you, your anger would be changed into pity; for indeed, sir, my uneasiness cannot be expressed. Of all the misfortunes I ever met with, this has given me the greatest concern; for your friendship is an honour that the whole world are ambitious of; but I received from it more than ordinary satisfaction. Judge then, sir, how unhappy I now am; and for God's sake, forgive what is past, and be assured my future conduct shall be such, that you never again shall have cause of complaint against me.—I own you have reason to condemn my impertinence; but as I had not the least intention to offend, I hope it will, in some measure, lessen the fault.

Indeed,

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Indeed, sir, if you will be so good to pardon me, I will make any atonement in my power; and it will much add to the other obligations you have already conferred upon me. My health is so much impaired, that it is but too probable that I shall not live very long; and methinks it would be very hard to have the short time that is allotted for me made more miserable than continual sickness can make it. This must be the case, if you do not, once more, receive me into your favour: nothing I desire half so much; and do assure you, I spent so bad a night, from the thoughts of my misfortune, that could you have had an idea of it, you would have been sorry for me. You might have seen how depressed I was at supper; but not my indisposition, but your cold behaviour was the real occasion of it.—What shall I say, or do, to influence you to pardon me? If true repentance for my crime, and a firm resolution to be upon my guard for the future against any inadvertent expressions, that can give offence, will plead any thing in my favour, you will be so good to pardon me; for I can affirm, that I will never offend you again. Try me then, good sir; and, if it is possible, both forget and forgive the errours I have been guilty of.

If you are not determined to continue my unhappiness, I must beg the favour of you, to send me a line to assure me of my being pardoned; for my uneasiness cannot be removed without it. I hope too, sir, that I shall have the honour of seeing you before I go, that I may in person acknowledge how much I owe you, and with what satisfaction I receive your forgiveness; and for God's sake, sir, look upon me as you were wont to do, for I cannot bear your coldness.



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I propose, when I go to Bristol, to follow your advice, and should be much obliged to you, if you would recommend me to those books that you think most proper for me: and if it please God that I recover, you shall find, that by the honour you have done me in advising me to improve my mind, the deficiencies of my education will be made up, and I shall be more worthy of your esteem.

I should beg pardon for the length of this, but that I still could write on to ask your forgiveness; who am, sir, with true respect and regard, your most obliged and most humble servant,

F. A. KELLY.

## FROM MRS. PENDARVES.

SIR, LONDON, MAY 29, 1733.

YOU will find, to your cost, that a woman's pen, when encouraged, is as bad as a woman's tongue: blame yourself, not me: had I never known the pleasure of receiving a letter from you, I should not have persecuted you now. I think (a little to justify this bold attack) that I am obliged, by all the rules of civility, to give you an account of the letter you charged me with: I delivered it into my lord Bathurst's hands; he read it before me: I looked silly upon his asking me, What you meant by the Fosset affair? and was obliged to explain it to him in my own defence, which gave him the diversion I believe you designed it should. We then talked of your vineyard: he seemed pleased with every subject

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ject that related to you, and I was very ready to indulge him that way. I did not forget to brag of your favours to me; if you intended I should keep them a secret, I have spoiled all; for I have not an acquaintance of any worth that I have not told, how happy I have been in your company. Every body loves to be envied, and this is the only way I have of raising people's envy. I hope, sir, you will forgive me, and let me know if I have behaved myself right: I think I can hardly do wrong as long as I am, sir, your most obliged and most obedient servant,

M. PENDARVES.

Mrs. Donnellan is much your humble servant, and as vain of your favours as I am.

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## FROM THE DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY.

DEAR SIR, AMESBURY, MAY 31, 1733.

I AM now again your Tunbridge correspondent. His grace and I have been here this fortnight, with no other company than bricklayers and labourers. We are throwing down a parcel of walls, that blocked us up every way, and making a sunk fence round the house. This will make the place as cheerful again, and we find great entertainment by inspecting the work. Since I came here, even I have often got up by six in the morning, designed it always, and the whole house are fast asleep before twelve. This I call good hours. I walk as much as I am able, sometimes rather more. We sometimes ride, though not often:

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often: for the evenings and mornings are very cold, and the middle of the day violently hot. North-east winds continually, and such want of rain, that the ground is as hard as iron. I am the most temperate creature in my diet you ever knew; yet, with all my care, I cannot be well. I believe, if I am never guilty of a greater fault, I shall meet with very little resentment, either publick or private. They are the faults in the world soonest forgot, and the seldomest truly resented. Let that be as it will, since health is undoubtedly the most valuable thing in life, I shall do all I can to obtain it. This makes me consent to a thing in the world I am most averse to, that is, going to the Spa about a month or six weeks hence. I wish it was good for your complaints, that we might be there together. Really, if you think it will be of any use to you, and that you can order your affairs so as to make it possible, depend upon it we shall make it our study, (and a very agreeable one too,) to make you as easy and happy as it is in the power of people (not of a very troublesome disposition) to contrive. Your complaint and mine are not very different, as I imagine. Mine is a sort of dizziness, which generally goes off by the headach. Some learned people give it a name I do not know how to spell, a vertico, or vertigo. Pray understand that I, really and truly, do not only say, but mean, that I wish you could either meet us at the Spa, or at London to go on with us; and in this I am sure I shall never change my mind. If it can do you any good, I feel myself enough your friend to resent it extremely if you miss this opportunity. This you would believe, if you knew what obligations I have to you. I am generally poor in spirit, or quarrelling with

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with myself for being good for nothing. When a letter comes from you, it does not only entertain and revive me, but instantly I fancy I ought to have a good opinion of myself; which is of very great use to have, provided it is kept within just bounds. I shall punctually obey your commands concerning that poem; but I think you may be perfectly easy on that account; for I saw it before I left London, and heard several people talk of it, and the general opinion was, that you had no hand in it; but that the thing happened just as you say. I think you need not be much disturbed at it. The other trouble you mention I can allow of. Philosophy cannot make such things not be; the most it can pretend to is, to help people to patience. I am heartily sorry you have any particular occasion for any. Is your lawsuit still in being? Perhaps I may be impertinent; but I remember you once mentioned something of that kind.

I am pretty well satisfied any thing is bad for the head that fills it too full; therefore I advise you to unbend your thoughts, and ask my advice; if it should prove good, take it; if not, leave it. I should be mighty glad to be of service to you; in making me so, you would show kindness to the memory of your very sincere friend, and be kind to me. You may depend upon me, both for his sake and your own. I will endeavour to convey your messages to lady Catharine and Charlotte as soon as possible. The first I have not conversed with this year and a half; I believe she is nobody's friend, but I more than believe that nobody is hers. I have a brother, that I dare answer you would like, if you knew him perfectly, not else. I love and honour him,

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him, and he deserves it. When his grace goes to London, which will be very soon, your money shall be as you ordered. He is mightily shocked at so many speeches. He is not by just now, or undoubtedly he would think you deserve to have them returned. It is lucky for me, for I am come to the end of my paper. Note, without an excuse.

## FROM MISS KELLY.

SIR, BRISTOL HOT WELLS, JUNE 2, 1733.

I HEAR my agreeable fellow traveller has been beforehand with me in paying her compliments to you; but I cannot be surprised at that, for she was formed to get the better of me in every thing, but respecting and esteeming you. That, indeed, nobody can do; for both gratitude and taste conspire to make me truly your friend and servant.

I have been, since I came here, very low spirited; the companions I had some part of my journey lessened my illness, or at least I felt not with them the same weight that I did upon their leaving me: and I have often wished myself again in Ireland to enjoy conversation; for I really believe it is one excellent cure for most disorders. This is the dullest place that ever was known; there is not above half a dozen families, and those are cits with great fortunes, or Irish impertinents: the former despise one because their clothes are finer than yours; and the latter [illegible] view in keeping your company, but to re[illegible] por[illegible]

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port your faults. This makes me avoid all communication with them, and only in the morning I go to the wells: and I thank God I can spend my time far better; for either writing to my friends, reading, walking, and riding, find me full employment, and leave me not a wish for such company as the place affords. Doctor Lane (who, by character, is a second Æsculapius, and can raise people from the dead) is my physician, and gives me great hopes of a speedy amendment: and as I take his medicines regularly, and am up at six in the morning, breakfast at eight, dine at one, and sup at seven, I hope I may in time find some benefit: nor do either the ass's milk or waters disagree with me; and I think my appetite is rather better. I wish to Heaven it was agreeable to your affairs to come here; for I am sure you would like the situation of the house that I lodge in: it has the command of such a prospect, that I should do it injustice to attempt to describe it; but the variety of the scene is such, that one discovers new beauties in it every day. I hope you will continue your former goodness to me, and let me have the honour of hearing from you sometimes; for, in reality, nobody is more sincerely your well-wisher than, sir, your most obliged and most faithful humble servant,

F. A. KELLY.

Your expedition to Tallow * makes a very fine figure in print; but, since you have made this discovery, I think you ought to fly to us; for, if Dublin be in danger, the deanery house cannot be

* The country seat of the archbishop of Dublin.



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a safe retreat for you. I wish any thing would send Barber here; for I was at the Bath to see some of my friends, and was forced to swear that only the want of health kept her book from being published. I am sure you will be glad to hear, that a lady of very good understanding, that is a particular friend of mine, comes to me next week to stay while I do: her name is Rooke, admiral Rooke's son's lady.

## FROM LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

JUNE 5, 1733.

HAS Mr. Stafford Lightburne's friend got the gout in his fingers? Or is he so busy in measuring the water, and casting a figure to know the exact time when to set his friends a swimming, that he cannot find one moment to let me know that he received my letter, written a month ago, to inform you that his grace would cheerfully and readily obey your commands. However, I am again ordered by him to tell you, that the warrant will be sent to Dublin by next post; so pray let Mr. Lightburne be ready to make his personal appearance, lest they should not else know how to find him. It was well you needed no intercessor to his grace; and that the no promise from you, is of much more weight than my rhetorick: for I have been so horridly used by a nasty griping brother black coat, in a small three and sixpence affair of my own, that I do not know whether

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ther I should not have done like you of the faction, revenge myself of the innocent, for the sake of one bishop and minister, that I say, have cheated, fleeced, and flead me, just as if they had been South Sea or East India directors.

You are angry, if I do not mention Mrs. Floyd to you; so, I must tell you, she is gone for a little time into the country, to try if that will ever cure her cough. I am heartily sorry for your new friend Mrs. Kelly, who writes in a desponding way to Mrs. Chamber about her health, and talks of going to Spa. This is a melancholy subject, and I hate to be vexed. So I will say no more of it, but adieu, my dear dean, and let me hear from you soon.

## TO MR. FAULKNER.

JUNE 29, 1733.

I DESIRE Mrs. Pilkington will deliver you the paper relating to Gulliver, which I left with her husband. For, since you intend to print a new edition of that book, I must tell you, that the English printer made several alterations which I much disapprove of, and cannot set them right without those papers.

If I am not mistaken, Mr. Pilkington hath an edition of Gulliver, where the true original copy is interleaved in manuscript; I desire I may also see that book. I am,

Your humble servant,

J. SWIFT.

FROM

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## FROM MISS KELLY.

DEAR SIR, BRISTOL, JULY 8, 1733.

I CANNOT express how much pleasure your letter gave me; to say that it surpassed the anxiety your silence gave me, is all the description I am able to make. Indeed I had a thousand fears about you; your health was my first care, and yet I thought, that the Gods must take care of Cato; but I too fearfully apprehended that the whole club had quite forgotten the most unworthy member that ever entered into their society. For, though you writ to others, your hands were useless to me: and of all our little set none remained unblessed but myself: but as your letter has made me full amends for every thing beside, I must be lavish in my thanks.

I am apt to believe that I really died on the road, as it was reported; for I am certainly not the same creature I once was; for I am grown fonder of reading than of any other amusement, and except when health calls me on horseback, I find my only joys at home; but my life indeed has received great addition in its pleasures, by Mrs. Rooke's being so good to come down to me; she has all the qualities that can make an agreeable companion and friend: we live together without form, but have all the complacence for each other that true friendship inspires. You are sensible that two people cannot always like the same thing: this we make easy, by following our inclinations; for if she likes to walk, she walks, and I do whatever I like better.

Would

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Would to God you were with us to complete our happiness. I had a letter from Mrs. Cleland to inquire about you; she says, she hears you are coming to England: surely if you were, you would tell me so; for few things in life could give me more true delight than the sight of you.

You are extremely good to enter into my affairs: all marks you give me of your friendship, increase my esteem for you, and make me bear the common rubs of life with patience. I have really been often tempted to let you into all my secrets; but the thought that you only could receive uneasiness from them, and that even your advice could not remove the least painful of them, hindered me from it; for to those I best love I still remain upon these heads reserved. Indeed the cause of my complaints is of such a nature, that it cannot well be told. The unhappy life of a near relation must give one a pain in the very repeating it, that cannot be described. For surely to be the daughter of a colonel Chartres, must, to a rational being, give the greatest anxiety; for who would have a father at seventy publickly tried for an attempt of a rape? Such a Dulcinea del Toboso is shocking, I think. For if a man must do wrong, he should aim a little higher than the enjoyment of a kitchen maid, that he finds obstinately virtuous. In short, dear sir, I have been fool enough to let such things make an impression on me, which, spite of a good constitution, much spirits, and using a great deal of exercise, have brought me to what I am. Were I without a mother (I mean, had I lost her in my infancy, and not known her goodness) I could still better have born the steps that were taken; but while I saw how lavish he was



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upon his dirty wenches, I had frequent accounts that my mother was half starved abroad. She brought him sixteen thousand pounds fortune, and having born severe usage for near twenty years, had resolution enough to part with him, and chose to take two hundred and fifty pounds *per annum* separate maintenance rather than bear any longer: and as she could not live here upon such an income, she has banished herself, and lives retired in a country town in France.—His late letters to me have been kind, and hitherto he has supplied me well; but in his last he tells me he shall not see me till September.

What you say is perfectly right, and I propose returning to the club as soon as my health will permit me; but how long this may prove I know not; for I must still pursue this cruel God * that flies me.

I shall go from hence, I believe, in a week; for Lane only pours down medicines for the sake of the apothecary, and though he reaps the benefit of them, I receive none; and as he has not allowed me to drink the waters these three weeks, I can have no business here; so shall follow Holling's advice, and remove to Kensington or Hampstead with the utmost expedition; therefore I must beg the favour of you to enclose your letters for me to William Cleland, esq., commissioner of taxes, in St. Stephen's Court, Westminster. I have disobeyed orders in writing so long a letter; but I will not do this again: so now be so good to excuse the tediousness of, sir, your most obliged and most faithful humble servant,

F. A. KELLY.

* The God of Health poetically expressed.

Write

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Write to me as often as you can, and make my compliments to all friends.

Mrs. Pendarves is gone down with lady Weymouth, whose fortune was five thousand pounds, and has for jointure two thousand five hundred a year, and five hundred a year pinmoney.

## FROM LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

KNOWLE, JULY 9, 1733.

NOW, says Parson Swift *, What the devil makes this woman write to me with this filthy white ink? I cannot read a word of it, without more trouble than her silly scribble is worth. Why, says I again: Ay, it is the women are always accused of having bad writing implements; but to my comfort be it spoke, this is his grace my lord lieutenant's ink †. My bureau at London is so well furnished, and his grace and his secretary make so much use of it, that they are often obliged to give me half a crown, that I may not run out my estate in paper. It is very happy when a gobetween pleases both sides, and I am very well pleased with my office; for his grace is delighted, that it was in his power to oblige you. So *trève de compliment*. Since I have declared my passion against a bishop and a parson, it is but fair, I should tell you the story, whether you care to hear

* The name she called the dean by, in the stanza which she inserted in his ballad on The Game of Traffick.

† The duke of Dorset was then chief governor of Ireland.



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it or not: but if you do not, I give you leave not to mind it, for now it is over, I am calm again.

As to the bishop *, I know neither his principles nor his parts, but his diocese is Peterborough; and therefore having a small park in Northamptonshire, which I had a mind to increase by a small dab of addition, to make my house stand in the middle of it; three shillings and sixpence worth of the land *per annum*, at the largest computation, belongs to the church; for which my old parson (who flatters me black and blue, when he comes for a Sunday dinner, and says he loves me better than any body in the world) has made me give him up, in lieu of that land, a house and ground that lets for 40s. a year, and is hardly content with that, but reckons it a vast favour. And the bishop has put me to ten times more charge than it is worth, by sending commissioners to view it, and making me give petitions, and dancing me through his court; beside a great dinner for his nasty people. Now, am I not in the right to be angry? But perhaps you will say, if I will have my fancies, I must pay for them; so I will say no more about it. I hear poor Mrs. Kelly is not near so well as she says; and a gentleman that came from Bristol, says she looks dreadfully, and fears it is almost over with her, and that no mortal could know her, so ends youth and beauty! that is such a moral reflection, that lest it should make you melancholy, I will tell you something to please you. Your old friend Mrs. Floyd is perfectly recovered. I think I have not seen her so well this great while;

* Dr. Robert Clavering, bishop of Llandaff in Dec. 1724; translated to Peterborough in Feb. 1728-9. He died in 1747.

but

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but winter is always her bane, so I shall live in dread of that.

In your next, I desire to know what I am in your debt for my sister's monument. Adieu, my dear, good, old, and well beloved friend.

## FROM MRS. PENDARVES.

SIR, GLOUCESTER, JULY 21, 1733.

MAY I say, without offending you, that I was overjoyed at the honour you did me in answering my letter? and do not call me formal, when I assure you, that I think myself made happy by such a distinction. It was stupidity in me not to let you know where to address to me, but I do not repent of it; I have by that means tried your zeal, but I am afraid your good breeding more than inclination procured me that favour. I am resolved to be even with you for what you say about my writing, and will write henceforward to you as carelessly as I can; if it is not legible, thank yourself. I do not wonder at the envy of the ladies, when you are pleased to speak of me with some regard; I give them leave to exercise their malice on an occasion that does me so much honour. I protest I am not afraid of you, and would appear quite natural to you, in hopes of your rewarding my openness and sincerity by correcting what you disapprove of. And since I have not now an opportunity of receiving your favours of pinching and beating, make me amends by chiding me for



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every word that is false spelt, and for my bad English; you see what you are like to suffer: if this promises you too much trouble, do not give me so much encouragement in your next letter; for upon something in your last, I have almost persuaded myself, that by your assistance, and my own earnest desire, I may in time become worthy of your care. Vanity stands at my elbow all this while, and animates me by a thousand agreeable promises; without her encouragement I should never have presumed to correspond with the dean of St. Patrick's. Some say, she is a mischievous companion; I swear she is a pleasant one: you must not be angry with me for keeping her company; for I had very little acquaintance with her till I had received some marks of your favour.

I received your letter but a little while before I left London: I attended lord and lady Weymouth down to Long Leat, and left them with a prospect of as much happiness as matrimony can give; they are pleased with one another at present, and I hope that will continue. My lord and lady Carteret are both satisfied with the disposal of their daughter in so advantageous a station. Common report wrongs my lord Weymouth; for which reason, as I am his friend, I must tell you his good qualities: he ha honour and good nature, and does not want for sense; he loves the country, and inclines a little too much to his stable and dogkennel; but he keeps a very hospitable good house, and is always ready to relieve those in distress: his lady Dr. Delany can give you a character of, and is what I believe you will approve of. I came from Long Leat last Saturday, and am now at Gloucester with my mother and sister. My lord

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lord Bathurst was here about a fortnight ago; I was sorry to miss of him: I have a double reason for liking his company. He has made me promise to pay him a visit at Oakly Wood, which I certainly will do; I shall with great resignation submit to any punishment you convey through his hands. I wish you could make your words good, and that I was a sorceress, I should then set all my charms to work to bring you to England, and should expect a general thanksgiving for employing my spells to so good a purpose. The syren has lately been at Oxford; we parted very unwillingly: she is extremely obliged to you for remembering her so favourably. I am glad Mr. Donnellan pleases you; I know he has a high value for you, and I agree with you in thinking him a most deserving young man. My lord Lansdown is much at your service, laments the days that are past, and we constantly drink your health in champaign, clear as your thoughts, sparkling as your wit. Lord and lady Carteret, and my lady Worsley, all talk kindly of you, and join their wishes to mine for your coming among us. I request it of you to make my humble service acceptable to those friends of yours that are so good as to remember me. I am, sir, your most obliged and faithful humble servant,

M. PENDARVES.

Be pleased to direct for me at Mrs, Granville's, Gloucester.



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## TO THE BISHOP OF CLOGHER *.

MY LORD, JULY, 1733.

I HAVE been often told, by some of our common acquaintance, that you have sometimes expressed your wonder, "that I never waited on you "for some years past, as I used to do for many "years before; and that you could not guess the "reason, because, to your knowledge, you never "once disobliged me." As nothing is more common than dropping acquaintance by the usual occurrences of life, without any fault on either side, I never intended to say or think any thing of the matter, until a late proceeding of yours, which no way relates to me, put me upon a desire of finding matter to justify you to your friends here, as well as to myself; because I always wished you well, and because I have been more than once instrumental to your service. When I first came acquainted with you, we were both private clergymen in a neighbourhood: you were afterward chancellor of St. Patrick's; then was chosen dean, in which election I was the most busy of all your solicitors. When the compromise was made between the government and you, to make you easy, and Dr. Synge chancellor, you absolutely and frequently promised to give me the curacy of St. Nicholas Without: but you thought fit, by concert with the archbishop, to hold it yourself, and apply the revenue to build another church; against which it became me to say nothing, being a

* Dr. John Sterne.

party

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party concerned and injured; although it was generally thought by others, as well as myself, that it was an ill and dangerous precedent, to build a church with the revenue of the minister. I desire no thanks for being instrumental in your next promotion; because, as things then stood, I consulted my own advantage. However, upon the qūeen's death, when I had done for ever with courts, I returned to reside at my post, yet with some kind of hopes of getting some credit with you; very unwisely: because, upon the affair of St. Nicholas, I had told you frankly, "That I would always respect you, but never hope "for the least friendship from you." But, trying to forget all former treatment, I came like others to your house; and since you were a bishop, have once or twice recommended persons to you, who were no relations or friends of mine, but merely for their general good character: which availed so little, that those very persons had the greatest share of your neglect. I then gave over all thoughts of being instrumental to place merit and virtue under your protection by my recommendations; and, as I was ever averse from mingling with multitudes and strangers, I forbore by degrees to be a partaker of your hospitality, rather than purchase a share of it at so dear a rate. This is the history of my conduct with regard to your lordship: and it is now a great comfort to me, that I acted in this manner; for, otherwise, when those two abominable bills, for enslaving and beggaring the clergy (which took their birth from Hell) were upon the anvil, if I had found your lordship's name among the bishops who would have turned them into a law, I might have been apt to discover such marks of indignation, horrour, and despair,

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despair, both in words and deportment, as would have ill become me to a person of your station: for, I call God to witness, that I did then, and do now, and shall for ever, firmly believe, that every bishop, who gave his vote for either of these bills, did it with no other view (bating farther promotion) than a premeditated design, from the spirit of ambition, and love of arbitrary power, to make the whole body of the clergy their slaves and vassals, until the day of judgment, under the load of poverty and contempt. I have no room for more charitable thoughts, except for those who will answer now, as they must at that dreadful day, that what they did was out of perfect ignorance, want of consideration, hope of future promotion (an argument not to be conquered) or the persuasion of cunninger brethren than themselves; when I saw a bishop, whom I had known so many years, fall into the same snare, which word I use in partiality to your lordship. Upon this open avowed attempt, in almost the whole bench, to destroy the church, I resolved to have no more commerce with persons of such prodigious grandeur, who, I feared, in a little time, would expect me to kiss their slipper. It is happy for me that I know the persons of very few bishops; and it is my constant rule, never to look into a coach; by which I avoid the terrour that such a sight would strike me with.

In the beginning of my letter, I told your lordship of a desire to know the particulars of a late proceeding, which is in the mouths of many among your acquaintance; from some of whom I received the following account: That you have the great tithes of two livings in your diocese, which were let to some fanatick knight, whose name I forget. It seems

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seems you felt the beginning of a good motion in yourself, which was to give up those tithes to the two incumbents (the fanatick's lease being near out) either for a very small reserved rent, or entirely, provided you could do so without lessening the revenue of the see. And the condition was, that your tenants among them should raise the rents one hundred and fifty pounds, which was what the fanatick paid you for both the said parishes. It is affirmed, that sir Ralph Gore, one of your tenants, much approving so generous a proposal, engaged to prevail on the tenants to agree, and offered a large advancement of his own part. The matter was thus fixed, when suddenly you changed your mind, and renewed the lease to the same fanatick for three hundred pounds fine. The reasons of this singular action are said to be two: the first is, that you declared you wanted power to resist the temptation of such a fine; the other, that you were dissuaded from it by some of your brethren, as an example very dangerous, and of ill consequence, if it should be followed by others. This last I do not in the least wonder at, because such advice is of the same leaven with the two enslaving and beggaring bills. I profess to your lordship, that I have no other motive in desiring to be satisfied upon this point, than a resolution to justify you to the world, as far as the truth will give me power. I am, &c.

FROM

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## FROM THE BISHOP OF CLOGHER *.

MR. DEAN, CLOGHER, JUNE 25, 1734.

I HAVE a letter of yours of a very long date, and should, it may be, out of good manners have answered it long since; but I thought it would be better to delay the answer I was then able to make, to our first private meeting, which I thought might be soon; and for the same reason that delayed me then, I shall put off my defence till I have the pleasure of half an hour's private conversation with you, when I think I shall be able to clear myself from the heavy charges you bring against me; and therefore, not to take any farther notice of that letter, I shall, in answer to your last, which I received by last post, return you my thanks for your having taken the same care about the sixty pounds, which at your request I lent Joe Beaumont, whose circumstances at that time I was pretty much a stranger to, as you have taken about the money you lent him on the same occasion, and as this shall serve for a full discharge of all demands I have on Joe's execution †, so I shall take it as a favour, if you will take on you the trouble of disposing of that sum of fifty ‡ pounds, as an augmentation to your own charitable fund, or to any other charitable use you shall judge proper, and that I desire may be without any mention of my name.

* Dr. Sterne.

† This execution was against the heirs or representatives of Mr. Beaumont, who had died several years before the date of this letter.

‡ A few lines before it is *sixty* pounds.

If

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If you desire an acquittance in any other form, be pleased to draw one, and I will sign it. I shall be proud of a visit in this mountainous country, being, notwithstanding any coolness or misunderstanding that has happened between us, as much as ever your affectionate friend and servant,

JOHN CLOGHER.

## TO MRS. CÆSAR *.

MADAM,

AMONG a few little vexations, such as beggary, slavery, corruption, ignorance, want of friends, faction, oppression, and some other trifles of the like nature, that we philosophers ought to despise; two or three ladies of long acquaintance, and at a great distance, are still so kind as to remember me; and I was always proud, and pleased to a great degree, that you happened to be one, since constancy is, I think, at least as seldom found in friendship as in love.

* Miss Long, a lady of very great fortune, was married in Oct. 1729, to Charles Cæsar, esq., descended from the Ademars, a very ancient and honourable family, allied to Charlemagne, and member of parliament for the borough of Hertford, who was committed to the tower of London, Dec. 19, 1705, for some reflections in the house of commons, on the earl of Godolphin, then lord high treasurer of England; and in 1711 was appointed treasurer of the navy. This lady was remarkable for her good sense, friendship and politeness, and much esteemed by the nobility and gentry, and all people of taste, genius, and learning. She was mother of Julius Cæsar, a brave soldier, and in 1762 a general in the service of his Britannick Majesty.

Mrs.

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Mrs. Barber, when I see her, is always telling me wonders of the continual favours you have conferred on her, and that, without your interposition, the success of her errand would have hardly been worth the journey; and I must bear the load of this obligation, without the least possibility of ever returning it, otherwise than by my best wishes for the prosperity and health of you and your family: for, in spite of all your good words, I am the most insignificant man of this most insignificant country. I have been tied by the leg (without being married) for ten months past, by an unlucky strain, which prevented the honour and happiness I proposed to myself of waiting on you often during this last summer: and another year at my period of life is like an inch in a man's nose; yet I flatter myself, that next spring I may take one voyage more, when you will see me altered in every disposition of body and mind, except in my respects for you and all that belong to you. There is one part of Mr. Pope's compliment which I cannot make you; for I could not with the strictest search find one letter too many in any of your words, although I found a thousand words too few in your letter; therefore, I accepted and understood it only as a billet just writ while Mrs. Barber stood by in her hood and scarf, just ready to take her leave and begin her journey: and what is worse, I suspect that she was forced to solicit you long, because she wanted a certificate under your hand to convince me that she was not an impostor.

I will not say one word in Mrs. Barber's behalf, for she will always continue to deserve your protection, and therefore she may be sure you will always continue to give it her.

I hope

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I hope Mr. Cæsar is in good health, and desire he will accept the offer of my most humble service, with my hearty wishes for your whole family.

I am, with true respect, madam,
Your most obedient, and
most humble servant,
J. SWIFT.

## TO THE SAME.

MADAM, DUBLIN, JULY 30, 1733.

I COULD not let Mrs. Barber leave us for good and all, without honouring her with the carriage of a letter from your old humble and constant lover: she hath been afflicted with so many repetitions of the gout, that her limbs are much weakened, and her spirits sunk; neither can I well blame her, considering her grand affair of subscriptions must needs have slackened in her absence. Neither could she be in much disposition to increase her volumes, for health and good humour are two ingredients absolutely necessary in the poetical trade; but, I hope, your countenance and protection will recover her spirits, and her hopes, and her genius. I imagine she looks on you as her chief patroness; because, although she be abundantly grateful to all her protectors, yet I observe your name most often in her mouth. I wish it were in my power to take the same journey; but neither my health, nor the bad state of my private affairs, will give me power or leave; I cannot make



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shift, nor bear fatigue as I used to do. To live in England half as tolerably as I do here, would ruin me. I must have two servants, and three horses, and dare drink nothing but wine; and my ragged church rents would never be paid in my absence. My lord Bolingbroke and Mr. Pope press me with many kind invitations, but the former is too much a philosopher; he dines at six in the evening, after studying all the morning until the afternoon; and, when he hath dined, to his studies again. Mr. Pope can neither eat nor drink, loves to be alone, and hath always some poetical scheme in his head. Thus the two best companions and friends I ever had, have utterly disqualified themselves for my conversation, and my way of living. Mr. Pope, who had often promised to pass a summer season with me here, if he outlived his mother, soon after her death waved the fairest opportunity of performing his promise two months ago, of coming over with ease, and in company of dean Cotterel * and his sister; he said, we should kill him with eating and drinking. I had a very convenient apartment for him in the deanery-house: he would have all the civilities of this town; and Mrs. Barber will tell you that we never want a dozen or more of very valuable persons, and of both sexes, with whom to converse; I chid him soundly in my last letter, for his want of friendship or resolution. You see, madam, I am full of talk; but you are to blame, for I imagine myself in your company, which is indeed no great compliment; and, upon second thoughts, it is not true, for I should be much

* Dr. William Cotterel was advanced to the bishoprick of Leighlin and Ferns, March 24, 1742; and died in 1752.

better

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better pleased to be your hearer. However, I should certainly ask you a thousand questions, concerning yourself, and Mr. Cæsar, and your whole family. I have received so much friendship and so many civilities from you both, that I shall ever own my obligations; which are much increased by Mrs. Barber's feeding my vanity, with telling me that you did not receive her worse for her being recommended by me; yet, I confess, her expressions were in somewhat stronger terms. Pray God bless you and your family. I desire you will present my most humble service to Mr. Cæsar.

I am, with the greatest respect, madam,
Your most obedient, and
most obliged humble servant,
JON. SWIFT.

## FROM THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON*.

SIR, GOLDSMITHS HALL, AUG. 6, 1733.

I THANK you heartily for your kind and affectionate letter, and I beg your pardon for not answering it sooner.

I agree with you, that I had the happiness of learning honest principles early, from a set of great men, who will ever be an honour and an ornament to their country: and it is my greatest glory, that in the late affair of the Excise Bill (though I did nothing but my duty, and what every honest man in my station

* Alderman Barber.



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would have done) I acted consistent with those honest principles, and that my enemies, as well as friends, have generally approved my conduct. And believe me, sir, I speak it with great sincerity, that when I consider how sparingly you and some other friends have ever been of your praises, your approbation affords me the greatest pleasure imaginable, as it gives me that inward peace of mind, which the whole world could not purchase.

My lord Orrery's amiable qualities must make him the delight of all with you, as he is truly so with us; and when he comes over, "your loss will be our "gain," as the proverb says.

I know nothing of Mr. Pilkington's affairs or expenses; what the city allows him is never paid till the end of the year: I have presented him, at twice, with forty pounds, which I design to make fifty; which sum has but one precedent: generally they have but thirty of the mayor. His behaviour is very well, and he is generally esteemed.

I shall have great regard to your recommendations in favour of Mrs. Barber, and shall not fail of doing her any service in my power. I have been thought to be a lucky man; but this year fortune has been my foe, for I have had no death happened in my year (a fiddler excepted) yet, nor have made 500l. in all. But my friends say, it is made up in fame.

I am very sorry your ill health continues; for I flattered myself with being very happy with you and some friends, on the important subject of the Cap of Maintenance, Custard, the Sword, and many more laudable things in the lord mayor's house; and I yet hope to have that felicity, for there are three months to come; and who knows what may happen in

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in that time? Nay, I do not despair of seeing you settled with your friends here, before we are many years older. Do not start! stranger things have happened very lately.

I was lately honoured at dinner with the lords Bolingbroke, Carteret, Winchelsea, Gower, and Mr. Pulteney; and among other things your name was mentioned, and lord Carteret instantly toasted your health; and you were the subject of conversation for an hour. I showed them your letter. I dare not mention what passed, because I know I shall offend your modesty; only one thing I will venture to repeat, "that they all swore, that if ever the wind should change, they would not long be deprived of the greatest genius of the age." The conversation turning on another subject, lord Carteret pulled me to the window, and bade me tell you, that he loved and honoured you, and so you should find on all occasions, and that he toasted your health. This is literally true, upon the honour of a ——

I dined yesterday with lord Bolingbroke only; he complains you do not write to him: he is well.

They say you are making interest for my brother of Dublin to be member of parliament; pray come over, and do the same for me, and have the credit of both. My brother behaves himself well *, I hear; if it is proper, my service to him.

* This was alderman French, an ironmonger. Dr. Swift has expressed much regard for this worthy magistrate in a letter to Mr. Faulkner, dated Jan. 6, 1737-8; and still more in an elegant imitation of Horace printed in the Eighteenth volume of this edition.



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What you tell Mr. Pilkington of my speaking disrespectfully of the Irish, is false and scandalous; I never used such an expression in my life: I appeal to all my acquaintance. I love the Irish.

Pray God restore your health; and believe me always, with gratitude, your most obedient humble servant,

JOHN BARBER.

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## FROM MISS KELLY.

LONDON, AUG. 12, 1733.

I AM truly sorry, my dear sir, that I have not heard from you so long; but am much more concerned with Barber's account of your being not as well as I wish you. For God's sake try the change of air, and let not any other attachment than to your health employ your thoughts. Consider how dear you are to your friends; but if that would not do, let the detestation you must feel, from giving pleasure to the unworthy, make you careful of yourself. Indeed I should be glad to make you sensible, that you are valued by all that have a taste for merit; and I should be very much pleased, if you would think you owe so much to them, that you would, for their sakes, preserve yourself. Believe me, sir, illness is not to be trifled with: I can speak on this subject as an experienced person; and I earnestly entreat you to take remedies

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remedies in time. Forgive my impertinence, and be assured that none is more truly zealous for your welfare, than your

F. A. KELLY.

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## TO THE EARL OF ORRERY.

MY LORD, DUBLIN, AUG. 20, 1733.

I LATELY received a letter from Mrs. Barber, wherein she desires my opinion about dedicating her poems to your lordship; and seems in pain to know how far she may be allowed to draw your character, which is a right claimed by all dedicators: and she thinks this the more incumbent on her, from the surprising instances of your generosity and favour that she has already received, and which she has been so unfashionable to publish wherever she goes. This makes her apprehend, that all she can say to your lordship's advantage, will be interpreted as the mere effect of flattery, under the style and title of gratitude.

I sent her word, that I could be of no service to her upon this article: yet I confess, my lord, that all those who are thoroughly acquainted with her, will impute her encomiums to a sincere, but overflowing spirit of thankfulness, as well as to the humble opinion she has of herself. Although the world in general may possibly continue in its usual sentiments, and list her in the common herd of dedicators.

 Therefore,

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Therefore, upon the most mature deliberation, I concluded that the office of setting out your lordship's character, will not come properly from her pen, for her own reasons; I mean the great favours you have already conferred on her: and God forbid, that your character should not have a much stronger support. You are hourly gaining the love, esteem, and respect of wise and good men: and in due time, if Mrs. Barber can have but a little patience, you will bring them all over, in both kingdoms, to a man: I confess the number is not great; but that is not your lordship's fault, and therefore, in reason, you ought to be contented.

I guess the topicks she intends to insist on; your learning, your genius, your affability, generosity, the love you bear to your native country, and your compassion for this: the goodness of your nature, your humility, modesty, and condescension; your most agreeable conversation, suited to all tempers, conditions, and understandings: perhaps she may be so weak as to add the regularity of your life; that you believe a God and Providence; that you are a firm christian, according to the doctrine of the church established in both kingdoms.

These, and other topicks, I imagine Mrs. Barber designs to insist on, in the dedication of her poems to your lordship; but I think she will better show her prudence by omitting them all. And yet, my lord, I cannot disapprove of her ambition, so justly placed in the choice of a patron; and at the same time declare my opinion, that she deserves your protection on account of her wit and good sense, as well as of her humility, her gratitude, and many other virtues. I have read most of her poems; and believe your

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your lordship will observe, that they generally contain something new and useful, tending to the reproof of some vice or folly, or recommending some virtue. She never writes on a subject with general unconnected topicks, but always with a scheme and method driving to some particular end; wherein many writers in verse, and of some distinction, are so often known to fail. In short, she seems to have a true poetical genius, better cultivated than could well be expected, either from her sex, or the scene she has acted in, as the wife of a citizen: yet I am assured, that no woman was ever more useful to her husband in the way of his business *. Poetry has only been her favourite amusement; for which she has one qualification, that I wish all good poets possessed a share of, I mean, that she is ready to take advice, and submit to have her verses corrected by those who are generally allowed to be the best judges.

I have, at her entreaty, suffered her to take a copy of this letter, and given her the liberty to make it publick: for which I ought to desire your lordship's pardon: but she was of opinion it might do her some service, and therefore I complied. I am, my lord, with the truest esteem and respect, your lordship's most obedient servant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

* Her husband was a woollendraper.



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## FROM MRS. DONNELLAN.

SIR, LONDON, SEPT. 22, 1733.

KNOWING your great esteem and tenderness for miss Kelly, and that there is no one whom she has so high an opinion of, or whose advice would sway so much with her, I cannot forbear letting you know my thoughts about her at this time; that I think she wants the assistance and counsel of her best and wisest friend. As she has been so good to distinguish me among her female acquaintance, and to show more confidence than in any other, I think I can better tell her mind: but, as she has a natural closeness, I judge chiefly by hints; for I believe she does not open herself entirely to any one. Her health I think in a much worse way than when she came to London: she has still a slow fever, a violent cough, great and almost continual sickness in her stomach *, and, added to all these, a very great dejection of spirit; which last, I cannot but think, proceeds in a good measure from discontent and uneasiness of mind; and the physicians are of the same opinion. I have endeavoured, by all the means I could think of, to find out the cause, hoping, that if it were known, it might, by the assistance of friends, be remedied. I know when a young person shows any discontent, people are apt to imagine there can be no cause for it but a disappointment in love: I really think that is

* Miss Kelly died the last week in October, 1733.

not

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not miss Kelly's case: I have tried her to the uttermost on that subject, and I cannot find she has any attachment to any particular person, but that the whole world, except a few friends, is indifferent to her: but what I take her present uneasiness to proceed from, is the unkindness in general of her parents, and the fear of not being supported by her father in the way she likes, and as her present bad state of health indeed requires. She has a high spirit, and cannot bear to be obliged to her friends, and she has not been much used to management. She is here in a very expensive way, with her sickness, her servants, and horses; and I believe she would be greatly mortified, after appearing in this manner, to be obliged to fall below it; and at the same time she has reason to fear, from her father's behaviour, that he thinks little of her, and will not support her in it: she has not heard from him these two months; and the letters she had from him at Bristol, were warning her not to marry without his consent, enjoining her not to go to publick places, and above all, to spend little money; very odd subjects to one in her condition. Now, what I would beg of you, sir, is to endeavour to find out what are his resolutions in relation to her, and if there be any that has an influence over him, to get them to convince him, that his child's life is in the greatest danger; and then, perhaps, he may not think his time and money ill employed to save it. If at the same time, sir, you would join your good advice to her, I believe it might be of great use, either to make her bear, with less uneasiness, the ills of this life, or, if it please God to take her from us, to prepare her for another, and a better. Her humour

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humour is much changed; her spirits are low; and upon every little disappointment, her passions rise high: you know, sir, how best to apply to these. She is at Hampstead quite alone; and although her physicians desire much she should come to town, she cannot be prevailed on to think of it; she desires to be alone: even Mrs. Rooke and I, whom she calls her best friends, are troublesome to her. I believe I need not tell you, sir, that I desire this letter may be a secret, and especially to the person concerned. If you have any thing to tell me, that can be of use on this subject, and will honour me with your commands, direct if you please for me, under cover, To Mrs. Anne Shuttleworth, at Mr. Jourdain's, in Conduit street. I should beg pardon, sir, for troubling you with this long letter; but I hope my friendship to miss Kelly will be my excuse. I am sorry to write on so melancholy a subject, and which I am sure must give you uneasiness; but, pleased with any opportunity of assuring you that I am, sir, your very great admirer, and most obedient humble servant,

ANNE DONNELLAN.

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## FROM MRS. PENDARVES.

SIR, GLOUCESTER, OCT. 24, 1733.

I CANNOT imagine how my lord Orrery came by my last letter to you; I believe my good genius conveyed it into his hands, to make it of more conse-

quence

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quence to you: if it had that effect, I wish this may meet with the same fortune.

If I were writing to a common correspondent, I should now make a fine flourish to excuse myself for not sooner acknowledging the favour of your letter; but I must deal plainly with you, sir, and tell you (now do not be angry) that the fear of tiring you stopped my hand. I value your correspondence so highly, that I think of every way that may preserve it, and one is, not to be too troublesome.

Now I cannot guess how you will take this last paragraph; but if it makes me appear affected or silly, I will endeavour not to offend in the same manner again. Some mortification of that kind is wanting to bring me to myself: your ways of making compliments are dangerous snares, and I do not know how to guard against the pleasure they bring: to be remembered and regretted by you, are honours of a very delicate kind. I have been told, that unexpected good fortune is harder to bear well than adversity.

The cold weather, I suppose, has gathered together Dr. Delany's set: the next time you meet, may I beg the favour to make my compliments acceptable? I recollect no entertainment with so much pleasure, as what I received from that company; it has made me very sincerely lament the many hours of my life that I have lost in insignificant conversation.

I am very much concerned at the disorder you complain of. I hope you submit to take proper care of yourself; and that the next account I have of your health will be more to my satisfaction.

A few

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A few days before I had your last letter, my sister and I made a visit to my lord and lady Bathurst at Cirencester. Oakly wood joins to his park; the grand avenue that goes from his house through his park and wood is five miles long: the whole contains five thousand acres. We staid there a day and half: the wood is extremely improved since you saw it; and when the whole design is executed, it will be one of the finest places in England. My lord Bathurst talked with great delight of the pleasure you once gave him by surprising him in his wood, and showed me the house where you lodged. It has been rebuilt; for the day you left it, it fell to the ground; conscious of the honour it had received by entertaining so illustrious a guest, it burst with pride. My lord Bathurst has greatly improved the wood house, which you may remember but a cottage, not a bit better than an Irish cabin. It is now a venerable castle, and has been taken by an antiquarian for one of king Arthur's, "with thicket overgrown grotesque "and wild." I endeavoured to sketch it out for you; but I have not skill enough to do it justice. My lord Bathurst was in great spirits; and though surrounded by candidates and voters against next parliament, made himself agreeable in spite of their clamour: we did not forget to talk of Naboth's vineyard * and Delville †. I have not seen him since, though he promised to return my visit.

All the beau monde flock to London to see her royal highness ‡ disposed of; while I prefer paying

* Naboth's vineyard belonged to Dr. Swift.

† Dr. Delany's beautiful villa about a mile from Dublin.

‡ The late princess of Orange.

my

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my duty to my mother, and the conversation of a country girl my sister, to all the pomp and splendour of the court. Is this virtue or stupidity! If I can help it, I will not go to town till after Christmas. I shall spend one month in my way to London at Long Leat *: I hear that the young people there are very happy.

It is a little unreasonable of me to begin a fourth page; but it is a hard task to retire from the company one likes best. I am, sir, your most obliged and faithful humble servant,

M. PENDARVES.

## FROM THE DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY.

DEAR SIR, AMESBURY, NOV. 3, 1733.

I WAS mightily pleased to receive a letter from you last post; yet I am so ungrateful, I will not thank you for it, and it may be you do not deserve. The cruellest revenge that one can possibly inflict (without hurting one's self) is, that of being doubly diligent to those who neglect one, in order to shock them into better behaviour. As I have tried this trick myself, and that strong appearances are against me, I must defend myself, and then you will own I do not quite deserve chastisement.

The post before I left this place, I received a letter from you, which I designed to have answered before I left London and England; but was hindered from

* The country seat of lord Weymouth.

both,

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both, for some time, by an express, which hurried us down to Winchester school, to take care of our little boy there, who was violently ill of a fever. From that time, till I came to Spa, we were never at home; and as soon as I began the waters, writing could not be done with my bad head. Since I left that place, and grew well, I have been still upon the ramble. After all, these are not very substantial good reasons; but, upon my word, I did design it; in order to which, two days ago I washed the mould out of my inkhorn, put fresh ink into it, and promised myself to write to you this very post; pleasing myself with the fancy, that this would reach you, and convince you, that I had you still in great regard, before you could or would think it worth your while to put me in mind of you. I could not fail to gain credit, if you could conceive the great satisfaction your letters give me. I have seldom met with any half so conversable. I do not only pity, but grieve at, those complaints you mention; they are a cruel incumbrance to you. Why cannot you transfer them to a thousand inanimate creatures, who have nothing in their heads? I was, and am really sorry, that you could not go with us to the Spa. I am confident it must have done you good. I cannot describe the vast difference I felt after drinking the waters a week, and am still much better than I ever expected; though not quite free of the complaints in my head, they are greatly lessened.

I have three or four letters to write this very night, so have not time to think of answering your letters. This is only a volunteer, after which, I may with greater assurance desire you to believe, that I am, with constancy, regard, and respect, yours, *&c.*

FROM

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## FROM CHARLES FORD, ESQ.

LONDON, NOV. 6, 1733.

I HAD the favour of your letter in Derbyshire, from whence I came last week. I am extremely concerned to hear the ill state of your health. I was afraid of it, when I was so long without the pleasure of hearing from you. Those sort of disorders puzzle the physicians every where; and they are merciless dogs in purging or vomiting to no purpose, when they do not know what to do. I heartily wish you would try the Bath waters, which are allowed to be the best medicine for strengthening the stomach; and most distempers in the head proceed from thence. Vomits may clean a foul stomach, but they are certainly the worst things that can be for a weak one.

I have long had it at heart to see your works collected, and published with care. It is become absolutely necessary, since that jumble with Pope, *&c.* in three volumes, which put me in a rage whenever I meet them. I know no reason why, at this distance of time, the Examiners, and other political pamphlets written in the queen's reign, might not be inserted. I doubt you have been too negligent in keeping copies; but I have them bound up, and most of them single besides. I lent Mr. Corbet that paper to correct his Gulliver by; and it was from it that I mended my own. There is every single alteration from the original copy; and the printed book abounds with all those errours, which should be avoided in the new edition.



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In my book the blank leaves were wrong placed, so that there are perpetual references backward and forward, and it is more difficult to be understood than the paper; but I will try to get one of the second edition, which is much more correct than the first, and transcribe all the alterations more clearly. I shall be at a loss how to send it afterward, unless I am directed to somebody that is going to Ireland. All books are printed here now by subscription: if there be one for this, I beg I may not be left out. Mr. Crosthwaite * will pay for me.

The dissenters were certainly promised, that the test act should be repealed this session in Ireland; I should be glad to know whether any attempt has been, or is to be made toward it; and how it is like to succeed.

We have lost miss Kelly, who they say was destroyed by the ignorance of an Irish physician, one Gorman. Doctor Beaufort was sent for when she was dying, and found her speechless and senseless.

Our late lord mayor has gone through his year with a most universal applause. He has shown himself to have the best understanding of any man in the city, and gained a character, which he wanted before, of courage and honesty. There is no doubt of his being chosen member of parliament for the city at the next election. He is something the poorer for his office; but the honour he has got by it makes him ample amends.

For God's sake try to keep up your spirits. They have hitherto been greater than any man's I ever met, and it is better to preserve them, even with wine, than

* Mr. Ford's steward.

to

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to let them sink. Divert yourself with Mrs. Worrall, at backgammon. Find out some new country to travel in: any thing to amuse. Nothing can contribute sooner than cheerfulness to your recovery; which that it may be very speedy, is sincerely the thing in the world most wished for by, your ever obliged, *&c.*

## FROM THE DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY.

DEAR SIR, AMESBURY, NOV. 10, 1733.

I HAVE only staid to give time for my letter's getting to you. There is some satisfaction in sitting down to write, now that I am something less in your debt; I mean by way of letter. To speak seriously, I must love contradiction more than ever woman did, if I did not obey your commands; for I do sincerely take great pleasure in conversing with you. If you have heard of my figure abroad, it is no more than I have done on both sides of my ears, (as the saying is): for I did not cut and curl my hair like a sheep's head, or wear one of their trolloping sacks; and by not so doing, I did give some offence.

We have seen many very fine towns, and travelled through good roads, and pleasant countries. I like Flanders in particular, because it is the likest to England. The inns were very unlike those at home, being much cleaner and better served; so that here I could not maintain my partiality with common justice. As to the civilizing any of that nation, it would employ more ill spent time fruitlessly than any



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one has to spare: they are the only people I ever saw that were quite without a genius to be civil when they had a mind to be so. Will you eat? Will you play at cards? are literally the tip top well bred phrases in use. The French people we met, are quite of another turn, polite and easy; one is the natural consequence of the other, though a secret that few have discovered. I can bring you an Irish witness (if that be sufficient) that I have wished for you many times during this journey, particularly at Spa, where I imagined you might have been mending every day as fast as I did; and you are a base man to say, that any such impediment as you mentioned, thwarted your journey; for you were sure of a welcome share in every thing we had. It were unnecessary to say this now, if we had no thoughts of ever going again; but it is what I am strongly advised to though I should not much want it, and I am not averse: travelling agrees with me, and makes me good humoured. At home I am generally more nice than wise, but on the road nothing comes amiss. At Calais we were windbound four or five days, and I was very well contented: when the wind changed, I was delighted to go. As impatience is generally my reigning distemper, you may imagine how I must be alarmed at this sudden alteration, till I happily recollected two instances, where I was myself. The one at Breda, where the innkeeper let drop, "if you "mean to go," an hour and half after we had told him fifty times, that we positively would go on. The other, at Amsterdam, where we met with a very incurious gentleman, who affirmed, there was nothing worth seeing; though, beside the town, which far surpassed my imagination, there happened to be a most

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most famous fair. It is long since those two verses of Dryden's Cymon are strictly applicable to me:

Her corn and cattle are her only care,
And her supreme delight a country fair.

I shall forget to name my Irish friend: it is Mr. Coote *. He is, in all appearance, a modest, well-bred, splenetick, good natured man. I had then one of these qualifications more than was pleasant, and so we became acquainted. He has a very great regard for you, sir; and there we agreed again. We were all highly pleased with him. He seems to have a better way of thinking than is common, and not to want for sense, or good humour. I tell you, that I do use exercise; designedly, never eat or drink what can disagree with me, but am no more certain of my stomach than of my mind; at sometimes proof against any thing, and at other times too easily shocked; but time and care can certainly make a strong defence. I will obey your commands, and so will his grace, concerning Mrs. Barber, as soon as we come to London, where we staid but three days. We are now at Amesbury; but pray, direct for me at London. I doubt we can do her but little good; for, as to my part, I have few acquaintance, and little interest. I will believe every thing you say of her, though I have hitherto ever had a natural aversion to a poetess.

I am come almost to the end of my paper, before I have half done with you. It was a rule, I remember, with poor Mr. Gay and me, never to exceed three pages. I long to hear from you, that I may

* Charles Coote, esq., high sheriff of the county of Cavan in 1719.



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have an excuse to write again; for I doubt it would be carrying the joke too far to trouble you too often. Adieu, dear sir, health and happiness attend you ever. I fear I have written so very ill, that I am quite unintelligible.

His grace is very much yours.

## FROM MRS. PRATT.

SIR, LONDON, NOV. 10, 1733.

NOT many days ago I had the pleasure of yours by Mrs. Barber, whose turn seems to confirm the good impression you give of her. I want not more than your recommendation to engage my wishes to serve her, and also my endeavours, if any opportunity falls in my way. Are there no hopes of seeing you on this side of the water? Cannot the great number of your friends, and the great variety of conversation abounding here, be some kind of inducement to your coming among us? Is not Mr. Pope a temptation to one of your distinction to draw you this way? Even the variety of people in this great city might contribute to the amusement of your mind, as a journey and exercise would to your bodily health. I would use every argument I could think of to invite you hither, and consequently to preserve a life so beneficial to the publick, and so dear to all your friends. You have a spirit that should prevail against indolence, and bring you into a part of the world, which calls aloud for your talents. This winter would furnish you with many

oppor-

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opportunities of doing great good, as well as making a shining figure; which reflection gives me great hopes, that you will think it a reasonable obligation; as in that case, like Pitt's diamond, you would stand alone. I wish I had a house in some measure worthy to entertain a guest that should be so welcome to me. You surprise me greatly in telling me that my lord Shelburne and you have not met, although he has been some time in Dublin, and to my knowledge is one of your great admirers. Why do not you send to my lord Dunkerin, who undoubtedly wants only that encouragement to wait upon you? You see I want none to embrace the opportunity of assuring you, that I am, with great esteem, respect, and affection, your very obliged and most humble servant,

H. PRATT.

## FROM THE LATE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON [ALDERMAN BARBER.]

LONDON, NOV. 17, 1733.

AS I have now got rid of the plague of grandeur, and all its dependencies, I take this first opportunity to pay my respects to you, sir, which I beg pardon for not doing sooner. The transition from Goldsmiths-hall to Queen square is hardly credible; for in one view, to imagine the constant hurry, noise, and impertinence I lay under from morning till night, in opposition to the peace, the quiet, and great tranquillity I feel in my little retirement, makes



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me pity your great men, who certainly must be strangers to the great pleasure I now enjoy.

Before I left my office I took care to do justice to Mr. Pilkington, who has received more than I mentioned, and indeed more than any chaplain ever had before, *viz.*

| Of the city. | £. | s | d. | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Salary | 20 | 0 | 0 | |
| Gratuity | 25 | 0 | 0 | |
| Gratuity extraordinary | 21 | 0 | 0 | |
| | | | | 66 0 0 |
| From my lord mayor | | | | 50 0 0 |
| Five sermons preached before the mayor | | | | 10 0 0 |
| For a copy of one sermon printed | | | | 4 0 0 |
| | | | | £ 130 0 0 |

St. Paul's happened to be shut up in the summer for two months, when the mayor went on Sundays to his own chapel at Guildhall, and his chaplain read prayers for eight Sunday mornings only; for which the mayor got him from the court of aldermen twenty guineas.

I have been the more particular in this account, because I know your great punctuality in things of this nature, as well as to do myself justice. How much he may be a gainer by coming over, I cannot tell; but if he had pleased to have lived near the hall, as he might, in a lodging of ten or twelve pounds a year, he need not have kept a man (for I had more for show than business) nor given the extravagant sum of thirty pounds a year for lodgings; he

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he might have saved something in those articles. Had he lived in the city, I should now and then have had the favour of his company in an evening; but his living from me brought him into company, and among the rest into that of Mr. Edward Walpole, from whom he has great dependences.

I recommended him to Mr. alderman Champion, who got the primate's wife's brother to write in his favour to the primate. And he talks of the living of Colerain's being vacant; if it be, I will do him what service I can.

Thus, sir, I have discharged myself of the duty you laid upon me, in relation to that gentleman, which I hope will be to your satisfaction; for I will never be ungrateful, though I have met with it frequently myself.

All your friends in town are well, and in high spirits. Lord Bolingbroke complains you do not write to him. Poor Mrs. Barber has the gout, but is better. It was a great mortification to me that you did not come and eat some custard; but I hope your health will permit your coming next summer. We rejoice much at my brother French's success. I know you do not deal in news, so I send you none. Pray God continue your health, and believe me always, with the greatest sincerity, sir, your most obedient and most obliged humble servant,

JOHN BARBER.

P. S. Why Mr. Pilkington should send his wife home in the midst of winter, or why he should stay here an hour after her, are questions not easily answered. I am not of his counsel.



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## FROM THE COUNTESS OF GRANVILLE *.

DEAR SIR, HAWNES, NOV. 27, 1733.

I HAVE received the honour of your commands, and shall obey them; for I am very proud of your remembrance. I do not know we ever quarrelled; but if we did, I am as good a Christian as you are, in perfect charity with you. My son, my daughter, and all our olive branches salute you most tenderly. I never wished so much as I do now, that I were bright, and had a genius, which could entertain you, in return for the many excellent things that entertain me daily, which I read over and over with fresh delight. Will you never come into England, and make Hawnes † your road? You will find nothing here to offend you; for I am a hermit, and live in my chimney corner, and have no ambition, but that you will believe I am the charming dean's

Most obedient humble servant,
GRANVILLE.

* Grace, widow, and relict of George, lord Carteret, and daughter of John Granville, earl of Bath. She was created viscountess Carteret, and countess Granville, 1st Jan. 1714-15, with limitation of those honours to her son John, the late earl.

† A seat of lord Carteret, afterward earl Granville, in Bedfordshire.

FROM

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## FROM MRS. CONDUITT *.

SIR, GEORGE STREET, NOV. 29, 1733.

MRS. Barber did not deliver your letter till after the intended wedding brought me hither. She has as much a better title to the favour of her sex than poetry can give her, as truth is better than fiction; and shall have my best assistance. But the town has been so long invited into the subscription, that most people have already refused or accepted, and Mr. Conduitt has long since done the latter.

I should have guessed your holiness would rather have laid than called up the ghost of my departed friendship, which since you are brave enough to face, you will find divested of every terrour, but the remorse that you were abandoned to be an alien to your friends, your country, and yourself. Not to renew an acquaintance with one who can twenty years after remember a bare intention to serve him, would be to throw away a prize I am not now able to repurchase; therefore when you return to England, I shall try to excel in what I am very sorry you want, a nurse; in the mean time I am exercising that gift to preserve one who is your devoted admirer.

Lord Harvey has written a bitter copy of verses upon Dr. Sherwin for publishing (as it is said) his lordship's epistle; which must have set your brother Pope's spirits all a working.

* Thus endorsed by the doctor, "My old friend Mrs. Barton, now Mrs. Conduitt."

Thomson

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Thomson is far advanced in a poem of 2000 lines, deducing liberty from the patriarchs to the present times, which, if we may judge from the press, is now in full vigour. But I forget I am writing to one who has the power of the keys of Parnassus, and that the only merit my letter can have is brevity. Please therefore to place the profit I had in your long one to your fund of charity, which carries no interest, and to add to your prayers and good wishes now and then a line to, sir, your obedient humble servant,

C. CONDUITT.

Mrs. Barber, whom I had sent to dine with us, is in bed with the gout, and has not yet sent me her proposals.

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## FROM CHARLES COOTE, ESQ.

SIR, LONDON, DEC. 13, 1733.

BEING indebted solely to you for a most valuable acquaintance with the duke and duchess of Queensberry, and some other of your friends, I ought to have acknowledged it before. It is a common stratagem of mine, and has always succeeded, to give hints in proper places of your allowing me to some degree of personal acquaintance with you, and I owe to it most of the agreeable hours I passed at Spa this summer, where they were. I had strong temptations, especially at that distance, to give myself high

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high airs this way; but finding the bare mention of my having been received by you in a most obliging manner, was enough to do my business, and it being a fact I could make oath of, I kept within due bounds. Her grace, who would be the most agreeable woman in England, though she were not the handsomest, has honoured me with her compliments to you with a walking stick, the manufacture of Spa, where she had it made for you, and I ought to have delivered it two months ago; accidents prevented my leaving this place, and it is not certain when I can; so that I must send it to you by the first proper opportunity, but could no longer delay your pleasure in knowing it, and hers, when you shall acknowledge it. If I can be of any sort of service to you on this side, your commands will find me at St. James's coffeehouse. I am, sir, your most obliged humble servant,

CHARLES COOTE.

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## FROM DR. SHERIDAN*.

DEAR SIR, DEC. 20, 1733.

*YOURS I received*, and if it *was* not that I have *a good deal of company* to *sup* at my house upon *beef griskins*, I would go and play a game of backgammon *with* Mr. *Worrall's* tables, and be *after winning* some of Mrs. *Worrall's coin*; I would not *fear* to

* Endorsed, "Dr. Sheridan's insolence in presuming to answer my eloquent hyberniciams."



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win *a crown piece* of her money by playing *sixpence halfpenny a time.* She is a very *good body,* and one that I have *a great value for*: I wish my *spouse* were but half as good, but of *this* I shall say nothing more till *meeting.* I hope my gossip *Delany's* spouse is upon the *mending hand,* for they tell me she has been lately much *out of order.* She is as good a woman as ever *breathed,* and it is a *thousand pities* that any thing should *ail her.* God Almighty *wish her well;* for I am sure if she *went off,* the doctor would not meet with *her fellow.* I hope nothing *ails her* but a *brush.*

To morrow I *eat a bit* with Mr. and Mrs. *M'Gwyre:* if you will *make one,* you will get as hearty a welcome, as if you were their *own father;* for nobody *speaks better of you* than they. My humble service to all friends and to yourself, is the request of yours to command,

THADY O SULIVAN.

I lodge hard by the *Shovel* in *Francis street.*

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## TO MRS. PILKINGTON.

MADAM, 1733.

YOU must shake off the leavings of your sex. If you cannot keep a secret, and take a chiding, you will quickly be out of my sphere. Corrigible people are to be chid; those who are otherwise, may be very safe from any lectures of mine: I should rather choose

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choose to indulge them in their follies, than attempt to set them right. I desire you may not inform your husband * of what has past, for a reason I shall give you when I see you, which may be this evening, if you will. I am very sincerely your friend,

J. SWIFT.

## TO THE DUKE OF DORSET.

MY LORD, JAN. 1733-4.

IT has been my great misfortune, that, since your grace's return to this kingdom, I have not been able to attend you as my duty and gratitude for your favours, as well as the honour of having been so many years known to you, obliged me to do. I have been pursued by two old disorders, a giddiness and deafness, which used to leave me in three or four weeks, but now have continued four months, Thus I am put under a necessity to write what I would rather have chosen to say in your grace's presence.

On Monday last week, toward evening, there came to the deanery one Mr. Bettesworth; who, being told by the servants that I was gone to a friend's house, went thither to inquire for me, and was admitted into the street parlour. I left my

* This letter was occasioned by some accounts from London, relative to Mr. Pilkington, which Mrs. Pilkington has given us at large, in her memoirs, Vol. I, p. 105.

company

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company in the back room, and went to him. He began with asking me, "Whether I were the au-
"thor of certain verses, wherein he was reflected
"on *." The singularity of the man, in his countenance, manner, action, style, and tone of voice, made me call to mind that I had once seen him, about two or three years ago, at Mr. Ludlow's countryhouse. But I could not recollect his name; and of what calling he might be I had never heard. I therefore desired to know who and what he was? said, "I heard of some such verses, but knew no
"more." He then signified to me, "That he was
"a serjeant at law, and a member of parliament." After which, he repeated the lines that concerned him with great emphasis; said, "I was mistaken in
"one thing; for he assured me he was no booby;
"but owned himself to be a coxcomb." However, that being a point of controversy wherein I had no concern, I let it drop. As to the verses, he insisted, "That, by his taste, and skill in poetry, he was as
"sure I writ them as if he had seen them fall from
"my pen." But I found the chief weight of his argument lay upon two words that rhymed to his name, which he knew could come from none but me. He then told me, "That, since I would not
"own the verses, and that since he could not get
"satisfaction by any course of law, he would get it
"by his pen, and show the world what a man I
"was." When he began to grow over warm and eloquent, I called in the gentleman of the house,

* These verses are printed in Vol. VIII of this collection, They occasioned a very good poem, called "Bettesworth's Exultations, in Dunken's Poems," Vol. II, p. 266.

from

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from the room adjoining; and the serjeant, going on with less turbulence, went away. He had a footman in the hall during all his talk, who was to have opened the door for one or more fellows, as he has since reported: and likewise, that he had a sharp knife in his pocket, ready to stab or maim me. But the master and mistress of the house, who knew his character, and could hear every word from the room they were in, had prepared a sufficient defence in such a case, as they afterward told me. He has since related, to five hundred persons of all ranks, above five hundred falsehoods of this conversation, of my fears and his own brutalities, against all probability as well as fact; and some of them, as I have been assured, even in the presence of your grace. His meanings and his movements were indeed peevish enough, but his words were not. He threatened me with nothing but his pen, yet owned he had no pretence to wit. And indeed I am heartily glad, for his own sake, that he proceeded no farther; for, the least uproar would have called his nearest neighbours *, first to my assistance, and next, to the manifest danger of his life: and I would not willingly have even a dog killed upon my account. Ever since, he has amused himself with declaring, in all companies, especially before bishops, and lords, and members of parliament, his resolutions for vengeance, and the several manners by which he will put it in execution.

It is only to the advice of some judicious friends that your grace owes the trouble of this letter: for,

* Dr. Swift was then at the Rev. Mr. Worrall's house, which happened to be within three or four doors of Mr. Bettesworth's.

though

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though I may be dispirited enough by sickness and years, yet I have little reason to apprehend any danger from that man; and those who seem to have most regard for my safety, are no more apprehensive than myself, especially such as best know his character: for, his very enemies, and even his ridiculers, who are, of the two, by far the greater number, allow him to be a peaceable man in all things, except his words, his rhetorical actions, his looks, and his hatred to the clergy; which however are all known, by abundance of experience, to be perfectly harmless; and particularly as to the clergy. I do not doubt but, if he will be so good as to continue stedfast in his principles and practices, he may at proper junctures contribute very much to the honour and interests of that reverend body, as well as employ and improve the wit of many young gentlemen in the city, the university, and the rest of the kingdom.

What I have said to your grace is only meant as a poor endeavour to preserve myself in your good opinion, and in the continuance of your favour. I am, with the highest respect, &c.

## TO THE EARL OF OXFORD.

MY LORD, DUBLIN, FEB. 16, 1733.

THE bearer, Mr. Faulkner, the prince of Dublin printers, will have the honour to deliver you this. He

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He tells me, your lordship was so gracious as to admit him into your presence, and receive him with great condescension, which encouraged him to hope for the same favour again, by my mediation, which I could not refuse. Although, for his own profit, he is engaged in a work that very much discontents me, yet I would rather have it fall into his hands, than any other's on this side.

I am just recovered, in some degree, of two cruel indispositions, of giddiness and deafness, after seven months. I have got my hearing; but the other evil hangs still about me, and I doubt will never quite leave me, until I leave it.

I hope your lordship, and lady Oxford * and lady Margaret †, continue in perfect health. I pray God preserve you all, for the good of your friends, and your country.

I am, with entire respect and esteem,
Your lordship's most obedient,
and most obliged servant,
J. SWIFT.

* Lady Henrietta Cavendish Holles, only daughter and heir of his grace John Holles, duke of Newcastle, was married to his lordship the 31st of October, 1713.

† This lady was married to William Bentinck, duke of Portland, July 11, 1734.



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## FROM LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

MARCH 2, 1733.

I AM extreme glad to hear you are got well again; and I do assure you, it was no point of ceremony made me forbear writing, but the downright fear of being troublesome. If you have got off your deafness, that is a happiness I doubt poor lady Suffolk will never have; for she does not mend, if she does not grow rather worse. But we ladies are famous for straining our voices upon the bad occasion of anger: and sure then it is hard if it is not more agreeable to do it for the sake of friendship. By the histories I hear from Ireland, Bettesworth, in the midst of your illness, did not think your pen lay idle *; but this good you had from it, that such a troublesome fellow made your friends and neighbours show they could

* About this time, an attempt was made to repeal the Test Act in Ireland; and the dissenters, on this occasion, affected to call themselves brother protestants, and fellow christians, with the members of the established church. This the dean made the subject of a short copy of verses, in which there is a passage, that so provoked one Bettesworth, a lawyer, and member of the Irish parliament, that he swore to revenge himself, either by maiming, or murdering the author; and for this purpose, he engaged his footman, with two ruffians, to secure the dean wherever he could be found. As soon as this oath and attempt of Bettesworth were known, thirty of the nobility and gentry of St. Patrick's, waited upon the dean in form, and presented a paper, subscribed with their names; in which, they solemnly engaged, in behalf of themselves and the rest of the liberty, to defend his person and fortune as the friend and benefactor of his country.

exert

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exert themselves for your sake. Mrs. Floyd has passed this winter rather better than the last; but cold weather is a great enemy of hers; and when you see her, I fear you will find, that though the goodness of the composition will always hold, yet so many winters have taken the beauty of it entirely off. It grows now near the time, that I have hopes you will soon part with my duke and duchess. I always used to be her doctor; I wish you would allow me to be yours, and take my advice, and try how the change of air would mend your constitution; but, I fear you will not. However, God bless you; and adieu.

## FROM THE DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY.

DEAR SIR, LONDON, MARCH 4, 1733-4.

IF ever lying was necessary, I fear it is so at present; for no truth can furnish me with sufficient excuse for not having writ long ago; therefore I have been strongly tempted to disown having received any return to my letters, which I wrote to you since my return to these parts; but upon more mature deliberation, I have convinced myself, that it is better rather to confess my fault, than to give you any handle to suspect my truth for the future. I wish every body was as timorous as myself, and then lying and deceit would never be so much in the fashion, as it has and will be for many ages past and to come. I remember you once told me, always to sit down to write when



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I was in good health, and good humour; neither of them have been perfect of some time. The first has been interrupted by perpetual colds, and pains in my face and teeth. My temper, by these trying truths which I am about to tell you, *viz.* a journey to Scotland, where we have been going every week, and every day since Christmas; the uncertainty of which, and being consequently unsettled, is even worse than the thing itself. This is not all; by these means I have been obliged to send a little boy (who has been my constant companion ever since he was born, and who is not seven years old till next July) to school, a full year before it was necessary or proper. The doing this, I own, has damped my spirits more than was reasonable, though it was by his own desire; and that I am persuaded he is well taken care of, both by the master and his own brother, who is fond of him, and so would you be, if you knew him; for he has more sense than above half the world. The other is a fine boy, and grown very strong and healthy. I am much obliged to you for reproving me, that I did not tell you so before. I am in great hopes to live to see them both men; therefore pray advise me what to do with them after they have gone through the school; for I imagine that just then is the most difficult part of their education. Mr. Locke, with whom I cannot help differing in some things, makes a full stop there; and I never heard of any other that ever mentioned, or at least published, any helps for children at that time of life, which I apprehend to be the most material.

There is a good deal of impertinence in filling two sides of paper about me and mine; but I own, at present, my whole thoughts are so much employed on the

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the latter, that I involuntarily think and talk of little else. To morrow will be acted a new play of our friend Mr. Gay's*; we stay on purpose now for that, and shall go on Thursday for Edinburgh, where the greatest good I can expect, or hope for, is a line from you. Mrs. Barber has met with a good deal of trouble; I have not seen her, I fancy, for that reason; but we shall leave our guineas for her with Mr. Pope, or my brother. I wish you all health and prosperity. I will not wish you devoid of all trouble and vexation, because I think a moderate share is a great encouragement to good spirits; but may you never meet with more than is absolutely necessary to be pleasant.

Adieu, dear sir. If you will oblige me, you must do me the justice to believe I am your most faithful friend, *&c.*

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## FROM MR. GRANT.

LONDON,

VERY REVEREND SIR, MARCH 14, 1733-4.

THOUGH I have been long an admirer of your wit and learning, I have not less valued and esteemed your publick spirit, and great affection to your na-

* This play was called the Distrest Wife; and was acted at the theatre royal in Covent Garden, with indifferent success.—Several years after, it was published by Astley, in St. Paul's Church yard; but no notice was taken in the title, of its having ever been acted.—Achilles, an opera, by the same author, had been performed the winter before, with applause.



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tive country. These valuable ingredients in your character, persuade me to propose to you what I apprehend may be for your country's benefit, and that you will excuse my taking the liberty to do it. As good principles dispose you, your real merit happily united with them, gives you weight and influence to promote the publick good; to which I am well assured your country owes not only the escaping many evils, but the establishment of many valuable articles for the increase of their wealth and strength. Though I am not a native of Ireland, I have always regarded it as so connected with this country, that the natives of both islands ought mutually to study and advance the advantage of each other. And it is in consequence of this principle, that I offer to your consideration, that your countrymen should heartily engage in and pursue the white herring, and cod fishing. This is a branch of trade which Providence has given opportunity to follow in both countries; neither can they prejudice one another, as there may be consumption for all that may be caught on both islands. There is nothing that would so effectually employ your poor, and prevent their going abroad, considering the great variety of trades necessary in this undertaking; it would also increase the consumption of your home manufactures, and increase the balance of your foreign trade.

The north and north-east parts of your island lie exceeding well, both for the cod and herring fishing, as will appear to you from their course, which is described in the enclosed pamphlet, if you take the trouble to look upon it; but encouragements are necessary to support a new undertaking in its infancy, because they are always, at the beginning, liable to charges

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charges and inconveniencies, which discourage private adventurers, if not supported by the publick. I have with great pleasure read, in the minutes of your parliament, of late years, several instances of their zeal for their country's good, which inclines me to believe they would readily receive and encourage a proposition of this nature, if properly introduced and recommended to them; and I shall reckon it a particular good fortune, if I could suggest what would be acceptable to you and them. I have been desirous to establish and improve this valuable branch of commerce in Britain, for which reason I have applied myself to it several years last past, and examined it in all its shapes, from whence I flatter myself to have acquired a thorough knowledge in the matter; and I am, with other gentlemen, endeavouring to obtain the necessary encouragements for it here; but it being late before we moved in our application, and appearance of a short session, I am afraid we shall make little progress at this time. Not being sufficiently acquainted with your laws and constitutions, I cannot take upon me to say what may be proper encouragements in your country; yet I may freely venture to assert one proposition, to which every one must assent, that it is the interest of any nation to grant premiums and bounties for the encouragement of any one branch of trade, which, in proportion to what is paid by the publick, and when that is paid only to its own subjects, brings into the kingdom ten times the value. And I may, with equal safety, advance this other proposition, that no article of trade better deserves encouragement, from both Britain and Ireland, than the fishing does; or that might be made of so great consequence and



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general benefit to both: to which I believe I may add, that there is not any business more natural to either, or the establishment whereof would receive more universal approbation and applause.

These things, from my opinion of your character, I thought I might take the liberty to trouble you with; which I was the more readily induced to, as it furnished me an opportunity of declaring, that I am, with great esteem, sir, your most obedient humble servant,

FRANCIS GRANT.

P. S. If you have any commands for me, or that you think I may be any ways useful in explaining or promoting this subject, I shall with pleasure obey you; in which case you may direct for me, merchant, in London.

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## TO FRANCIS GRANT, ESQ., MERCHANT IN LONDON.

SIR, DUBLIN, MARCH 23, 1733-4.

I RETURN you my hearty thanks for your letter, and discourse upon the fishery: you discover, in both, a true love of your country, and (excepting your civilities to me) a very good judgment, good wishes to this ruined kingdom, and a perfect knowledge in the subject you treat. But you are more temperate than I, and consequently much wiser: for corruptions are apt to make me impatient, and give offence, which you prudently avoid.

Ever

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Ever since I began to think, I was enraged at the folly of England, in suffering the Dutch to have almost the whole advantage of our fishery, just under our noses.

The last lord Wemys told me, he was governor of a castle in Scotland near which the Dutch used to fish: he sent to them, in a civil manner, to desire they would send him some fish, which they brutishly refused; whereupon he ordered three or four cannon to be discharged from the castle, (for their boats were in reach of the shot;) and, immediately, they sent him more than he wanted.

The Dutch are like a knot of sharpers among a parcel of honest gentlemen, who think they understand play, and are bubbled of their money. I love them for the love they have to their country; which, however, is no virtue in them, because it is their private interest, which is directly contrary in England. In the queen's time, I did often press the lord treasurer Oxford, and others of the ministry, upon this very subject; but the answer was, "We must not offend the Dutch;" who, at that very time, were opposing us in all our steps toward a peace. I laughed to see the zeal that ministry had about the fishing at Newfoundland, (I think) while no care was taken against the Dutch fishing just at our doors.

As to my native country, I happened indeed, by a perfect accident, to be born here, my mother being left here from returning to her house at Leicester, and I was a year old before I was sent to England: and thus I am a Teague, or an Irishman, or what people please, although the best part of my life was in England.

What

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What I did for this country was from perfect hatred of tyranny and oppression, for which I had a proclamation against me of 300l. which my old friend my lord Carteret was forced to consent to, the very first or second night of his arrival hither. The crime was that of writing against a project of one Wood, an ironmonger, to coin 100,000l. in halfpence, not worth a sixth part of the money, which was laid before the people in so plain a manner, that they all refused it; and so the nation was preserved from immediate ruin.

I have done some smaller services to this kingdom, but I can do no more. I have too many years upon me, and have too much sickness. I am out of favour at court, where I was well received, during two summers, six and seven years ago. The governing people here do not love me. For as corrupt as England is, it is a habitation of saints in comparison of Ireland. We are sl—s, and kn—s, and fools; and all, but bishops and people in employments, beggars. The cash of Ireland does not amount to 200,000l.: the few honest men among us are deadhearted, poor, and out of favour and power.

I talked to two or three gentlemen of this house of commons, now sitting here; and, mentioning your scheme, showed how very advantageous it would be to Ireland. They agreed with me; but said, that if such a thing were proposed, the members would all go out, as at a thing they had no concern in.

I believe the people of Lapland, or the Hottentots, are not so miserable a people as we; for oppression, supported by power, will infallibly introduce slavish principles. I am afraid that, even in England, your proposal

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proposal will come to nothing. There is not virtue enough left among mankind. If your scheme should pass into an act, it will become a job: your sanguine temper will cool: r——s will be the only gainers. Party and faction will intermingle, and defeat the most essential parts of the whole design. Standing armies, in times of peace; projects of excise, and bribing at elections, are all you are like to be employed in; not forgetting septennial parliaments, directly against the old whig principles, which always have been mine.

A gentleman of this kingdom, about three years ago, joined with some others in a fishery here, in the northern parts: they advanced 200l. by way of trial: they got men from Orkney to cure their fish, who understood it well. But the vulgar folks of Ireland are so lazy and so knavish, that it turned to no account, nor would any body join with them: and so the matter fell, and they lost two thirds of their money. Oppressed beggars are always knaves; and, I believe, there hardly are any other among us. They had rather gain a shilling by knavery, than five pounds by honest dealing. They lost 30,000l. a year for ever in the time of the plague at Marseilles, when the Spaniards would have bought all their linen from Ireland: but the merchants and the weavers sent over such abominable linen, that it was all returned back, or sold for a fourth part of the value. This is our condition, which you may please to pity, but never can mend. I wish you good success with all my heart. I have always loved good projects, but have always found them to miscarry. I am, sir, with true esteem for your good intentions,

Your most obedient servant.

 P.S. I would

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P. P. I would subscribe my name, if I had not a very bad one; so I leave you to guess it. If I can be of any service to you in this kingdom, I shall be glad you will employ me.

## FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE.

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR, APRIL 12, 1734.

I HAVE received yours of the 16th of February very lately; but have not yet seen the person who brought it, nor am likely to see him, unless he finds me out in my retreat. Our friend Pope is in town, and to him I send this letter; for he tells me, he can forward it to you by the hands of one of our common friends. If I can do Mr. Faulkner any service, I shall certainly do it, because I shall catch at any opportunity of pleasing you; but my help, in a project of subscription, will, I fear, avail him little. I live much out of the world, and I do not blush to own, that I am out of fashion in it. My wife, who is extremely obliged to you, for your kind remembrance of her, and who desires me to say all the fond things from her to you, which I know she thinks, enjoys a precarious health, easily shaken, and sometimes interrupted by fits of severe pain: but, upon the whole, much better than it has been these five years. I walk down hill easily and leisurely enough, except when a strong disposition to the jaundice (that I have long carried about me) gives me a shove. I guard against it as well as I can; the censors say, not as well as I might.

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might. Too sedentary a life hurts me, and yet I do not care to lead any other; for sauntering about my grounds is not exercise. I say, I will be very active this summer, and I will try to keep my word. Riding is your *panacea;* and Bathurst is younger than his sons by observing the same regimen. If I can keep where I am a few years longer, I shall be satisfied; for I have something, and not much, to do before I die. I know by experience one cannot serve the present age. About posterity one may flatter one's self, and I have a mind to write to the next age. You have seen, I doubt not, the ethick epistles, and though they go a little into metaphysicks, I persuade myself you both understand and approve them; the first book being finished, the others will soon follow; for many of them are writ, or crayoned out. What are you doing?—Good, I am sure. But of what kind? Pray, Mr. dean, be a little more cautious in your recommendations. I took care, a year ago, to remove some obstacles that might have hindered the success of one of your recommendations, and I have heartily repented of it since. The fellow wants morals, and, as I hear, decency, sometimes. You have had accounts, I presume, which will not leave you at a loss to guess whom I mean. Is there no hope left of seeing you once more in this island. I often wish myself out of it; and I shall wish so much more, if it is impossible *de voisiner* (I know no English word to say the same thing) with you. Adieu, dear sir; no man living preserves a higher esteem, or a more warm and sincere friendship for you, than I do.

FROM

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## FROM LORD CARTERET.

SIR, JERMYN STREET, APRIL 13, 1734.

I HAD the honour of your letter, which gave me a considerable pleasure to see that I am not so much out of your thoughts, but that you can take notice of events that happen in my family. I need not say, that these alliances * are very agreeable to me; but that they are so to my friends, adds much to the satisfaction I receive from them. They certainly enable me to contract my desires, which is no inconsiderable step toward being happy. As to other things, I go on as well as I can: and now and then observe, that I have more friends now, than I had when I was in a situation to do them service. This may be a delusion: however, it is a pleasing one. And I have more reason to believe a man, now I can do him no good, than I had when I could do him favours, which the greatest philosophers are sometimes tempted to solicit their friends about. I shall continue to serve Mrs. Barber, by recommending her, as occasion shall offer, where it is necessary; but you have done that so effectually, that nothing need be said to those, to whom you have said any thing in her behalf. I hope Dr. Delany is, as he always used to be, cheerful in himself, and agreeable to all that know him; and that he, by this time, is convinced, that the world is not worthy of so much speculation as he has bestowed upon some matters.

* His lordship's third daughter, Georgina-Carolina, was married, Feb. 14, 1733-4, to the honourable John Spencer.

Lady

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Lady Worsley, my wife, and daughters, to whom I have shown your letter, not forgetting my mother, present their humble service to you. And I desire to recommend the whole family, as well as myself, to the continuance of your favour. I am, sir, with the greatest respect, your most humble and most obedient servant,

CARTERET.

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## TO MISS HOADLY.

MADAM, JUNE 4th, 1734.

WHEN I lived in England, once every year I issued out an edict, commanding that all ladies of wit, sense, merit and quality, who had an ambition to be acquainted with me, should make the first advances at their peril; which edict, you may believe, was universally obeyed. When (much against my will) I came to live in this kingdom, I published the same edict; only, the harvest here being not altogether so plentiful, I confined myself to a smaller compass. This made me often wonder how you came so long to neglect your duty; for, if you pretend ignorance, I may produce legal witnesses against you.

I have heard of a judge bribed with a pig, but it was discovered by the squeaking; and therefore, you have been so politick as to send me a dead one, which can tell no tales. Your present of butter was made with the same design, as a known court practice,

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tice, to grease my fist that I might keep silence. These are great offences, contrived on purpose to corrupt my integrity. And besides I apprehend, that if I should wait on you to return my thanks, you will deny that the pig and butter were any advances at all on your side, and give out that I made them first; by which I may endanger the fundamental privilege that I have kept so many years in two kingdoms, at least make it a point of controversy. However, I have two ways to be revenged: first, I will let all the ladies of my acquaintance know, that you, the sole daughter and child of his grace of Dublin, are so mean as to descend to understand housewifery; which every girl of this town, who can afford sixpence a month for a chair, would scorn to be thought to have the least knowledge in; and this will give you as ill a reputation, as if you had been caught in the fact of reading a history, or handling a needle, or working in a field at Tallagh. My other revenge shall be this; when my lord's gentleman delivered his message, after I put him some questions, he drew out a paper containing your directions, and in your hand: I said it properly belonged to me; and, when I had read it, I put it in my pocket, and am ready to swear, when lawfully called, that it is written in a fair hand, rightly spelt, and good plain sense. You now may see I have you at mercy; for, upon the least offence given, I will show the paper to every female scrawler I meet, who will soon spread about the town, that your writing and spelling are ungenteel and unfashionable, more like a parson than a lady.

I suppose, by this time, you are willing to submit; and therefore, I desire you may stint me to two china bowls

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bowls of butter a week; for my breakfast is that of a sickly man, rice gruel; and I am wholly a stranger to tea and coffee, the companions of bread and butter. I received my third bowl last night, and I think my second is almost entire. I hope and believe my lord archbishop will teach his neighbouring tenants and farmers a little English country management: and I lay it upon you, madam, to bring housewifery in fashion among our ladies; that, by your example, they may no longer pride themselves on their natural or affected ignorance. I am, with the truest respect and esteem,

Madam,

Your most obedient

and obliged, *&c.*

I desire to present my most, *&c.* to his grace and the ladies.

## FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE.

FROM MY FARM, JUNE 27, 1734.

I THANK you, Mr. dean; or, to use a name to me more sacred, I thank you, my friend, for your letter of the 23d of May, which came to me by post. I answer it by the same conveyance; and provided the diligent inspection of private men's correspondence do not stop our letters, they have my leave to do, what they will do without it, to open and read them. If they expect to find any thing which may do us hurt, or them good; their disap-



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pointment will give me pleasure, and in the proportion, I shall imagine it gives them pain. I should have another pleasure, of higher relish, if our epistles were to be perused by persons of higher rank. And who knows, considering the mighty importance we are of, whether that may not happen? How would these persons stare, to see such a thing as sincere cordial friendship subsist inviolate, and grow and strengthen from year to year, in spite of distance, absence, and mutual inutility!

But enough on this. Let us turn to other subjects. I have read, in the golden verses of Pythagoras, or in some other collection of wise apophthegms of the ancients, that a man of business may talk of philosophy, a man who has none may practise it. What do you think of this maxim? Is it exact? I have a strange distrust of maxims. We make as many observations as our time, our knowledge, and the other means we have, give us the opportunity of making on a physical matter. We find that they all correspond, and that one general proposition may be affirmed as the result of them. This we affirm, and in consequence, this becomes a maxim among our followers, if we have any. Thus the king of Siam affirmed, that water was always in a fluid state; and I doubt not but the talapoins (do they not call them so?) held this maxim. Neither he, or they, had ever climbed the neighbouring mountains of Ava; their observations were confined to the burning climate they inhabited. It is much the same in moral maxims, founded on observations of the conduct of men; for there are other moral maxims of universal truth, as there are moral duties of eternal obligation. We see what the conduct is, and

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and we guess what the motives are, of great numbers of men; but then we see often at too great a distance, or through a faulty medium; we guess with much uncertainty from a thousand reasons concerning a thing as various, as changing, as inconsistent as the heart of man. And even when we see right, and guess right, we build our maxims on a small number of observations (for such they are comparatively, how numerous soever they may be, taken by themselves) which our own age and our own country chiefly have presented to us.

You and I have known one man in particular, who affected business he often hindered, and never did; who had the honour among some, and the blame among others, of bringing about great revolutions in his own country, and in the general affairs of Europe; and who was, at the same time, the idlest creature living; who was never more copious than in expressing, when that was the theme of the day, his indifference to power, and his contempt of what we call honours, such as titles, ribands, *&c.* who should, to have been consistent, have had this indifference, and have felt this contempt, since he knew neither how to use power, nor how to wear honours, and yet who was jealous of one, and fond of the other, even to ridicule. This character seems singular enough, and yet I have known some resembling it very much in general, and many exactly like it in the strongest marks it bore.

Now let us suppose, that some Rochefoucault or other, some anthroponomical sage, should discover a multitude of similar instances, and not stumble upon any one repugnant; you and I should not, however, receive for a maxim, that he who affects



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business, never does it: nor this, that he who brings about great revolutions, is always idle: nor this, that he who expresses indifference to power, and contempt of honours, is jealous of one, and fond of the others.

Proceed we now, dear doctor, to the application. A man in business, and a man who is out of it, may equally talk of philosophy; that is certain. The question is, whether the man in business may not practise it, as well as the man out of business? I think he may, in this sense, as easily; but sure I am, he may, in this sense, as usefully. If we look into the world, our part of it I mean, we shall find, I believe, few philosophers in business, or out of business. The greatest part of the men I have seen in business, perhaps all of them, have been so far from acting on philosophical principles, that is, on principles of reason and virtue, that they have not acted even on the highest principles of vice. I have not known a man of real ambition; a man who sacrificed all his passions, or made them all subservient to that one; but I have known many, whose vanity and whose avarice mimicked ambition. The greatest part of the men I have seen out of business, have been so far from practising philosophy, that they have lived in the world errant triflers; or retiring from it, have fallen into stupid indolence, and deserved such an inscription as Seneca mentions, in one of his letters to Lucilius, to have been put over the door of one Vattia. *Hic situs est Vattia.* But, for all this, I think that a man in business may practise philosophy as austerely to himself, and more beneficially to mankind, than a man out of it. The *stoicks* were an affected, pedantical sect; but I have always

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always approved that rule of the *Portique*, that a philosopher was not to exempt himself from the duties of society, neither in the community to which he particularly belonged, nor in the great community of mankind. Mencius, and his master Confucius, were strange metaphysicians, but they were good moralists, and they divided their doctrines into three parts; the duties of a man, as an individual, as a member of a family, and as a member of a state. In short, a man may be, many men have been, and some, I believe, are philosophers in business; he that can be so out of it, can be so in it.

But it is impossible to talk so much of philosophy, and forget to speak of Pope. He is actually rambling from one friend's house to another. He is now at Cirencester; he came thither from my lord Cobham's; he came to my lord Cobham's from Mr. Dormer's; to Mr. Dormer's from London; to London from Chiswick; to Chiswick from my farm; to my farm from his own garden; and he goes soon from lord Bathurst's to lord Peterborow's; after which, he returns to my farm again. The demon of verse sticks close to him. He has been imitating the satire of Horace, which begins *Ambubaiarum collegia pharmacopolæ*, &c. and has chosen rather to weaken the images, than to hurt chaste ears overmuch. He has sent it me; but I shall keep his secret as he desires, and shall not, I think, return him the copy; for the rogue has fixed a ridicule upon me, which some events of my life would seem perhaps to justify him in doing. I am glad you approve his moral essays. They will do more good than the sermons and writings of some, who had a mind to find great fault with them. And if the



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doctrines taught, hinted at, and implied in them, and the trains of consequences deducible from these doctrines were to be disputed in prose, I think he would have no reason to apprehend either the free-thinkers on one hand, or the narrow dogmatists on the other. Some few things may be expressed a little hardly; but none are, I believe, unintelligible. I will let him know your complaints of his silence; which I wonder at the more, because he has often spoke in such a manner, as made me conclude you heard from him pretty regularly. Your compliments shall be paid likewise to the other friends you mention,

You complain of the vast alteration which the last seven years have made in you; and do you believe, that they have not made proportionable alterations in us? Satisfy yourself they have. We all go the same road, and keep much the same stages. Let this consideration, therefore, not hinder you from coming among us. You shall ride, walk, trifle, meddle, chide, and be as illbred as you please; and the indulgence you receive on these heads you shall return on these or others. Adieu.

I will speak to you about books next time I write, if I can recollect what I intended to say upon a passage in your letter; or if any thing else, worth saying, comes into my head. Adieu, my friend,

FROM

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## FROM THE EARL OF OXFORD.

DOVER STREET, AUG. 8, 1734.

GOOD MR. DEAN,

IT is now so long since I have troubled you with a letter that I am almost quite ashamed to do it now; but the truth of the case is this, I cannot be longer easy any farther to defer my making my due acknowledgments to you in the best manner I can, for the many kind remembrances I have received from under your own hand, and your obliging notice of me in your letters to Mr. Pope, &c. It was an extreme great pleasure to me to find that I still maintained a share in your thoughts, that I was still worthy to receive your commands; I did my best, I did all that lay in my power to obey them; I wish there had been better success. I assure you this, that there is no person (I speak without excepting one) whose commands I would more readily obey than yours; I hope you will be so good as to indulge me, and make use of your power often; I value myself not a little upon this score, and you see here how easy it is for you to make one happy, which is more than can be said of ——.

I shall now take the liberty to talk to you a little upon family affairs; and my encouragement to do it proceeds from this, that ever since I have been so fortunate to be acquainted with you, you have in the kindest manner always taken a part in whatever fortune befel me or my family.



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Indulge therefore the fondness of a father, to detain you so long, as to give a sincere friend some account of the completing a great work, the disposal of an only daughter in marriage, and in these times.

The whole affair was conducted with as much care and consideration as we were capable of: when we looked over and weighed the many offers that had been proposed to us, and what sort of creatures they were composed of, this person we have now chosen had the fairest and most unexceptionable character, and as his composition is the most unlike the generality of the young gentlemen of this age, which you will think was no small ingredient toward our approbation of him; as I hope and long much to see you in England, I believe when you see the duke * you will be pleased with him, and you will not disapprove of our choice; as he is free from the prevailing qualifications of the present set of young people of quality, such as gaming, sharping, pilfering, lying, &c. &c. so on the contrary, he is endowed with qualifications they are strangers to; such as justice, honour, excellent temper both of mind and body, affability, living well with his own family; and the manner in which he proposed himself was what became a gentleman and a man of honour. Thus you see I have given you a long account of this affair, and the reasons which induced us to consent to this match. I flatter myself that you will not be displeased with the account I have given you of the gentleman to whom we have given our daughter.

* William Bentinck, the second duke of Portland.

My

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My wife and my daughter desire your acceptance of their humble service, with many wishes for the enjoyment of your health, and would be very glad to see you over here.

Mr. Pope has been upon the ramble above these two months: he is now with my lord Peterborow near Southampton, where he proposes to stay some time. This morning died Willis, bishop of Winchester; and is to be succeeded by Hoadly, and farther I cannot say.

Pray, has Mr. Jebb * got any preferment? I was very glad to hear that he had a share in your good opinion: I hope he has done nothing to forfeit it. What has prevented Mr. Faulkner from sending over your works †? he promised to send them over the end of last May at the farthest. I am, with true regard and esteem, sir, your most obliged and most faithful humble servant,

OXFORD.

* An english clergyman, who soon after the date of this letter got very good preferment in the church of Ireland. In the year 1768, he was prebendary of Christ church, Dublin, and rector of St. Thomas in the East.

† These were the first four volumes in octavo, which were actually revised and corrected by Swift himself, as indeed were afterward the two subsequent volumes, printed by Faulkner in the year 1738.

FROM

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## FROM LADY HOWTH.

KILFANE, NEAR KILKENNY,
SIR, AUG. 15, 1734.

TO show you how much I covet your correspondence, I would not even give myself time to rest; for gratitude obliges me to return you thanks for all your favours, in particular your last, which quite cured me of my cold. I can as yet give you no account of this country, but that I have been mightily hurried, settling my little family. We all got safe here on Monday night; and this day was the fair of Bennet's Bridge, where I had two gentlemen on purpose to look out for a pad for you, but there was not one to be got; but if there be any such thing to be had as a good trotter, such a one as I know you like, I will have it. I do not know whether you will be as free in writing as you are in speaking; but I am sure, were I at your elbow when you read this, you would bid me go to a writing school and a spelling book. My lord joins me in begging you will accept of our best wishes; and hope you will believe me to be, what I really am, your affectionate friend and humble servant,

LUCY HOWTH.

TO

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## TO THE DUKE OF CHANDOS.

MY LORD, AUG. 31, 1734.

ALTHOUGH I have long had the honour to be an humble servant to your grace, yet I do not remember to have ever written you a letter, at least since her majesty's death. For this reason, your grace will reasonably wonder to find a man wholly forgotten begin a commerce by making a request. For which I can offer no other excuse, than that frequent application has been made to me, by many learned and worthy persons of this city and kingdom; who, having heard that I was not unknown to you, seldom failed any opportunity of pressing me to solicit your grace, of whose generous nature fame has well informed them, to make a present of those ancient records, in paper or parchment, which relate to this kingdom, that were formerly collected, as we have heard, by the late earl of Clarendon, during his government here, and are now in your grace's possession. They can be of no use in England, and the sight of them will be of little value to foreign virtuosi; and they naturally belong to this poor kingdom. I could wish they were of great intrinsick value, so as to be sold on the Exchange for a thousand pounds, because you would then part with them at the first hint, merely to gratify your darling passion of generosity and munificence: and yet, since they are only valuable in the place of their birth, like the rest of our natives, I hope you will be prevailed on to part

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part with them, at the humble request of many very deserving persons in this city and university. In return for which bounty, the memory of it shall be preserved in that honourable manner, which so generous a patron of learning as your grace will be certainly pleased with. And at their request alone, I desire your compliance, without the least mention of myself as any way instrumental.

I entreat your grace's pardon for this interruption; and remain, with the greatest respect, my lord,

Your grace's, &c.

## FROM MRS. PENDARVES.

LITTLE BROOK STREET,

SIR, SEPT. 9, 1734.

I FIND your correspondence is like the singing of the nightingale; no bird sings so sweetly, but the pleasure is quickly past, a month or two of harmony, and then we lose it till next spring: I wish your favours may as certainly return. I am, at this time, not only deprived of your letters, but of all other means of inquiring after your health; your friends and my correspondents being dispersed to their summer quarters, and know as little of you as I do. I have not forgot one mortifying article on this occasion; and if your design in neglecting me was to humble me, it has taken effect: could I find out the means of being revenged, I would most certainly put it in execution; but I have only the malice of an incensed

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censed neglected woman, without the power of returning it. The last letter I writ to you was from Gloucester, about a twelvemonth ago; after that I went to Long Leat to my lady Weymouth; came to town in January, where I have remained ever since, except a few weeks I spent at sir John Stanley's at Northend, the Delville of this part of the world. I hope Naboth's vineyard flourishes: it always has my good wishes, though I am not near enough to partake of its fruits. The town is now empty, and, by most people, called dull; to me it is just agreeable, for I have most of my particular friends in town, and my superfluous acquaintance I can very well spare. My lord Carteret is at Hawnes: my lady Carteret is in town, nursing my lady Dysart, who is brought to bed of a very fine son, and in hopes of my lady Weymouth's being soon under the same circumstance. I have not seen my lord Bathurst since I was at his house in Gloucestershire: that is a mischief I believe you have produced; for as long as I could entertain him with an account of his friend the dean, he was glad to see me; but lately we have been great strangers. Mrs. Donnellan sometimes talks of making a winter's visit to Dublin, and has vanity enough to think you are one of those that will treat her kindly: her loss to me will be irreparable, beside the mortification it will be to me to have her go to a place where I should so gladly accompany her. I know she will be just, and tell the reasons why I could not, this year, take such a progress. After having forced myself into your company, it will be impertinent to make you a longer visit, and destroy the intention of it; which was only to assure you of my being, sir, your most faithful, and obliged humble servant,

M. PENDARVES.

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## PICKLE HERRING TO MR. FAULKNER*.

SIRHA †,

ARE not you the rascal, that makes so free with my family?—Had you once recollected that, graceless and despised as he is, that same serjeant Kite ‡ was my brother, and, however marred in the making, was born to be as great a man as myself: had you thought with what vengeance a man in my high station can espouse any one's quarrel, and especially that of a sinking brother, durst you presume to run these lengths?——Mark what I am going to say; bitter is the sorrow, hot, sour and cutting is the sauce you are to taste after your merry conceits on my poor brother; and what mortal can expect better, that meddles with the very worst of the family of the Pickles?——Recollect at last and tremble! whom hast thou offended and stirred up to wrath, thou little pitiful swad?——More would I say to thee, but that I take thee right, I look upon thee only as the foul pipe through which the filth and nastiness of the whole nation is squirted in the teeth of my unfortunate brother, the unlucky graceless dog, that has brought all this on himself; but alas, my brother!

* Endorsed by Dr. Swift, "An excellent droll paper."

† This humourous letter, although addressed to Mr. Faulkner, was ultimately designed for the entertainment of Dr. Swift.

‡ Bettesworth, serjeant at law, whose character is well known for the assault he made upon Dr. Swift in the year 1733, was frequently persecuted by the young poets under the name of serjeant Kite.

But

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——But however provoked, are your scribbling spitfires never to be satisfied? one should think, that by this time, if the poor soul had not enough, they certainly had! Is it not sufficient for them to see a man of learning and law, a man of singular inimitable eloquence, a man of unparallelled graceful action, a man of unspeakable, inconceivable truth, justice and sincerity, exemplary religion, strict virtue, nice honour, and sterling worth in general past finding out? I say, is it not sufficient to see a luminary like this now shining in meridian lustre, but anon set for ever in a puddly cloud? Is it not sufficient to see him so unmasked and stigmatised, that he can be no longer a tool even for a court sharper, and (what's worst of all for him) no longer to be in pay with them? Is it not sufficient to see his poor skull (God help it!) incurably bumped and bulged by that damnable bounce of his against the pulpit cornish? Is it not sufficient to see with what pain and shame he wriggles along by that confounded splinter of the bar, he lately got thrust into his a——, and which has left him a running sore to his dying day? Is it not sufficient to see him, all the last term, walk about in merry sadness an idle spectator in the courts, where he was not retained even for his most noted talent of dirt flinger?——O you swarms of green counsels and attorneys, I wonder not to see you posted about Idler's Corner*, looking sharp, as dinnerless men, for a lucky pop on a client; but why, oh! why, should this ever be the case of my hapless brother? O fortune, fortune, cruel are thy sports!——Is it

* Idler's Corner is a bookseller's shop, the corner of High street and Christ Church lane, Dublin, near the four courts.

not

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not sufficient to see him doubly tormented in putting a good countenance on treatment, which is inwardly gnawing and consuming him? in which state his whole comfort is, that for half a score years at least, his conscience could never upbraid him: O the comfort of an easy conscience!——Is it not sufficient to see him at Ballyspellin, and every where he goes, the common butt of gibe, wink, and titter? Is it not sufficient, that after what has been flying about since he left it, he knows not how to show his face in town, nor how to stand the infinite mortifications he is to meet with this winter? Is it not sufficient, that as his case stands, it is the serjeant against all the world, and all the world against the serjeant? wretched case, when a creature has not even the cheap relief of common pity! And is not all this sufficient? No, the virulent crew tell me, that as long as the terrible tumour in his breast continues hard, the caustick and corrosives must be plied, and that none, but injudicious quacks, would talk of emollients and lenitives, until some at least of the corrupt and fetid matter is discharged. In short, they tell me, that as long as the cause remains, and the world likes the operations, the cure must go on the same way! Well, go on ye scoundrels, go on! and make him as wretched and contemptible as you can! and when you have done your worst, I will make a provision for him that shall alarm you all; shall make some burst with envy, and others to look on him with a merry face, whom they so long beheld with hatred and derision.

To keep neither him, nor the world longer in suspense, know ye, that I will take him home to myself, and after a little of my tutoring, not a turn in



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his intellects, expression, or action (which now are subject of satire) that shall not soon become matter of high panegyrick. O ye dogs you, I will set him over all your heads! I will advance him to a place of performance, which he was born for, and which (however he thought of it all the while) he was not ill bred to: and there he is sure to meet with the honour and applause he might in vain expect on any other stage.

As for your part, little pert whipper-snapper, Faulkner, is it base fear, or is it unsufferable vanity in you, to talk of correction from the hands of my brother? Had you been any thing above the sorry remnant of a man, you might perhaps come in for the honour of a gentle drubbing; but a little rascal, that has already one leg in the grave, what satisfaction or credit would it be to him to beat thee abominably, or even slay thee out right? No, but sirha, if our brother doctor Anthony * were alive, ——rot you, in spite of your rascally Keven bail, and your scribbling janissaries, he should set up his wheel just before your door, and on his pole, thrust up your fundament, he should twirl you about till your brains tumbled down into the hollow of your wooden shin bone, and till all the bones in your skin rattled and snapped like pipestoppers in a bladder. Take that from your sworn and mortal enemy,

PICKLE HERRING.

* A whimsical odd kind of man, who had abundance of low humour, and frequently used to entertain the schoolboys and populace with his harangues and pleasantry, mounted upon a ladder in some corner of a street. He died about eight or ten years before the date of this letter.



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## FROM DR. ARBUTHNOT.

HAMPSTEAD, OCT. 4, 1734.

MY DEAR AND WORTHY FRIEND,

YOU have no reason to put me among the rest of your forgetful friends; for I wrote two long letters to you, to which I never received one word of answer. The first was about your health; the last I sent a great while ago, by one de la Mar. I can assure you, with great truth, that none of your friends or acquaintance has a more warm heart toward you than myself. I am going out of this troublesome world; and you, among the rest of my friends, shall have my last prayers, and good wishes.

The young man whom you recommended, came to this place, and I promised to do him what service my ill state of health would permit. I came out to this place so reduced by a dropsy and an asthma, that I could neither sleep, breathe, eat, or move. I most earnestly desired and begged of God, that he would take me. Contrary to my expectation, upon venturing to ride (which I had forborn for some years, because of bloody water) I recovered my strength to a pretty considerable degree, slept, and had my stomach again; but I expect the return of my symptoms upon my return to London, and the return of the winter. I am not in circumstances to live an idle country life; and no man, at my age, ever recovered of such a disease, farther than by an abatement of the symptoms. What I did, I can assure you, was not for life, but ease. For I am, at present, in the case of a man that was almost in harbour,

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bour, and then blown back to sea; who has a reasonable hope of going to a good place, and an absolute certainty of leaving a very bad one. Not that I have any particular disgust at the world; for I have as great comfort in my own family, and from the kindness of my friends, as any man; but the world, in the main, displeases me; and I have too true a presentiment of calamities that are likely to befal my country. However, if I should have the happiness to see you before I die, you will find that I enjoy the comforts of life with my usual cheerfulness. I cannot imagine why you are frighted from a journey to England. The reasons you assign are not sufficient; the journey, I am sure, would do you good. In general, I recommend riding, of which I have always had a good opinion, and can now confirm it from my own experience.

My family give you their love and service. The great loss I sustained in one of them, gave me my first shock; and the trouble I have with the rest, to bring them to a right temper, to bear the loss of a father, who loves them, and whom they love, is really a most sensible affliction to me. I am afraid, my dear friend, we shall never see one another more in this world. I shall, to the last moment *, preserve my love and esteem for you, being well assured you will never leave the paths of virtue and honour; for all that is in this world is not worth the least deviation from that way. It will be great pleasure to me to hear from you sometimes; for none can be with more sincerity than I am, my dear friend, your most faithful friend, and humble servant,

JO. ARBUTHNOT.

* Doctor Arbuthnot died in March, 1734-5.



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## FROM SIR WILLIAM FOWNES *.

FROM MY OBSERVATORY IN THE
SIR, PARLIAMENT HOUSE, OCT. 18, 1734.

THERE are a sort of gentlemen, who, after great labour and cost, have at last found out, that two dishes of meat will not cost half so much as five or six, and yet answer the end of filling the bellies of as many as usually fed upon the five or six.

I have considered that a like sort of reduction in other articles, may have the like proportion of good effect: as for instance, when any one bespeaks a pair of shoes, a pair of stockings, or a pair of gloves, they should bespeak a pair and a half of each, and make use of these turn about: I am very confident they will answer the end of two pair; by which good management a quarter part of the expense in those articles may be saved. Perhaps it may be objected, that this is a spoiling of trade: to which I answer, that when the makers of those sorts of ware shall reduce their rates a quarter part (instead of enhancing them, as has been done in some late years unreasonably) and now ought to be reduced according to the rates of wool and leather;

Then it may be reasonable to bespeak two pair instead of a pair and a half.

Another objection may be started as to gloves, with a query, Which of the hands shall be obliged with two gloves? To this I answer, That generally

* Endorsed, "A humourous project."

the

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the left hand is used but seldom, and not exposed as the other to many offices; one of which in particular is the handing of ladies. For these reasons, two gloves ought to be granted to the right hand.

There are many other frugal improvements, which, as soon as I have discoursed Thomas Turner the quaker, who is now upon finding out the longitude, and farther improving the latitude, I shall be able to demonstrate what sort of meat, and the joints, will best answer this frugal scheme, as likewise in clothing, and other parts of good economy; and they shall be communicated to you by, sir, your most humble servant,

PHILO MÆ.

## FROM LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

LONDON, NOV. 7, 1734.

DO not accuse me of forsaking you: indeed it is not the least in my thoughts; but I heard you were ill, and had no letter from you, so doubted being troublesome. I was, about two months ago, at my own house, and had my duke and duchess with me. The rest of my time was divided between lord president * and Knowle. I have now left their graces in the country, where I hope they will not stay long; for she has been very ill, though now recovered.

I am always more frighted when my friends are sick there, because there is neither physick nor physician

* Spencer, earl of Wilmington.



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that is good for any thing. Indeed I cannot answer, whether your lord lieutenant will be the same or not. All that I can say is, that if he asks my consent for it, he shall not have it. I have no acquaintance with the duke of Chandos, nor I believe has the duke of Dorset much. And to be sure it would be to no purpose to ask him for those records * again, because, if he would have parted with them, he would have done it on your asking. And whether it be useful or not, just to him, yet few people would care to part with what must enhance the value of their libraries; but if he succeeds the duke of Dorset, then for certain he will be easily persuaded to make a compliment of them to the kingdom. Your friend, Dr. Arbuthnot, I hear, is out of order again. I have not seen him lately, and I fear he is in a very declining way. I fancy it would be prodigiously good for your health to come to England, which would be a great pleasure to your most sincere old friend, and humble servant,

E. G.

* These records were manuscripts relating to the history of Ireland, which had been collected by sir James Ware (who was recorder of Dublin) before, after, and during the troubles of 1641. When lord Clarendon was lord lieutenant, in 1686, he got these manuscripts from the heir of sir James, and brought them into England. After lord Clarendon's death, they were sold to the hon. Mr. Brydges, afterward duke of Chandos. The catalogue of them was printed in 1697, in the large folio catalogue of all the libraries both in England and Ireland, and the dean having read that account of them, was very desirous to procure them for publick use. See a letter written by the dean to the duke of Chandos, dated Aug. 31, 1734, soliciting his grace to present them to the publick library at Dublin, in this volume, p. 139.

FROM

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## FROM MRS. PENDARVES.

ST. MARY'S SQUARE,

SIR, GLOUCESTER, NOV. 20, 1734.

I AM truly concerned at your having been so much out of order: I most heartily wish you constant health and happiness, though that is of little use to you, and only serves to do honour to myself, by showing I know how to prize what is valuable.

I should have returned you thanks much sooner for the favour of your last letter; but when I received it I was preparing for my journey hither, and have ever since had so great a disorder in one of my eyes, that till this moment I have not been able to make my acknowledgments to you. I wonder you should be at a loss for a reason for my writing to you; we all love honour and pleasure: were your letters dull, do you imagine my vanity would not be fond of corresponding with the dean of St. Patrick's? But the last reason you give I like best, and will stick by, which is, that I am a more constant nymph than all your goddesses of much longer acquaintance; and farthermore I venture to promise you are in no danger of receiving a *boutade*, if that depends on my will. As for those fastingdays you talk of *, they are, I confess, alluring baits, and I should certainly have been with you in three packets according to your commands, could I either fly or swim: but I am a

* That is, dining upon two or three dishes at the deanery; which, in comparison of magnificent tables, the doctor used to call fasting.



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heavy lump, destined for a few years to this earthly element, and cannot move about, without the concurrent assistance of several animals that are very expensive.

Now for business: As soon as I received your letter, I went to your brother Lansdown, and spoke to him about the duke of Chandos. He desired me to make his compliments to you, and to tell you he was very sorry he could be of no service to you in that affair; but he has had no manner of correspondence or even acquaintance with the duke these fifteen years. I have put it however into hands that will pursue it diligently, and I hope obtain for you what you desire; if they do not succeed, you must not call me negligent; for whatever lies in my power to serve you, is of too much consequence for me to neglect.

I have left my good friend, and your humble servant, Mrs. Donnellan, behind me in London, where she meets with little entertainment suitable to her understanding; and she is a much fitter companion for the Dublin Thursday Society, than for the trifling company she is now engaged in; and I wish you had her with you (since I cannot have her) because I know she would be happier than where she is, and my wish I think no bad one for you. Neither my eyes nor paper will hold out any longer. I am, sir, your most faithful humble servant,

M. PENDARVES.

I beg my compliments to all your friends.

FROM

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## FROM MR. JARVIS *.

DEAR MR. DEAN, HAMPTON, NOV. 24, 1734.

YOU can hardly imagine how rejoiced I am at finding my old friend the bishop of Worcester † so hale at 83-4! No complaint; he does but begin to stoop, and I am forced myself, every now and then, to awaken myself to walk tolerably upright, famous as I was lately for a wight of uncommon vigour, and consequently spirits to spare. If ever I see Dublin again, and your Teague escapes hanging so long, I will myself truss him up for nonadmittance when you were in a conversable condition. I am sure the lady will send you Mr. Conolly's ‡ picture with pleasure, when I tell her you expect it. Our friend Pope is off and on, here and there, every where and no where, *à son ordinaire*, and therefore as well as we can hope, for a carcass so crazy. He assures me, he has done his duty in writing frequently to the dean, because he is sure it gives you some amusement, as he is rejoiced at all yours; therefore you must write away. Upon inquiry, I learn, that exercise is the best medicine for your giddinesses. Penny made Mrs. Pendarves happy with a print of yours, and I do not fail to distribute them to all your well-wishers. I am, dear dean, yours most affectionately,

CHA. JARVIS.

* A celebrated painter, and contemporary with sir Godfrey Kneller.

† Dr. John Hough, bishop of Worcester.

‡ Speaker of the house of commons, one of the lords justices, and a commissioner of the revenue in Ireland.

I held

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I held out bravely the three weeks fogs, &c. and am very well.

## TO THE DUKE OF DORSET.

MY LORD, JAN. 14, 1734-5.

I AM assured, that your grace will have several representations of an affair relating to the university here, from some very considerable persons in this kingdom. However, I could not refuse the application made me by a very worthy person of that society, who was commissioned by some principal members of the body to desire my good offices to your grace; because they believed you thought me an honest man, and because I had the honour to be known to you from your early youth. The matter of their request related wholly to a dreadful apprehension they lie under, of Dr. [John] Whetcombe's endeavour to procure a dispensation for holding his fellowship along with that church preferment bestowed on him by your grace *. The person sent to me on this message gave me a written paper, containing the reasons why they hope your grace will not be prevailed upon to grant such a dispensation. I presume to send you an abstract of these reasons; because I may boldly assure your grace, that party or faction have not the least concern in the whole affair; and

* He had a higher preferment Dec. 23 following, being raised to the united sees of Clonfert and Kilmarduagh. He was translated to the archbishoprick of Cashel, Aug. 25, 1752; and died in 1754.

as

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as to myself, it happens that I am an entire stranger to Dr. Whetcombe.

It is alleged, "That this preferment given to the "doctor consists of a very large parish, worth near "six hundred pounds a year, in a very fine country, "thirty miles from Dublin; that it abounds very "much with papists, and consequently a most im- "portant cure, requiring the rector's residence, be- "side some other assistant; which, being so rich, it "might well afford.

"That, as to such dispensations, they find in their "college books but three or four instances since the "revolution, and these in cases very different from "the present: for those few livings which had dis- "pensations to be held with a fellowship were sine- "cures of small value, not sufficient to induce a fel- "low to leave his college; and, in the body of those "dispensations, is inserted a reason for granting "them, That they were such livings as could be no "hindrance in the discharge of a fellow's duty.

"That dispensations are very hurtful to their so- "ciety; because they put a stop to the succession of "fellowships, and thereby give a check to that emu- "lation, industry, and improvement in learning, "which the hopes of gaining a fellowship will best "incite young students with.

"That, if this dispensation should take place, it "may prove a precedent for the like practice in "future times; which will be very injurious to the "society, by encouraging fellows to apply for dis- "pensations, when they have interest enough to "get preferments, by which the senior fellows will "be settled in the college for life; and thus, for "want of a succession any other way than by death

"or

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" or marriage, all encouragement to young diligent " students will be wholly lost.

" That a junior fellowship is of very small value, " and to arrive at it requires good sense, as well as " long and close study; to which young students " are only encouraged by hopes of succeeding, in a " reasonable time, to be one of the seven seniors; " which hopes will be quite cut off, when those " seniors are perpetuated by dispensations.

" That the fellows, at their admittance into their " fellowships, take a solemn oath, never to accept " of any church preferment above a certain value, " and distance from Dublin, as long as they continue " fellows: to which oath the accepting of a dispensa- " tion by Dr. Whetcombe is directly contrary, in " both particulars of value and distance.

" That, at this time, there is a set of very hope- " ful young men, in long and close study, to stand " for the first vacant fellowship, who will be alto- " gether discouraged, and drop their endeavours in " the pursuit of learning, by being disappointed in " their hopes of Dr. Whetcombe's leaving the col- " lege, and opening a way for one of them to succeed " in a fellowship."

These, my lord, are the sum of the reasons brought me by a very worthy person, a fellow of that college, and recommended by some of the most deserving in that body; and I have shortened them as much as I could.

I shall only trouble your grace with one or two of my own remarks upon this subject.

The university, and in some sense the whole kingdom, are full of acknowledgment for the honour your grace has done them, in trusting the care of one of



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your sons * to be educated in the college of Dublin, which hopes to be always in your grace's favour: and by your influence, while you govern here, as well as the credit you will always deserve at court, will ever desire to be protected in their rights.

Your grace will please to know, that a fellowship in this university differs much, in some very important circumstances, from most of those in either of the universities in England.

My lord George will tell your grace, that a fellowship here is obtained with great difficulty, by the number of candidates, the strict examination in many branches of learning, and the regularity of life and manners. It is also disposed of with much solemnity: the examiners take an oath at the altar, to give their vote according to their consciences.

The university is patron of some church preferments, which are offered to the several fellows downward to the lowest in holy orders.

I beg your grace to consider, that there being very little trade here, there is no encouragement for gentlemen to breed their sons to merchandise: that not many great employments, in church or law, fall to the share of persons born here: that the last resource of younger sons is to the church; where, if well befriended, they may chance to rise to some reasonable spiritual maintenance: although we do not want instances of some clergymen, well born and of good reputation, who have been and still are curates, for thirty years; which has been a great dis-

* Lord George, his grace's third son. His lordship was under the tuition of Dr. Whetcombe and Mr. Molloy, the one a senior, the other a junior, fellow of Trinity College, Dublin.

couragement

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couragement to others, who have no other means left to provide for their children.

Your grace will not want opportunities, while you continue in this government, and by your most deserved favour with his majesty, to make Dr. Whetcombe easier in his preferment, by some addition that no person or society can have the least pretence to complain of. And I humbly beg your grace, out of the high veneration I bear to your person and virtues, that you will please to let Dr. Whetcombe content himself for a while with that rich preferment (one of the best in the kingdom) until it shall lie in your way farther to promote him to his own content. If, upon his admittance to his fellowship, he took an oath never to accept a church living thus circumstantiated, and hold it with his fellowship, it will be thought hardly reconcilable to conscience, to receive a dispensation.

I humbly entreat your grace to forgive this long trouble I have given you; wherein I have no sort of interest, except that which proceeds from an earnest desire that your grace may continue, as you have begun from your youth, without incurring the least censure from the world, or giving the least cause of discontent to any deserving person. I am, *&c.*

FROM

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## FROM MRS. DONNELLAN.

SIR, LONDON, JAN. 19, 1734-5.

MY brother tells me you are so good to inquire after me, and to speak in a very kind manner of me, which as it gives me the greatest pleasure, so it raises in me the highest gratitude. I find I have a great advantage in being very inconsiderable; I dare believe people sincere when they profess themselves my friends; I consider I am not a wit, a beauty, nor a fortune; then why should I be flattered? I have but two or three qualities that I value myself upon, and those are so much out of fashion, that I make no parade of them: I am very sincere, I endeavour to be grateful, and I have just sense enough to discern superiour merit, and to be delighted with the least approbation from it. My brother, some time ago, gave me hopes of receiving a letter from you, but he now tells me your ill state of health has made writing uneasy to you. I grieve much at my loss, but more at the occasion of it; and I write now only to return my best thanks for your good opinion and designs, not to solicit new favours, or give you the trouble of answering this. I hope next summer to be in Ireland, where I shall expect to receive your answer in person, when the sun with its usual blessings shall give us this additional one of restoring you to that state of health, that all those who have the happiness of knowing you, either as a friend and companion,

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companion, or lover of your country, must with the greatest earnestness desire. You will laugh perhaps, sir, at my saying I hope to see Ireland this year; indeed the generality of our country folks who spend a little time here, and get into any tolerable acquaintance, seem to forget they have any other country, till a knavish receiver, or their breaking tenants, put them in mind of it; but I assure you I have so little of the fine lady in me, that I prefer a sociable evening in Dublin, to all the diversions of London, and the conversation of an ingenious friend, though in a black gown, to all the powdered toupet at St. James's. What has kept me seven years in London, is the duty I owe a very good mother, of giving her my company since she desires it, and the convenience I enjoy with her of a house, coach, and servants, at my command. I suppose, sir, you know that Mrs. Pendarves has been for some time at Gloucester: she has preferred a pious visit to a sick mother, in a dull country town, to London in its gayest dress; she tells me she designs next month to return to us; the only uneasiness I shall have in leaving London is the parting with so valuable and tender a friend; but as she promises me, that if I stay in Ireland she will make it another visit, I think, for the good of my country, I must leave her. But while I am indulging myself in telling you my thoughts and designs, I should consider I am perhaps making you a troublesome or unseasonable visit; if so, use me as all impertinent things should be used; take no notice of me: all I designed in writing to you, was to let you know the high sense I have of all your favours, and that I am, with the greatest

gratitude

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gratitude and esteem, sir, your most obliged obedient humble servant,

H. DONNELLAN.

I beg you will be so good to give my best wishes and services to Dr. Delany and Dr. Helsham.

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## FROM LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

FEBRUARY 13, 1734-5.

YOU are a fine gentleman indeed, to teach his grace of Dorset such saucy words; and we have quarrelled so much about it, that I do not know but I shall oblige him to meet me behind Montague house *. He says, it is some time ago that he *commanded* me to write to you, to assure you, he thought himself very much obliged to you for your letter, and that he takes it as a proof of your friendship and good will to him. So far I own is true; he did humbly beg the favour of me to write you this a great while ago; but I understood he had something else more to say, so delayed writing; and though I cannot but own I have seen him pretty often since, yet (at the times I could speak to him) my addle head constantly forgot to ask him what he had to say? So now he says he will do his own business, and write to you soon himself.

The countess † has quitted the court, because,

* Where duels were frequently fought.

† The countess of Suffolk.



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after a long illness at Bath, she did not meet with a reception that she liked; though her mistress appeared excessively concerned, and expressed great uneasiness at parting with her; and my opinion is, that not only her master and mistress, but her very enemies, will have reason to repent the part they have acted by her.

Now I have answered all I can tell you, that you want to know, I bid my dear dean adieu.

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## FROM THE EARL OF STRAFFORD *.

SIR, LONDON, FEB. 18, 1734-5.

TO honour, and esteem, and admire you, is general to all that know or have heard of you; but to be pleased with your commands, and glad and diligent to obey them, is peculiar to your true friends, of which number I am very desirous to be reckoned. On receiving your letter by Mr. Skerret, I immediately undertook to do him the best service I could, and thought myself happy in having advanced his affair so far, as to get his petition to the house of lords read and agreed to, and a peremptory day agreed to for his being (as this day) heard *ex parte*, if the other party did not put in their answer before. I likewise got several lords to attend; but, on printing his case, our new lord chancellor † (who at present

* He had been ambassador extraordinary and plenipotentiary to the States General during the treaty for the peace of Utrecht.

† Talbot.

has

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has a great sway in the house) found out, that the petition I had presented for Mr. Skerret had not fully explained matters to the house; because, upon comparing dates, the petition of appeal last year was presented late in the sessions; and that though there was then an order for the respondents to put in their answer in five weeks (the usual time for causes in Ireland) yet the parliament did not sit above a fortnight after; so that it was impossible for the respondents answer to be put in by that time. That the parliament being dissolved, the respondents in Ireland might expect to have been served with a new order this session, which it did not appear was done: and that though in the courts below, if answers were not put in, they proceeded to hear causes *ex parte*; yet there was this difference, that there they always allowed a time for the defendant to have his cause reheard; but in the house of lords our decrees are final, and it would be hard for any person, by surprise, to be absolutely cut out from making his defence. The whole house seeming to be of the same mind, they put off the cause for Thursday five weeks; and ordered the respondents, in the mean time, to be served with an order to put in their answer; and if they did not answer by that time, the house would proceed absolutely to hear the cause *ex parte*. I must own to you, the chancellor proposed to put it off only for a month; and it was I alone desired it might be for five weeks, giving for a reason, that since the appellant was disappointed once, after having been at the expense of feeing his counsel, he might not be so a second time: and since his adversaries were ready to make all the chicane possible, they might not have the pretence for another, by saying, as the



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usual time was five weeks, and this order but for a month, they expected they were to be allowed the usual time; so I thought it was better giving them a week more, than leaving them any room for farther chicane. As I have not seen your friend Mr. Skerret since this order, I do not know how he takes it: but I was resolved to give you this account of what happened but a few hours ago, that you might be convinced of my diligence to gratify you in every thing you desire of; sir, your most sincere faithful humble servant.

As the house of commons were but yesterday on the practice of opening letters, you will not wonder, if I expect this to be opened.

## FROM LORD CARTERET.

SIR, JERMYN STREET, MARCH 6, 1734-5.

I HAD the honour of your letter, and attended the cause yesterday, and the day before: it went for your friend upon the justest principle, and that unanimously. He did not only carry his cause before the house, but his future cause springing out of this, is mended by the decree. The chancellor said, the respondent had more reason to appeal than the appellant. Mr. Lindsay, who informed you right in all the matters you mentioned to me, will inform you, on perusing our decree, of the reason of the chancellor's expression. I have a partiality for captain



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tain Rowley in every thing but judicature; and in that capacity, if judge Lindsay and I sat together, I fancy by what I know of him, that we should seldom disagree.

I thank you for taking notice of the prosperous events that have happened to my family. If alliance and the thoughts of prosperity can bind a man to the interest of his country, I am certainly bound to stand by liberty: and when you see me forgetful of that, may you treat me like Traulus and Pistorides*. I am impatient for four volumes, said to be your works, for which my wife and I have subscribed; and we expected a dozen of copies from Mr. Tickell last packet.

I intend these works shall be the first foundation of the libraries of my three grandsons. In the mean time, they will be studied by my son and sons in law.

I desire you will condescend to make my compliments to Dr. Delany, for whom I have a most hearty esteem, though I know he thinks me not serious enough upon certain arduous points of antiquity.

Sir, that you may enjoy the continuance of all happiness, is my wish: as for futurity, I know your name will be remembered, when the names of kings, lords lieutenants, archbishops, and parliament politicians, will be forgotten; at last, you yourself must fall into oblivion, which may happen in less than a thousand years, though the term may be uncertain, and will depend on the progress that barbarity and

* Joshua, lord Allen, a privy counsellor, and Richard Tighe, esq.



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ignorance may make, notwithstanding the sedulous endeavours to the contrary, of the great prelates in this and succeeding ages. My wife, my mother, my mother-in-law, my, *&c. &c. &c.* all join with me in good wishes to you; and, I hope, you will continue to believe, that I am, with the greatest respect, sir, your most humble and most obedient servant,

CARTERET.

## TO WILLIAM PULTENEY, ESQ *.

SIR, DUBLIN, MARCH 8, 1734-5.

MR. Stopford, going to England upon some particular affair, I gladly complied with his desire, that I should do myself the honour of writing to you, because, as useless as I am, and although I shall never have the happiness to see you, yet my ambition to have some small place in your memory, will live as long as myself.

I will do an unmannerly thing, which is, to bequeath you an epitaph for forty years hence, in two words, *Ultimus Britannorum.* You never forsook your party. You might often have been as great as the court can make any man so; but you preserved your spirit of liberty, when your former colleagues had utterly sacrificed theirs; and if it shall ever begin to breathe in these days, it must entirely be owing to

* This letter, and the next, were regularly communicated to the publick by general Pulteney.

yourself

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yourself and one or two friends. But it is altogether impossible for any nation to preserve its liberty long under a tenth part of the present luxury, infidelity, and a million of corruptions. We see the Gothic system of limited monarchy is extinguished in all the nations of Europe. It is utterly extirpated in this wretched kingdom, and yours must be the next. Such has ever been human nature, that a single man, without any superiour advantages either of body or mind, but usually the direct contrary, is able to attack twenty millions, and drag them voluntarily at his chariot wheels. But no more of this. I am as sick of the world as I am of age and disease, the last of which I am never wholly without. I live in a nation of slaves, who sell themselves for nothing. My revenues, though half sunk, are sufficient to support me in some decency. And I have a few friends of great worth, who, when I visit them, or they me, agree together in discovering our utter detestation of all proceeding both here and there. *Hæc est vita solutorum misera ambitione gravique.* I am under the displeasure of the court for fixing up a true whig epitaph in my cathedral, over the burying place of old Schomberg, and for some other things of equal demerit or disaffection, wherewith I am charged; perhaps also for some verses laid to my charge, and published without my knowledge or consent; wherein you and another person are understood to be meant by initial letters.

I desire your pardon for the trouble I gave in recommending a gentleman to your protection, who has an appeal before the house of lords; wherein I was prevailed on by an eminent person in the law, who, by a miracle, was raised to the bench in these



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very times, although he be a man of virtue and learning in a great degree. Dear sir, you have nothing to desire in this world but good health, good times, the prosperity of your family (wherein you have my constant prayers) and deserving friends. I have often said, that I never knew a more easy man to live with than yourself; and if you had only a poor forty thousand pounds a year, I would command you to settle one thousand of it on me to live in your next neighbourhood; but as for our friends at Twickenham and Dawley, I have told them plainly that they are both too speculative and temperate for me to accept their invitation, and infinitely too philosophical. The bearer, Mr. Stopford, has such infinite obligations to you for your favours to him, and is, in all respects, so very deserving a gentleman, that I am sure you never repented the good office you have done him at my recommendation. But he only attends you on perfect gratitude; for he knows very well you are what is now called a disaffected person. You are, in the modern sense, a friend to popery, arbitrary power, and the pretender; and therefore he has just politicks enough not to trouble you with helping him by the hand to better preferment; and I pray God, while things continue as they are, that it may be never in your power to make a curate, or an exciseman.

You will hear, perhaps, that one Faulkner has printed four volumes, which are called my works; he has only prefixed the first letters of my name; it was done utterly against my will; for there is no property in printers or booksellers here, and I was not able to hinder it. I did imagine, that after my death, the several London booksellers would agree among themselves

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themselves to print what each of them had by common consent; but the man here has prevented it, much to my vexation, for I would as willingly have it done even in Scotland. All this has vexed me not a little, as done in so obscure a place. I have never yet looked into them, nor I believe ever shall. You will find Mr. Stopford the same modest, virtuous, learned man that you last saw him; but with a few more years, and a great deal more flesh, beside the blessing of a wife and children. I desire to present my humble service to yours. I pray God bless and assist you in your glorious endeavours for the preservation of your country, and remain with the truest respect,

Sir, your most obedient
and obliged humble servant,
JONATH. SWIFT.

You will see, by the many blunders in words, syllables, and letters, what a condition my giddy head is in.

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## THE ANSWER.

DEAR SIR, LONDON, MARCH 11, 1734-5.

I HAVE often desired our friend Pope, when he wrote to you, to allow me a corner of his letter, to assure you of my most humble service; but the little man never remembered it, and it was not worth troubling

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troubling you with a letter of my own on so insignificant an occasion.

Your recommending Mr. Lorinan to me, gives me great pleasure and satisfaction, as it is an instance of your kind remembrance and friendship. I promise you, whoever at any time comes to me from you, shall be sure of meeting with the utmost of my endeavours to serve them. I am glad I can acquaint you, Mr. Lorinan has all the success he could expect or wish for: his cause was a good one, and he had the honour of having it greatly attended. When it was over, he asked me (but in a very modest way) whether it was possible to get him made receiver of the new bishop of Derry's rents? I told him, I would try; I did so, but found it would not succeed, and so dropped it immediately.

What do you say to the bustle made here to prevent the man * from being an English bishop, and afterward allowing him to be good christian enough for an Irish one? Sure the opposition, or the acquiescence, must have been most abominably scandalous. By what I can learn of Dr. Rundle's character, (for I am not in the least acquainted with him myself) he is far from being the great and learned man his friends would have the world believe him; and much farther yet, from the bad man his enemies

* Dr. Thomas Rundle was promoted to the rich see of Derry in Ireland, in February 1734-5, after being prevented from getting the see of Gloucester, in England, which had been intended for him in November, 1734. The dispute concerning his promotion to the see of Gloucester, was between the chancellor and the bishop of London: the chancellor was his friend, and the bishop his enemy.

represent

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represent him. Our right reverend brethren continue to dwell together in the strictest political unity; whether it be like the dew of Hermon upon the hill of Sion, or like the ointment that ran down into Aaron's beard, to the skirts of his clothing, I cannot say; but I am sure, it is a good joyful thing for the ministers to behold. This has enabled them to prevent any inquiry into the scandalous method of nominating, instead of electing the sixteeen Scotch peers: and these, and they together, make a most dreadful body in that house. We are not quite so bad in ours; but I own to you, that I am heartily tired of struggling to no purpose against the corruption that does prevail, and I see, always will prevail there. Poor Arbuthnot, who grieved to see the wickedness of mankind, and was particularly ashamed of his own countrymen *, is dead. He lived the last six months in a bad state of health, and hoping every night would be his last; not that he endured any bodily pain, but as he was quite weary of the world, and tired with so much bad company. What I have said of the doctor, may perhaps deter you from coming among us; but if you had any thoughts of visiting England this summer, I can assure you of some friends, who wish to live with you, and know how to value and esteem you: among them, there is none that does so more sincerely than, dear sir, your most obedient humble servant,

WILLIAM PULTENEY.

Mrs. Pulteney is very much your humble servant, and joins in inviting you here next summer.

* He was a native of Scotland.

TO

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## TO WILLIAM FITZHERBERT, ESQ.

SIR, MARCH 19, 1734-5.

I HAD, some days ago, a very long letter from a young gentleman whom I never saw; but, by the name subscribed, I found it came from a younger son of yours, I suppose your second. He lays before me, in a very particular manner, the forlorn condition he is in, by the severities of you and your lady, his mother. He freely owns his boyish follies, when he was first brought up to town, at fourteen years old; but he appeals to Dr. Sheridan for the improvement he made in the doctor's school, and to his tutor for his behaviour in the college, where he took his degree with particular credit, being made one of the moderators of his class; by which it appears that he passed for one of the four best scholars in it. His letter contains four large pages in folio, and written in a very small hand; where he gives a history of his life, from the age of fourteen to the present time. It is written with so much spirit, nature, and good sense, as well as appearance of truth, that having first razed out the writer's name, I have shown it to several gentlemen, my friends, of great worth, learning, and taste; who all agree in my opinion of the letter, and think it a pity that so hopeful a youth should not have proper encouragement, unless he has some very disagreeable faults, whereof they and I are ignorant. When I had written thus far, Dr. Sheridan came to see me: I read your

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your son's letter to him, and he was equally pleased with it, and justified the progress the young man had made in his school. I went this evening to visit a lady, who has a very great esteem and friendship for you and Mrs. * * * * *: she told me, "That "the young man's great fault was, too much pert- "ness and conceit of himself, which he often showed "in your house, and even among company;" which, I own, is a very bad quality in any young man, and is not easily cured: yet, I think, if I had a son, who had understanding, wit, and humour, to write such a letter, I could not find in my heart to cast him off, but try what good advice and maturer years would do toward amendment; and in the mean time, give him no cause to complain of wanting convenient food, lodging, and raiment. He lays the whole weight of his letter to me upon the truth of the facts, and is contented to stand or fall by them. If he be a liar, he is into the bargain an unpardonable fool; and his good natural, as well as acquired parts, shall be an aggravation to me, to render him more odious. I hear he is turned of one and twenty years; and what he alleges seems to be true, that he is not yet put into any way of living, either by law, physick, or divinity; although, in his letter, he pretends to have studied the first, on your promise to send him to the Temple; but, your mind altering, and you rather choosing to send him to Leyden, he applied himself to study physick, and made some progress in it: but, for many months, he has heard nothing more from you; so that now he is in utter despair, loaden with the hatred of both his parents, and lodges in a garret in William street, with only the liberty

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liberty to dine at your house, and no farther care taken of him.

Sir, although I have seldom been in your company, it is many years since I had the honour of being known to you; and I always thought, as well as heard, that you were a gentleman of great honour, truth, knowledge, modesty, good nature, and candour. As to your lady, I never saw her but once, and then but for a few minutes: she has the character of being a very polite and accomplished person; and therefore, very probably, her son's rough, overweening, forward behaviour, among company with her, without that due deference which only can recommend youth, may be very disgustful to her. Your son desires me, in his letter, to apply to some friends who have most credit with you, that you will please to put him into some way of life; and he wishes that those friends would be so generous to join in contributing some allowance to support him at Leyden. I think, it would have been well if he had been sent to sea in the proper time, or had now a commission in the army. Yet, if he were the original writer of that letter sent to me under his name, I confess myself so very partial, as to be extremely sorry if he should not deserve and acquire the favour of you and your lady: in which case, any parents might be forgiven for being proud of such a son. I have no acquaintance with his tutor, Dr. King; but, if I can learn from those who have, I shall be glad to hear that he confirms the character of the young man's good parts and learning, as Dr. Sheridan has done.

I entreat your pardon for this long letter, and for offering

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offering to interfere in a domestick point, where I have no information but from one side: but I can faithfully assure you, that my regard is altogether for the service and ease of you and your lady, and family. I have always thought that a happy genius is seldom without some bent toward virtue, and therefore deserves some indulgence. Most of the great villains I have known (which were not a small number) have been brutes in their understandings, as well as their actions.

But I have already run out my paper, as well as your patience. I shall therefore conclude with the sincere profession of being, with great esteem and truth, sir,

Your most obedient and
most humble servant.

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## FROM MRS. PRATT.

SIR, LONDON, APRIL 4, 1735.

I THINK you know me sufficiently not to doubt of a letter any way coming from you being acceptable; therefore any omission but that cannot fail of an excuse from me, whose friendship is pleasingly gratified by the honour of having it returned from one of your distinguishing talents and merit, whose life I wish to preserve, but wish more to make it agreeable to you by the full enjoyment of health, friends, fortune, and situation; and my next desire should be, that I had a power to contribute to your attainment of any of these comforts.

Your

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Your kind inquiries in relation to myself, only justify taking up your time with so insignificant a subject, which I shall be particular upon merely in obedience to your commands.

I have no obligations to the court, nor am likely to have any; I have to my lord Shelburne, whose house in London is my settled habitation; though I am afraid two years will put an end to my good fortune, the lease of the house, which is an old one, being then expired; and so perhaps may be that of my life, which I have been long tired of. Added to my lord Shelburne's favours, I have great and many, more than I can express here, to the duchess of Buckingham, whose table is my constant one, and her coach oftener mine than I ask for it; beside fetching me every day, and bringing me home, makes me share in publick amusements without expense; and in summer the variety of change of air, which her station empowers her to take, and more her inclination, to impart to her friends the benefit of, who cannot fail of being so to her, if they have merit enough to be capable of being obliged by the most agreeable sincere manner to engage approbation and gratitude: then I hope you think I have enough to do justice, both in my thoughts and actions, to one so worthy of it. I am, sir, your sincerely obliged and affectionate humble servant,

H. PRATT.

FROM

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## FROM LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

APRIL 5, 1735.

PART the first, you order me to give up my secretaryship; and part the second, called postscript, you employ me about Dr. Sheridan's exchange, when the letters for it must have been at Dublin long before yours came away. I was just thinking, that you was a little upon the dear joy *; but to be sure, you were in the right, for what signified my secretaryship when I had no business?

The countess of Suffolk did not give up the first employment at court, for she had no other than mistress of the robes, being 400l. a year, which the duchess of Dorset had quitted to her, there being no lady of the bedchamber's place vacant, and it not being quite proper for a countess to continue bedchamber woman. As to her part about Gay, that I cleared to you long ago: for, to my certain knowledge, no woman was ever a better friend than she by many ways proved herself to him. As to what you hint about yourself, as I am wholly ignorant what it is you mean, I can say nothing upon it. And as to the question, Whether you should congratulate or condole? I believe, you may do either, or both, and not be in the wrong: for I truly think she was heartily sorry, to be obliged, by ill usage, to quit a master and mistress that she had served so justly, and loved so well. However, she has now

* An Irish expression.



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much more ease and liberty, and accordingly her health better.

Mrs. Floyd has a cough every winter, and generally so bad, that she often frightens me for the consequences. My saucy niece* presents her service to parson Swift. The duchess of Dorset is gone to Bath with lady Lambert, for her health; she has not been long enough there yet to find the good effects of the waters: but as they always did agree with her, I have great hopes they will now quite cure her colick.

In all likelihood, you are weary by this time of reading, and I am of writing such a long letter; so adieu, my dear dean.

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## FROM THE ARCHBISHOP OF CASHELL†.

DEAR SIR, CASHELL, APRIL 7, 1735.

I SUPPOSE by this time you have been informed, that Mr. Dunkin ‡ was ordained here last Thursday, and that your recommendations got the better of my prejudices to his unhappy genius; which, I hope will in some degree convince you, that your power over me is not yet quite worn out.

* Mary, eldest daughter, and one of the coheirs of Thomas Chambers of Hanworth, in Middlesex, esq., by lady Mary Berkeley, sister to earl Berkeley and to lady Betty Germain. She married, April 1736, lord Vere Beauclerc, afterward lord Vere.

† Dr. Theophilus Bolton.

‡ The reverend Mr. Dunkin, the author of several poetical pieces that have been well received.

It

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It is one of the greatest evils that attends those whom fortune has forsaken, that their friends forsake them too: and let me tell you, that your not seeing me the whole winter I was last in Dublin, was not a less mortification to me, than all the hard sayings of the great parliament orators. However, I must own your taking any occasion to write to me at all, has made some amends; for though you seem designedly to cover it, I think I perceive some little marks of that former kindness, which I once pleased myself to have had a share in with your lawyer friends. When I conversed with politicians, I learned, that it was not prudent to seem fond of what one most desires: for which reason, I would not tell you, that if this accident of your poetical friend should open a way to our frequent meeting together again, and being put upon the old foot, as when I was your subject at St. Patrick's *, I should think myself the happiest man in the world; but this I will say, that if it falls out so, this last heavy period of my life will be much more tolerable than it is at present.

I am now wholly employed in digging up rocks, and making the way easier to my church; which if I can succeed in, I design to repair a very venerable old fabrick, that was built here in the time of our ignorant (as we are pleased to call them) ancestors. I wish this age had a little of their piety, though we gave up, instead of it, some of our immense erudition. What if you spent a fortnight here this sum-

* Dr. Bolton was rector of St. Werburgh's, and chancellor of the cathedral of St. Patrick's. He was made bishop of Clonfert, Sept. 12, 1722; translated to Elphin, April 16, 1724; and to Cashell, Jan. 6, 1729. He died in 1744.



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mer? I have laid aside all my country politicks, sheriffs elections, feasts, &c. And I fancy, it would not be disagreeable to you, to see king Cormack's chapel, his bedchamber, &c. all built, beyond controversy, above eight hundred years ago, when he was king, as well as archbishop. I really intend to lay out a thousand pounds to preserve this old church; and I am sure, you would be of service to posterity, if you assisted me in the doing of it; at least, if you approved the design, you would give the greatest pleasure, I assure you, to your most affectionate and faithful humble servant,

THEO. CASHELL.

## TO MR. THOMAS BEACH *,

Merchant in Wrexham, Denbighshire; to be left at the Customhouse Warehouse in Chester, and given to Stephen Lovel, esq., collector of the customs in Chester.

SIR, DUBLIN, APRIL 12, 1735.

AFTER the fate of all Poets, you are no favourite of Fortune; for your letter of March 31 did not come

* Mr. Thomas Beach, the person to whom his letter is addressed, was a wine merchant at Wrexham, in Denbighshire. He was a man of learning, of great humanity, of an easy fortune, and was much respected. He published in the year 1737, in 4to, "Eugenio, or "Virtuous and happy Life," a poem inscribed to Mr. Pope; a work by no means destitute of poetical merit. He is said by some to have entertained very blamable notions in religion; but this appears

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come to my hands till two days after sir William Fownes's death; who, having been long afflicted with the stone and other disorders, besides great old age, died about nine days ago. If he had recovered, I should have certainly waited on him with your poem *, and recommended it and the author very heartily to his favour. I have seen fewer good panegyricks than any other sort of writing, especially in verse, and therefore I much approve the method you have taken; I mean, that of describing a person who possesseth every virtue, and rather waving that sir William Fownes was in your thoughts, than that your picture was like in every part. He had indeed a very good natural understanding, nor wanted a talent for poetry; but his education denied him learning, for he knew no other language except his own; yet he was a man of taste and humour, as well as a wise and useful citizen, as appeared by some little treatise for regulating the government of this city; and I often wished his advice had been taken. I read your poem several times, and showed it to three or four judicious friends, who all approved it, but agreed with me, that it wanted some corrections. Upon which I took a number of lines, which are in

pears rather to be conjecture than a well established fact. It is certain he was at times grievously afflicted with a very terrible disorder in his head, to which his friends ascribed his melancholy catastrophe. On the 17th of May, 1737, soon after the publication of his poem, he cut his throat with such shocking resolution, that it was reported his head was almost severed from his body.

* The poem which Mr. Beach sent was that he afterward published under the title of Eugenio; and, from a perusal of it, we find he adopted every one of the dean's hints and corrections. Even the triplet is discarded, and the poem now consists of three hundred lines.



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all 299, the odd number being occasioned by what they call a triplet, which was a vicious way of rhyming, wherewith Dryden abounded, and was imitated by all the bad versifiers in Charles the Second's reign. Dryden, though my near relation, is one I have often blamed as well as pitied. He was poor, and in great haste to finish his plays, because by them he chiefly supported his family, and this made him so very uncorrect; he likewise brought in the Alexandrine verse at the end of his triplets. I was so angry at these corruptions, that about twenty-four years ago I banished them all by one triplet, with the Alexandrine, upon a very ridiculous subject *. I absolutely did prevail with Mr. Pope, and Gay, and Dr. Young, and one or two more, to reject them. Mr. Pope never used them till he translated Homer, which was too long a work to be so very exact in; and I think in one or two of his last poems he has, out of laziness, done the same thing, though very seldom. I now proceed to what I would have corrected in your poem. Line 6, for *han't*, read *want*; I abhor those *han'ts* and *won'ts*, &c. they are detestable in verse as well as prose. L. 46, for *whilst*, put *while*. L. 83, *derives*, I doubt, there is no verb deponent, but always active. L. 106, "If *Noll* usurps, or *James*;" *Noll* is too much a cant word for a grave poem; and as to *James*, he was a weak bigotted papist, desirous, like all kings, of absolute power, but not properly a tyrant. P. 109. *And midst* harsh and rough, the elision unluckily placed. L. 115, 116. I cannot suffer an ill rhyme, such as *seen* and *scene*; (I *forgot* the triplet in L. 108, which I wish

* See the concluding lines of the Description of a City Shower.

were

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were clipped of one of its three wings;) and L. 110, *to Glory*, I wish it were *in Glory*. L. 118. *Does*. This word should be avoided, as a mere expletive. L. 155. *Does*. The same fault. L. 161. *The Ingrate*. This verse is not right measure, but sounds very ill. L. 201. *Cheerful*, &c. This verse wants a verb, as *are*, or some other. 204. *Does*. L. 217, for *pervade* it should be *pervades*. L. 218, *and* grows, Quere, is not *or* more proper? L. 278, Cuzzoni *fam'd*. This is an expletive, not a proper epithet. L. 289, *That* dares. The word *that*, as it is placed, spoils the whole line, and is not proper, for the right word should be *who*. L. 294, *Reascend*. I know not the reason for this word. Why not rather *ascend?* I slipped, L. 290, *Than*, I suppose you only meant *then*. You will do right to read over your poem carefully, and observe where there be any more oversights of the same kind with those I have noted, and to be corrected; which you can do better than any other person. A friend can only see what is amiss, but the writer can mend it more easily. All you desire in relation to sir W. F. is at an end by his death; otherwise I should gladly have performed it in the best and most effectual manner I was able. As to the publishing it here, I utterly differ from you. No printer in this beggarly town, and enslaved starving kingdom, would print it without being paid his full charge of his labour, nor would be able to sell two dozen unless he could afford it for a penny. I would rather advise you to have it published in London by Motte or Lintot, or any other bookseller there who deals in poetry. It would bear a shilling price; but, as I presume you are not much known as



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a poet in that great city, you should get some person of consequence to recommend it.

As to what things are printed here on supposition they were mine, the thing was done directly against my inclinations, out of the disdain I had of their being published in so obscure and wretched a country. But I would have been well enough satisfied if the booksellers in London could have agreed among themselves to print them there; and I believe they now repent they did not, because every printer there hath a property in their copy; and what things are supposed to be mine belonged to several booksellers, who might have shared equally, according to what copies they held. I have been called away till evening: however, my paper could afford me but little more room if I had staid. I am, with true esteem, sir,

Your most humble servant,
JONATHAN SWIFT.

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## FROM ALDERMAN BARBER.

DEAR SIR, QUEEN SQUARE, APRIL 22, 1735.

IT was with great pleasure I had the favour of your most obliging letter by the hands of Mr. Richardson, agent to the Irish society; for as I am always proud to receive your commands, he may depend upon any service I can do him that is in my power: when I say this, I make you no great compliment; for as that gentleman's

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gentleman's merit has raised him to the post he now enjoys under the society, it is hardly to be doubted but that his integrity, and good conduct for the future, will easily preserve his interest in that body.

I am very sorry to hear that your old complaints from your head continue; and the more so, because they have deprived your friends here of the great pleasure and satisfaction of seeing you among them, which is a sensible mortification to them indeed; but I am very much pleased with the account you give of your way of living, because I am a living instance, how the economy you are under must necessarily preserve your life many years. I have the gout sometimes, the asthma very much, and of late frequent pains in my bowels; and yet, by keeping in a constant regular way, I battle them all, and am in much better health than I was twelve years ago, when four top physicians pronounced me a dead man, and sent me abroad to die. I ride when I can, but not in winter; for the fogs and mists, and cold weather, murder me. I drink a pint of claret at dinner (none at night) and have a good stomach, with a bad digestion: but I have good spirits, and am cheerful, I thank God.

I beg pardon for entertaining you so long with my infirmities, which I would humbly apply, That if my being regular, with so many distempers, preserves me to almost a miracle, what must the same method produce in you?

About ten days ago I saw Mr. Pope, who is very well: so is the lord of Dawley *.

It is a melancholy reflection you make, how many

* Bolingbroke.

friends

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friends you have lost since good queen Anne's time. Many indeed! for there are very few left. The loss of a friend is the loss of a limb, not to be restored. Poor lady Masham among the rest. Our friend the doctor * I am afraid did not take the care he ought to have done. I am told he was a great epicure, and denied himself nothing. Possibly he might think the play not worth the candle. You may remember Dr. Garth said he was glad when he was dying; for he was weary of having his shoes pulled off and on. As for my part, I am resolved to make the remains of my life as easy as I can, and submit myself entirely to the will of God.

You will give me leave, sir, just to congratulate you on your publick spirit (and for which all mankind applaud you) in erecting an hospital for the unhappy. It is truly worthy of your great soul, and for which the present and the future age must honour and revere your memory! I dare say no more on this head for fear of offending.

That God Almighty would please to restore your health, and preserve you many years for the good of mankind, is the hearty prayer of, sir, your most obedient humble servant,

JOHN BARBER.

My service to Dr. Delany.

* Arbuthnot.

FROM

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## FROM MRS. PRATT.

SIR, LONDON, APRIL 22, 1735.

I WROTE in such haste that I forgot to make my lady Savile's acknowledgments, which before she left this, she engaged me to do in a particular manner from her, by assuring you that she is your obliged humble servant, and wishes you all happiness, as many more do among your friends here. Her number of children is three, two girls and a boy; who, thank God, seem promising.

My lord Shelburne, who is just come to town for two or three days, desires his sincere compliments to you, invites you next June to an empty town house, and wishes that accommodation of removing you from the inconveniencies of a lodging, may tempt you to a change of air, and to come among your friends. I wish I could tempt you to come hither, as I long to have the pleasure of assuring you in person, how sincerely I am, sir, your ever obliged and most faithful humble servant,

H. PRATT.

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## FROM WILLIAM PULTENEY, ESQ.

SIR, LONDON, APRIL 29, 1735.

I AM obliged to you for your letter by Dr. Stopford; to which I am sorry I can so soon, by him, return

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return you an answer. I have scarce had any opportunity of seeing him. One day, believing we should have had no business in parliament, I desired him to dine with me; but unluckily a debate arose, which kept us till nine at night before we sat down to dinner. We have had a very fatiguing session, more from the severe attendance on elections, than any other publick business. The ministers have been defeated in their expectation of weeding the house; and upon the whole, we stand stronger in numbers than we did at first setting out.

I have sent you the copy of a bill, now depending in our house, for the encouragement of learning (as the title bears) but I think, it is rather of advantage to booksellers than authors. Whether it will pass or not this session, I cannot say; but if it should not, I should be glad of your thoughts upon it against another session. It seems to me to be extremely imperfect at present. I hope you have many more writings to oblige the world with, than those which have been so scandalously stolen from you. And when a bill of this nature passes in England (as I hope it will next year) you may then secure the property to any friend, or any charitable use you think fit.

I thank you for the many kind expressions of friendship in your letter. If my publick conduct has recommended me to your esteem, I am extremely proud of the reward, and value it more than those do, who attain foolish ribands, or foolish titles, *vilia servitutis præmia* *. Pray therefore continue me your friendship, and believe me, with the greatest

* This was before he attained the title of earl of Bath.



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sincerity and regard, dear sir, your most humble and obedient servant,

W. PULTENEY.

Lord Bolingbroke is going to France with lord Berkeley; but, I believe, will return again in a few months.

I will take a proper opportunity of recommending Dr. Stopford to the duke of Dorset; but I think it is not yet quite certain, that he will continue lord lieutenant. I mean, that if he perceives that he is to be turned out soon after his return from Ireland, possibly he may desire not to go.

## TO LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

MADAM, MAY 5, 1735.

I FIND your ladyship seems not very much pleased with your office of secretary; which, however, you must be obliged to hold during the duke's government, if I happen to outlive it, which for your comfort, considering my health, is not very likely. I have not been a troublesome petitioner to his grace, and intend to be less; and, as I have always done, will principally consider my lord duke's honour. I have very few friends in want. I have kindred enough, but not a grain of merit among them, except one female, who is the only cousin I suffer to see me. When I had credit for some years at court, I provided for above fifty people in both kingdoms, of

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of which, not one was a relation. I have neither followers, nor fosterers, nor dependers; so that if I lived now among the great, they might be sure I would never be a solicitor, out of any regard but merit and virtue; and in that case, I would reckon I was doing them the best service in my power: and if they were good for any thing, I would expect their thanks; for they want nothing so much as an honest judicious recommender, which in perfect modesty, I take myself to be. Dr. Sheridan is gone to his school in the country, and was only delayed so long on account of some very unnecessary forms, contrived by his grace's most cautious deputies.

My letter is but just begun; the larger half remains *: and your ladyship is to make a fresh use of your secretary's employment. The countess of Kerry, my long friend and mistress, commanded me to attend her yesterday: she told me, that Mr. Deering, late deputy clerk of the council, being dead, she had thoughts of soliciting the same office for her younger son, Mr. John Fitzmaurice. Her eldest son, lord Fitzmaurice, has for some years been plagued with a wife and no wife †. The case has been tried in both

* This is ludicrously said, as being a common blundering expression of the Irish.

† When the woman died, who claimed a marriage with this young nobleman, he married lady Gertrude Lambert, eldest daughter to Richard, earl of Cavan, June 29, 1738, by whom he had the present earl of Kerry. The honourable John Fitzmaurice, here recommended by Dr. Swift for small employments, afterward succeeded his uncle, Henry, earl of Shelburne, in an immense estate, both real and personal, in England and Ireland; and was created earl of Shelburne, in Ireland, in 1753; and baron Wycombe in England, May 20, 1760. He died in May 1761. The present marquis of Lansdown is his son.

kingdoms,

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kingdoms, and he stands excommunicated and forced to live abroad, which is a very great misfortune to the earl of Kerry and his lady; and they have nothing left to comfort them but their younger son, who has lately married very honestly and indisputably. He is a young gentleman of great regularity, very well educated, but has no employment; therefore his parents would be very desirous he should have one, and this, of deputy clerk of the council here, would be a very proper introduction to business. It is understood here, that the purchase of the deputy clerk's office is the usual perquisite of the chief clerk, with the consent of the chief governor; with which, my lord and lady Kerry would very readily and thankfully fall in. And as the earl of Kerry's is one of the most ancient and noble families of the kingdom, his younger, and only son of which he has any hopes, might well pretend to succeed in so small an office, upon an equal foot with any other person. I own this proposal of mine is more suitable to the corruption of the times, than to my own speculative notions of virtue; but I must give some allowance to the degeneracy of mankind, and the passion I have to my lady Kerry, *&c.*

D. never writes to me. No man alive can convince Talalderahla; and when we come next, it is the same thing with Booby and Barnard. Plurality of dinners and dignities he has; and so Mandragoras confirms it to all members in an episode of sage and brandy.

FROM

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## FROM MRS. DONNELLAN.

SIR, MAY 10, 1735.

I SHOULD before this have returned you thanks for the favour of your letter, but that I feared too quick a correspondence might be troublesome to you. When I receive a very great honour and favour, I think it ungenerous immediately to sue for another, though I have the highest sense of the obligation.

You say you want me to assert your right over our sex; and your letter is so powerful a bribe, that I fear I shall give them up to you, though I am a great asserter of their rights and privileges. As to the employments you assign me, I readily undertake them all, though I know myself very unfit for some of them; but I have such high examples on my side, that I am not at all ashamed of pretending to more than I can do. I think I can be a very good nurse; you shall teach me to be your companion; and, for a housekeeper, I will assure you I know to a farthing the lowest price of every thing, though I am ever so ignorant of the matter.

Mrs. Pendarves has, as you say, forsaken us: by my lord Lansdown's death, her brother Mr. Granville is become possessed of eight hundred pound a year, and twenty thousand pound in money; which was so settled that my lord Lansdown could not touch it. Mr. Granville is a man of great worth, and a very kind brother, and has it now in his power to provide for their sister miss Granville, whom Mrs. Pendarves is extremely fond of: this you may imagine has

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has been a cordial to her for lord Lansdown's death, though she had a great regard for him. I tell her when she has married and settled her brother and sister if she does not settle herself, she must think of her friends in Ireland; and she promises me she will.

It is so much my interest, sir, to believe you sincere, that I will not doubt it: I will rather think you want judgment (which is very hard for me to do) or why should not I (which is still more pleasing) believe I have really those good qualities you ascribe to me? It will only make me vain; and who can be humble when praised by you?

I think your indignation against our absenters very just, though some of my family suffer by it; but we are resolved to be no longer of the number, and propose leaving London this month. Poor Mrs. Barber has been confined with the gout these three months; and I fear we shall leave her so: her poems are generally greatly liked: there are, indeed, a few severe criticks (who think that judgment is only shown in finding faults) that say they are not poetick; and a few fine ladies, who are not commended in them, that complain they are dull.

I am very sorry Dr. Delany has given up his house in Dublin; for one cannot, as often as one may wish it, command time and a coach to visit him at Delville. I hope though to be admitted into the new apartment, and to have the happiness of meeting you there.

My brother is highly honoured in the character you give him, which, though he is my brother, I must say I think a very just one: he will deliver you this letter, and with it my best thanks for all your



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favours; being, sir, with the highest gratitude, your most obliged, obedient servant,

H. DONNELLAN.

My best respects attend Dr. Delany, and Dr. Helsham.

## TO WILLIAM PULTENEY, ESQ.

SIR, DUBLIN, MAY 12, 1735.

MR. Stopford landed yesterday, and sent me the letter which you were pleased to honour me with. I have not yet seen him; for he called when I was not at home. The reason why I ventured to recommend him to your protection, was your being his old patron, to whom he is obliged for all the preferment he got in the church. He is one of the most deserving gentlemen in the country, and has a tolerable provision, much more than persons of so much merit can in these times pretend to, in either kingdom. I love the duke of Dorset very well, having known him from his youth, and he has treated me with great civility since he came into this government. It is true, his original principles, as well as his instructions from your side the water, make him act the usual part in managing this nation, for which he must be excused: yet I wish he would a little more consider, that people here might have some small share in employments civil and ecclesiastick, wherein my lord Carteret acted a more popular part. The folks

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folks here, whom they call a parliament, will imitate yours in every thing, after the same manner as a monkey does a human creature. If my health were not so bad, although my years be many, I fear I might outlive liberty in England. It has continued longer than in any other monarchy, and must end as all others have done which were established by the Goths, and is now falling in the same manner that the rest have done. It is very natural for every king to desire unlimited power; it is as proper an object to their appetites, as a wench to an abandoned young fellow, or wine to a drunkard. But what puzzles me is, to know how a man of birth, title, and fortune, can find his account in making himself and his posterity slaves. They are paid for it; the court will restore what their luxury has destroyed; I have nothing to object. But, let me suppose a chief minister, from a scanty fortune, almost eaten up with debts, acquiring by all methods a monstrous overgrown estate, why he will still go on to endeavour making his master absolute, and thereby in the power of seizing all his possessions at his pleasure, and hanging or banishing him into the bargain. Therefore, if I were such a minister, I would act like a prudent gamester, and cut, as the sharper calls it, before luck began to change. What if such a minister, when he had got two or three millions, would pretend conviction, seem to dread attempts upon liberty, and bring over all his forces to the country side? As to the lust of absolute power, I despair it can ever be cooled, unless princes had capacity to read the history of the Roman emperors, how many of them were murdered by their own army; and the same may be said of the Ottomans



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by their janissaries; and many other examples are easy to be found. If I were such a minister, I would go farther, and endeavour to be king myself. Such feats have happened among the petty tyrants of old Greece, and the worst that happened was only their being murdered for their pains.

I believe in my conscience that you have some mercenary end in all your endeavours to preserve the liberty of your country at the expense of your quiet, and of making all the villains in England your enemies. For you stand almost alone, and therefore are sure, if you succeed, to engross the whole glory of recovering a desperate constitution, given over by all its other physicians. May God work a miracle, by changing the hearts of an abandoned people, whose hearts are waxen gross, whose ears are dull of hearing, and whose eyes have been closed; and may he continue you as his chief instrument, by whom this miracle is to be wrought.

I send this letter in a packet to Mr. Pope, and by a private hand. I pray God protect you against all your enemies; I mean those of your country; for you can have no other; and as you will never be weary of well doing, so may God give you long life and health the better to support you.

You are pleased to mention some volumes of what are called my works. I have looked on them very little. It is a great mortification to me, although I should not have been dissatisfied if such a thing had been done in England by booksellers agreeing among themselves. I never got a farthing by any thing I writ, except one about eight years ago, and that was by Mr. Pope's prudent management for me. Here the printers and booksellers have no property in their copies.

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copies. The printer * applied to my friends, and got many things from England. The man was civil and humble, but I had no dealings with him, and therefore he consulted some friends, who were readier to direct him than I desired they should. I saw one poem on you and a great minister, and was not sorry to find it there.

I fear you are tired; I cannot help it; nor could avoid the convenience of writing, when I might be in no danger of postofficers. I am, sir, with the truest respect and esteem,

Your most obedient and
obliged humble servant,
J. SWIFT.

I desire to present my most humble respects to Mrs. Pulteney.

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## FROM MRS. PENDARVES.

SIR, MAY 16, 1735.

YOU have never yet put it in my power to accuse you of want of civility; for since my acquaintance with you, you have always paid me more than I expected: but I may sometimes tax you with want of kindness; which, to tell you the truth, I did for a month at least. At last I was informed your not writing to me was occasioned by your ill state of health; that changed my discontent, but did not

* Mr. George Faulkner.



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lessen it; and I have not yet quite determined it in my mind, whether I would have you sick or negligent of me: they are both great evils, and hard to choose out of: I heartily wish neither may happen. You call yourself by a great many ugly names, which I take ill; for I never could bear to hear a person I value abused. I, for that reason, must desire you to be more upon your guard when you speak of yourself again: I much easier forgive your calling me knave and fool. I am infinitely obliged to you for the concern you express for the weakness of my eyes: they are now very well. I have had a much greater affliction on my spirits, which prevented my writing sooner to you. My sister (the only one I have, and an extraordinary darling) has been extremely indisposed this whole winter. I have had all the anxiety imaginable on her account; but she is now in a better way, and I hope past all danger. I would rather tell you somewhat that is pleasant; but how can I? I am just going to lose Mrs. Donnellan, and that is enough to damp the liveliest imagination: it is not easy to express what one feels on such an occasion: the loss of an agreeable, sensible, useful companion, gives a pain at the heart not to be described. You happy Hibernians that are to reap the benefit of my distress, will hardly think of any thing but your own joy, and not afford me one grain of pity. Thus things are carried in this world, the rich forget the poor. I am sorry the sociable Thursdays, that used to bring together so many agreeable friends at Dr. Delany's, are broke up: though Delville has its beauties, it is more out of the way than Stafford street. I believe you have had a quiet winter in Dublin; not so has it been with us in London.



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Hurry, wrangling, extravagance, and matrimony, have reigned with great impetuosity. The newspapers I suppose have mentioned the number of great fortunes that are going to be married. Our operas have given much cause of dissension. Men and women have been deeply engaged; and no debate in the house of commons has been urged with more warmth: the dispute of the merits of the composers and singers is carried to so great a height, that it is much feared, by all true lovers of musick, that operas will be quite overturned. I own, I think, we make a very silly figure about it. I am obliged to you for the two Latin lines in your last letter: it gave me a fair pretence of showing the letter to have them explained; and I have gained no small honour by that. I hope, sir, though you threaten me with not writing, that you will change your mind: the season of the year will give you spirits, and I shall be glad to share the good effects of them. I am, sir, your most obliged humble servant,

M. PENDARVES.

When you see Mrs. Donnellan, she will entertain you with a second edition of Fauset, too tedious for a letter. I have made a thousand blunders, which I am ashamed of.



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## FROM LADY BETTY BROWNLOWE.

SIR, MAY 19, 1735.

I HAVE the honour to send you the enclosed letter, and the cover, as it came to Mr. Brownlowe. I hope your frugal correspondent has not, at your expense, incurred the proverb of being penny wise, &c. and thereby occasioned your being a sufferer by any delay of business. I should beg pardon for not having obeyed your commands in writing sooner, but that I am the only sufferer by it, by being deprived of the satisfaction of hearing of your health. The extreme cold weather we have had this month, has made the country much less agreeable than usual at this time of the year; but this having been a fine morning, I have been amused very much to my satisfaction with laying out what I think a very pretty design in my garden. I like my gardener mightily, and found every thing in his care in perfect good order; but the coldness of the season makes every thing very backward: the cucumbers are not larger than gherkins. I beg, if you honour me with a line, you will let me know how both lady Acheson and Mrs. Acheson do, for I have a sincere concern for both their welfares. We go next week to make a visit to our friends at Seaford, where we propose staying about a fortnight. I heard yesterday you had thoughts of going to Cashel: if it were possible for me to have the happiness to be present at yours and the archbishop's conversation, I am certain I should

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should retrieve my character, and that you would allow me to be a good listener, which, through other people's faults, you do not know; for I assure you I have too great a desire to be informed and improved, to occasion any interruption in your conversation, except when I find you purposely let yourself down to such capacities as mine, with an intention, as I suppose, to give us the pleasure of babbling. Mr. Brownlowe desires you will accept of his compliments; and I am, sir, with great respect, your truly affectionate and obedient humble servant,

ELIZABETH BROWNLOWE.

## FROM LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

MAY 27, 1735.

IT is true enough, my love to business is not great, without my capacity was better; but, however, you should have had a quicker answer to your letter, but that I find Mr. Fitzmaurice has already made application by several other hands, and so have many members of parliament. The answer, given to them all, has been, that it will not yet be disposed of; and my opinion is, that probably, when lord George Sackville comes over, he will humbly desire his father, or whoever is chief governor, that he may, without any political view, have the disposal of it himself, as it is his own private concern.

I did not know lady Kerry had the honour of being your mistress and favourite: however, I approve

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prove of your taste. For, many years, or rather an age ago, she and I were very well acquainted, and I thought her a mighty sensible agreeable woman; so, upon that account, as well as yours, I should be very glad to be serviceable to her in any thing in my power.

Now I have given you what answer I can on this subject, I must recommend to you an affair, which has given me some small palpitations of the heart, which is, that you should not wrap up old shoes, or neglected sermons, in my letters; but that what of them have been spared from going toward making gin for the ladies, may henceforth be committed instantly to the flames: for, you being stigmatised with the name of a wit, Mr. Curll will rake to the dunghill for your correspondence. And as to my part, I am satisfied with having been honoured in print, by our amorous, satirical, and gallant letters.

The summer has done your old friend Mrs. Floyd a great deal of service. As for my saucy niece, I would advise you both to be better acquainted before you fall foul of one another. The duchess of Dorset is still at Bath, and the waters have done her good. The duke is now confined by a fit of the gout, which I believe is very well for him, because I doubt he had a little of it in his stomach.

Adieu, *&c.*

FROM

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## FROM THE ARCHBISHOP OF CASHELL.

DEAR SIR, CASHELL, MAY 31, 1735.

I HAVE been so unfortunate in all my contests of late, that I am resolved to have no more, especially where I am likely to be overmatched; and as I have some reason to hope what is past will be forgotten. I confess, I did endeavour in my last to put the best colour I could think of upon a very bad cause. My friends judge right of my idleness, but in reality, it has hitherto proceeded from a hurry and confusion, arising from a thousand unlucky unforeseen accidents, rather than mere sloth.

I have but one troublesome affair now upon my hands, which by the help of the prime serjeant I hope soon to get rid of; and then you shall see me a true Irish bishop. Sir James Ware has made a very useful collection of the memorable actions of all my predecessors. He tells us, they were born in such a town of England or Ireland; were consecrated such a year, and if not translated, were buried in their cathedral church, either on the north or south side. Whence I conclude, that a good bishop has nothing more to do than to eat, drink, grow fat, rich, and die; which laudable example, I propose for the remainder of my life to follow: for, to tell you the truth, I have for these four or five years past met with so much treachery, baseness, and ingratitude, among mankind, that I can hardly think it incumbent upon any man to endeavour to do good to so perverse a generation.

I am

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I am truly concerned at the account you give me of your health. Without doubt a southern ramble will prove the best remedy you can take to recover your flesh; and I do not know, except in one stage, where you can choose a road so suited to your circumstances, as from Dublin hither. You have to Kilkenny a turnpike and good inns, at every ten or twelve miles end. From Kilkenny hither is twenty long miles, bad road, and no inn at all: but, I have an expedient for you. At the foot of a very high hill, just midway, there lives in a neat thatched cabin, a parson, who is not poor; his wife is allowed to be the best little woman in the world. Her chickens are the fattest, and her ale the best in all the country. Besides, the parson has a little cellar of his own, of which he keeps the key, where he always has a hogshead of the best wine that can be got, in bottles well corked, upon their side; and he cleans, and pulls out the cork better, I think, than Robin. Here I design to meet you with a coach: if you be tired, you shall stay all night; if not, after dinner, we will set out about four, and be at Cashell by nine; and, by going through fields and by-ways, which the parson will show us, we shall escape all the rocky and stony roads that lie between this place and that, which are certainly very bad. I hope you will be so kind as to let me know a post or two before you set out, the very day you will be at Kilkenny, that I may have all things prepared for you. It may be, if you ask him, Cope will come: he will do nothing for me. Therefore, depending upon your positive promise, I shall add no more arguments to persuade you. And am, with the greatest truth, your most faithful and obedient humble servant,

THEO. CASHELL.

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## TO LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

MADAM, JUNE 8, 1735.

I TROUBLE you sooner than usual, in acknowledging your letter of May 27th, because there are some passages in it that seem to require a quick answer. If I forget the date of mine, you must impute it to my ill head; and if I live two years longer, I shall first forget my own name, and last your ladyship's. I gave my lady Kerry an account of what you said in relation to her son, with which she is fully satisfied. I detest the house of lords, for their indulgence to such a profligate prostitute villain as Curll; but am at a loss how he could procure any letters written to Mr. Pope; although, by the vanity or indiscretion of correspondents, the rogue might have picked up some that went from him. Those letters have not yet been sent hither; therefore I can form no judgment on them. When I was leaving England, upon the queen's death, I burnt all the letters I could find, that I had received from ministers for several years before. But, as to the letters I receive from your ladyship, I neither ever did or ever will burn any of them, take it as you please: for I never burn a letter that is entertaining, and consequently will give me new pleasure when it is forgotten. It is true, I have kept some letters merely out of friendship, although they sometimes wanted true spelling and good sense, and some others whose writers are dead: for I live like a monk, and

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and hate to forget my departed friends. Yet I am sometimes too nice; for I burnt all my lord * * * *'s letters, upon receiving one where he had used these words to me, "All I pretend to is a great deal of "sincerity:" which, indeed, was the chief virtue he wanted. Of those from my Lord Halifax, I burnt all but one; which I keep as a most admirable original of court promises and professions. I confess also that I have read some passages in many of your letters, to a friend, but without naming you, only "that the writer was a lady," which had such marks of good sense that often the hearers would not believe me. And yet I never had a letter of mine printed, nor of any others to me.

Your ladyship very much surprises me with one passage in your letter, which however I do not in the least understand; where you say, You "have "been honoured in print by amorous, satirical, and "gallant letters," where there was no word but your bare name mentioned. I can assure you, this is to me altogether a riddle, and what I never heard the least syllable of; and wish you would explain it. No, madam, I will never forgive your insolent niece, without a most humble submission under her own hands; which if she will not comply with, I shall draw up letters between us, and send them to Curll.

I will tell your ladyship a cause I have of complaint against the duke of Dorset. I have written to him about four times since he was lieutenant: and three of my letters were upon subjects that concerned him much more than it did any friend of mine, and not at all myself; but he was never pleased to return me an answer: which omission (for I disdain to call it contempt) I can account for only by some of the following

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following reasons. He is either extremely busy in affairs of the highest importance; or he is a duke with a garter; or he is a lieutenant of Ireland: or he is of a very ancient noble extraction; or so obscure a man as I am is not worth his remembrance; or, like the duke of Chandos, he is an utter stranger to me: and it would grieve me to the soul to put them together upon any one article. The last letter I writ to his grace was upon an affair relating to one of the favourite party, and yet a very honest gentleman; which last circumstance, with submission to your ladyship, is what I seldom grant; and the matter desired was a trifle. The letter before that related to a request made him by a senior fellow of this university, upon which I was earnestly pressed to write by some considerable members of the same body, which it highly concerned, as well as his grace's honour; the demand being directly contrary to their statutes, and of the most pernicious consequence, not only to the university, but the kingdom: and for that reason, it is thought, his grace has chosen to let it fall, I suppose by much better causes of conviction than mine. I do assure you, madam, that I have not been troublesome to my lord duke in any particular: since he has been governor, my letters have been at most but once a year, and my personal requests not so many; nor any of them for the least interest that regarded myself. And although it be true that I do not much approve the conduct of affairs in either kingdom, wherein I agree with vast numbers of both parties; yet I have utterly waved intermeddling even in this enslaved kingdom, where perhaps I might have some influence to be troublesome; yet I have long quitted all such thoughts, out of

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of perfect despair: although I have sometimes wished, that the true loyal whigs here might be a little more considered in the disposition of employments, notwithstanding their misfortune of being born on this side the channel, which would gain abundance of hearts both to the crown and his grace. My paper is so full, that I have not room to excuse its length. I remain

Your ladyship's, &c.

## TO SIR CHARLES WOGAN*, IN SPAIN.

HONOURED SIR, 1735.

I THINK you are the only person alive who can justly charge me with ingratitude; because, although I was utterly unknown to you, and become an obscure exile in a most obscure and enslaved country, you were at the pains to find me out, and send me your very agreeable writings, with which I have often entertained some very ingenious friends, as well as myself: I mean not only your poetry, in latin and english, but your poetical history in prose of your own life and actions, inscribed to me: which I often wished it were safe to print here, or in England, under the madness of universal party now reigning: I mean particularly in this kingdom, to which I would prefer living among the Hottentots, if it were in my power.

* See in vol. XII a former letter, in the year 1732, to sir Charles Wogan.

I have

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I have been often told, that you have a brother, and some near relations in this country; and have oftener employed my friends in vain to learn when any of them came to this town. But, I suppose, on account of their religion, they are so prudent as to live in privacy: although the court has thought it better in point of politicks (and, to keep the good will of cardinal Fleury, has thought it proper) to make the catholicks here much more easy than their ill-willers, of no religion, approve of in their hearts. And I can assure you, that those wretches here, who call themselves a parliament, abhor the clergy of our church, more than those of yours, and have made a universal association to defraud us of our undoubted dues.

I have farther thanks to give you for your generous present of excellent Spanish wine, whereof I have been so choice, that my butler tells me there are still some bottles left. I did very often ask some merchants here, who trade with Spain, whether this country could not afford something that might be acceptable in Spain; but could not get any satisfaction. The price, I am sure, would be but a trifle. And I am told by one of them, that he heard you were informed of my desire: to which you answered in a disinterested manner, "That you only desired "my works." It is true indeed that a printer here, about a year ago, did collect all that was printed in London which passed for mine, as well as several single papers in verse and prose, that he could get from my friends; and desired my leave to publish them in four volumes. He reasoned, "That printers "here had no property in their copies: that mine "would fall into worse hands: that he would sub-



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" mit to me and my friends what to publish or omit." On the whole, I would not concern myself; and so they have appeared abroad, as you will see them in those I make bold to send you. I must now return to mention wine. The last season for it was very bad in France, upon which our merchants have raised the price twenty *per cent* already, and the present weather is not likely to mend it. Upon this, I have told some merchants my opinion, or perhaps my fancy; that when the warmth of summer happens to fail in the several wine countries, Spain and Portugal wines, and those of the South of Italy, will be at least as ripe as those of France in a good year. If there be any truth in this conceit, I would desire our merchants to deal this year in those warmer climates: because I hear that in Spain French vines are often planted, and the wine is more mellow; although, perhaps, the natural Spanish grape may fail, for want of its usual share of sun. In this point, I would have your opinion; wherein if you agree, I will direct Mr. Hall, an honest catholick merchant here, who deals in Spanish wine, to bring me over as large a cargo as I can afford, of wines as like French claret as he can get; for my disorders, with the help of years, make wine absolutely necessary to support me. And if you were not a person of too considerable a rank (and now become half a Spaniard) I would try to make you descend so low as to order some merchants there to consign to some of ours, directed to me, some good quantity of wine that you approve of; such as our claret drinkers here will be content with: for, when I give them a pale wine (called by Mr. Hall cassalia) they say, it will do for one glass, and then (to speak in their language) call for honest claret.

FROM

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## FROM LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

LONDON, JULY 12, 1735.

I HAVE not answered yours of the 15th of June so soon as I should; but the duke of Dorset had answered all yours ere your letter came to my hands. So I hope all causes of complaint are at an end, and that he has showed himself, as he is, much your friend and humble servant, though he wears a garter, and had his original from Normandy, if heralds do not lie, or his grannams did not play false; and while he is lord lieutenant, (which I heartily wish may not be much longer) I dare say will be very glad of any opportunity to do what you recommend to him. Thus far will I answer for his grace, though he is now in the country, and cannot subscribe to it himself.

Now to quite another affair. The countess of Suffolk (whom you know I have long had a great esteem and value for) has been so good and gracious as to take my brother George Berkeley * for better, for worse; though I hope in God the last will not happen, because I think he is an honest good natured man. The town is surprised; and the town talks, as the town loves to do, upon these ordinary extraordinary occasions. She is indeed four or five years older than he, and no more; but for all that, he has appeared to all the world, as well as me, to have long had (that is, ever since she has been a widow, so

* Fourth and youngest son of Charles, earl of Berkeley. He was many years representative for Dover, and master of the hospital of St. Catharine's near the Tower.



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pray do not mistake me) a most violent passion for her, as well as esteem and value for her numberless good qualities. These things well considered, I do not think they have above ten to one against their being very happy: and if they should not be so, I shall heartily wish him hanged, because I am sure it will be wholly his fault. As to her fortune, though she has been twenty years a court favourite, yet I doubt she has been too disinterested to enlarge it, as others would have done. And sir Robert*, her greatest enemy, does not tax her with getting quite forty thousand pounds. I wish—but fear it is not near that sum. But what she has, she never told me, nor have I ever asked; but whatever it is, they must live accordingly; and he had of his own wherewithal to live by himself easily and genteelly.

In this hurry of matrimony, I had like to forget to answer that part of your letter, where you say, you never heard of our being in print together. I believe it was about twenty years ago, Mr. Curll set forth "Letters amorous, satirical, and gallant, be-"tween Dr. Swift, lady Mary Chambre, lady Betty "Germain, and Mrs. Anne Long, and several other "persons." I am afraid some of my people used them according to their desert; for they have not appeared above-ground this great while. And now to the addition of writing the brave large hand you make me do for you, I have bruised my fingers prodigiously, and can say no more but adieu.

* Walpole, afterward earl of Orford.

FROM

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## FROM MR. MOTTE.

HONOURED SIR, LONDON, JULY 31, 1735.

I HAVE not had an opportunity of writing to you otherwise than by the post for above a twelvemonth, and though in that time I did trouble you with a letter or two relating to Mr. Lancelot's business, yet I thought proper to mention only what related to that particular, considering I was then under the hands of the law, whence I was not discharged till the last day of the last term. I do not doubt but you have heard before now, that Mrs. Barber was discharged at the same time.

I desired, therefore, Mrs. Hyde * to deliver this to your own hand, and make bold to trouble you with an account of some transactions which have happened within these two years, which I have long wished for the pleasure of doing by word of mouth, in hopes my behaviour would be excused at least (if not approved) by you, the assurance whereof I should receive with the utmost satisfaction.

Soon after Mr. Pilkington had received the twenty guineas you ordered me to pay him, the Life and Character was offered me, though not by his own hands, yet by his means, as I was afterward convinced by many circumstances: one was, that he corrected the proof sheets with his own hand; and as he said he had seen the original of that piece, I could not imagine he would have suffered your name to be

* Widow to Mr. Hyde, bookseller in Dublin.



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put to it, if it had not been genuine. When I found, by your advertisement and the letter you were pleased to write to me, that I had been deceived by him, I acted afterward with more reserve, and refused a pamphlet about Norton's will, which he pretended came from an eminent hand. It was bought afterward by another bookseller, who printed it, and lost money by it.

He could not forbear observing my coldness, and applied to Mr. Gilliver about the copy of verses * for which we were all brought into trouble; and, by the way, when once an affair was communicated to two persons, it was not in the power of any one, how just and faithful soever, to answer for its being kept a secret. It was published three months before it was taken notice of: and when the printer was taken up, and had named Gilliver as the bookseller, and it was reported a warrant was out against G. and he was likely to be apprehended next morning, we two had a meeting over night, and I promised to take the advice of a gentleman of sense and honour, whose name I did not mention to him, and to meet G. early the next morning at a certain tavern, to consult farther. Accordingly I went to a gentleman in Cork street, and from thence to the tavern we had appointed to meet at, where, after I had waited above an hour, a message was sent me that I need stay no longer, for Mr. G. was gone to Westminster, and would not come. I went to see him in the messenger's hands; but he was so closely watched by a couple of sharp sluts,

* See the "Poem to a Lady, who desired the Author to write some "Verses upon her in the heroick Style," in Vol. VII, p. 346. Mrs. Barber was taken into custody by the king's messenger for this poem, and examined before the privy council.

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the messenger's daughters, that I could say nothing to him, but about indifferent matters. The consequence was, he was examined, and made a confession, like poor Dr. Yalden's, of all that he knew, and more too; naming Mr. Pilkington first, and then myself; which last, as many people have told me, was unnecessary: only, as he before said, he was resolved, if he came into trouble, I should have a share of it, though I offered, in case he would not name me, that I would bear one half of his expenses. This confession of his, together with his bearing the character of a wealthy man, exposed him to an information; but as it was not my business to be industrious in recollecting what passed three months before, I could not remember any thing that could affect me or any body else.

I am sorry for the trouble this has caused to poor Mrs. Barber. I saw her the other day: she was confined to her bed with the gout. She desired, when I wrote, that I would present her humble service to you.

I would be glad to receive your directions what I must do with the two notes I have under Mr. Pilkington's hand, of ten guineas each. They were allowed by you in the last account we settled; but whether you would please they should be destroyed or sent over to you, I am not certain. As for the state of the account, as I have heard no exceptions to it, I flatter myself you find it all right.

Mr. Faulkner's impression of four volumes has had its run. I was advised that it was in my power to have given him and his agents sufficient vexation, by applying to the law; but that I could not sue him without bringing your name into a court of justice,



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which absolutely determined me to be passive. I am told he is about printing them in an edition in twelves; in which case I humbly hope you will please to lay your commands upon him (which, if he has any sense of gratitude, must have the same power as an injunction in chancery) to forbear sending them over here. If you think this request to be reasonable, I know you will comply with it: if not, I submit.

As we once had a meeting upon this affair, and he may possibly have misrepresented the offers he then made me; I beg leave to assure you that his proposal was, that I should have paid him a larger price for the book than I could have had it printed for here in England; and surely I had the same right of printing them here, as he had in Ireland, especially having bought and paid for them. If he made any other offer, I declare I misunderstood him; and I am sure, if I had complied with those terms, I should have been a laughing stock to the whole trade.

Mr. Pope has published a second volume of his poetical works, of which, I suppose, he has made you a present. I am surprised to see he owns so little in the four volumes; and speaks of these few things as inconsiderable. I am a stranger to what part of the copy money he received *; but you who know better, are a competent judge whether he deserved it. "I always thought the Art of Sinking was his, though he there disowns it†."

Curll's edition of Letters to and from Mr. Pope, I suppose you have seen. They were taken notice of in

* Mr. Pope sold the Miscellanies for a considerable sum; and offered part of it to Dr. Swift, which he refused.

† The Art of Sinking was written by Mr. Pope.

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the house of lords; and Curll was ruffled for them in a manner as, to a man of less impudence than his own, would have been very uneasy. It has provoked Mr. Pope to promise the world a genuine edition, with many additions. It is plain the rascal has no knowledge of those letters of yours that Ewin of Cambridge has. Few as they are, he would tack some trash to them, and make a five or six shilling book of them.

The Persian Letters have been well received, so I chose to send them; beside that, they make a convenient cover for this letter.

Mr. Tooke, who desires me to present his most humble service to you, acquainted me some time ago of your intention to erect an hospital for lunaticks and idiots. I am glad to find, by the newspapers, that so noble a design proceeds; for beside the general benefit to mankind that is obvious to every body, I am persuaded there will be a particular one arise by your example; namely, that you will lay down a scheme, which will be a pattern for future founders of publick hospitals, to prevent many of the vile abuses which, in process of time, do creep into those foundations, by the indolence, ignorance, or knavery of the trustees. I have seen so many scandalous instances of misapplications of that kind, as have raised my indignation so, that I can hardly think upon it with temper; and I heartily congratulate you that a heart to bestow is joined in you with a head to contrive: and therefore, without any mercenary views (at the same time not declining any instance of your favour) I would beg leave to say, that as, while your thoughts are employed in this generous undertaking, you must necessarily consider it

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it in the light I have placed it in; so if you would please to communicate these thoughts to the publick, you might possibly give useful hints to persons of fortune and beneficent intentions, though of inferiour abilities. I heartily wish you success in this and all other your undertakings; being, with grateful respect, sir, your obliged and obedient humble servant,

B. MOTTE.

Upon second thoughts, I have enclosed Mr. Pilkington's two notes; for I do not see how they can possibly be of any service to you on this side the water.

## FROM DR. SHERIDAN.

DEAR SIR, AUG. 13, 1735.

BECAUSE of some dropping young lads coming to me, and because it was impossible for me to get any money before the 23d of this month, I could not fix my vacation. Now I do. On Saturday sennight, the 23d, I set out for Dublin to bring you home: and so, without ifs, ands, and ors, get ready before our fields be stripped of all their gayety. I thank God, I have every good thing in plenty but money; and that, as affairs are likely to go, will not be my complaint a month longer. Belturbet fair will make me an emperor. I have all this town, and six men of my own, at work at this juncture, to make you a winter walk by the river side. I have raised mountains

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tains of gravel, and diverted the river's course for that end——*Regis opus*, you will wonder and be delighted when you see it. Your works at Quilca are to be as much inferiour to ours here, as a sugarloaf to an Egyptian pyramid. We had a county of Armagh rogue, one Mackay, hanged yesterday: Griffith the player never made so merry an exit. He invited his audience the night before, with a promise of giving them such a speech from the gallows as they never heard: and indeed he made his words good; for no man was ever merrier at a christening than he was upon the ladder.

When he mounted to his proper height, he turned his face to each side of the gallows, and said, in a cheerful manner, Hah, my friend, am I come to you at last! Then turning to the people, Gentlemen, you need not stand so thick, for the farthest shall hear me as easily as the nearest. Upon this a fellow interrupted him, and asked him, Did he know any thing of a gray mare which was stolen from him? Why, what if I should, would you pay for a mass for my soul? Ay, by G—, said the fellow, will I pay for seven. Why then, said the criminal laughing, I know nothing of your mare. After this he entertained the company with two hours history of his villanies, in a loud unconcerned voice. At last he concluded with his humble service to one of the inhabitants of our town, desiring that he might give him a night's lodging, which was all he would trouble him for. He was not the least touched by any liquor; but soberly and intrepidly desired the hangman to do his office: and at last went off with a joke. Match me this with any of your Englishmen, if you can. I have no more news from Cavan, but that

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that you have all their hearts, and mine among the rest, if it be worth any thing. My love and service to Mrs. Whiteway, and all friends. I am, dear sir, your most obedient and very humble servant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

## TO DR. SHERIDAN.

SEPT. 12, 1735.

HERE is a very ingenious observation upon the days of the week, and in rhime, worth your observation, and very proper for the information of boys and girls, that they may not forget to reckon them: Sunday's a pun day, Monday's a dun day, Tuesday's a news day, Wednesday's a friend's day, Thursday's a cursed day, Friday's a dry day, Saturday's the latter day. I intend something of equal use upon the months: as January, women vary. I shall likewise in due time make some observation upon each year as it passes. So for the present year:

One thousand seven hundred and thirty-five,
When only the d—— and b——ps will thrive.

And for the next.

One thousand seven hundred and thirty-six,
When the d—— will carry the b——ps to Styx.

Perge:

One thousand seven hundred and thirty-seven,
When the whigs are so blind they mistake Hell for Heav'n.

I will

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I will carry these predictions no farther than to the year 2001, when the learned think the world will be at an end, or the fine-all cat-a-strow-fee.

The last is the period, two thousand and one,
When m— and b— to Hell all are gone.

When that time comes, pray remember the discovery came from me.

It is now time I should begin my letter. I hope you got safe to Cavan, and have got no cold in those two terrible days. All your friends are well, and I as I used to be. I received yours. My humble service to your lady, and love to your children. I suppose you have all the news sent to you. I hear of no marriages going on. One dean Cross, an eminent divine, we hear is to be bishop of Cork.—Stay till I ask a servant, what Patrick's bells ring for so late at night—You fellow, is it for joy or sorrow? I believe it some of our royal birthdays.—O, they tell me, it is for joy a new master is chosen for the corporation of butchers. So farewell.

## FROM LORD BATHURST.

DEAR DEAN, CIRENCESTER, SEP. 13, 1735.

THOUGH you never answer any of my letters, and I can never have a line from you, except in parliament time about an Irish cause, I do insist that without delay you give me either by yourself or agents immediate satisfaction in these points. First,



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whether that article which I read in the news about one Butler a shooting parson be true or not? secondly, whether he has yet begged pardon, and attested upon oath that it was without design, and by accident that the gun went off? In case the fact be true, and that he has not yet made any sufficient or reasonable excuse, I require of you that you do immediately get some able painter to draw his picture, and send it over to me, and I will order a great number of prints to be made of it, which shall be dispersed over all parts of the known world, that such a worthless rascal may not go any where without being known. I make no doubt of his being immediately drove out of Ireland, such a brutal attempt upon the Drapier cannot be born there; and he would not venture into England when these prints of his person are sent about, for he would certainly be knocked on the head in the first village he passes through. Perhaps he may think to skulk in Holland, the common refuge of all scoundrels; but he will soon find out, that doctor Swuft (for so they pronounce the name) is in great esteem there, for his learning and political writings. In France he would meet with worse reception; for his wit is relished there, and many of his tracts, though spoiled by translation, are yet more admired than what is writ by any among themselves. Should he go into Spain, he would find that don Swifto is in the highest estimation, being thought to be lineally descended from Miguel de Cervantes, by a daughter of Quevedo's. Perhaps he may think to be safe in Poland during the time of these troubles; but I can assure him, from the mouth of a Polish lady, who was lately in London, by name madam de Montmorency (for she was married

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married to a French gentleman of that great family) that Dr. Swift is perfectly well known there; and she was very solicitous to know whether he were a Stanislaist or not, she being a zealous partizan for that cause.

Now if this brute of a parson should find no security in Europe, and therefore slip into the East Indies in some Dutch ship, for a Dutchman may be found who would carry the Devil for a stiver or two extraordinary, he will be confoundedly surprised to find that Dr. Swift is known in China, and that next to Confucius his writings are in the greatest esteem. The missionaries have translated several European books into their language; but I am well informed that none of them have taken so well as his; and the Chinese, who are a very ingenious people, reckon Sif the only author worth reading. It is well known that in Persia Kouli khan was at the pains to translate his works himself; being born a Scotsman, he understood them very well, and I am credibly informed that he read The Battle of the Books the night before he gave that great defeat to the Persian army. If he hears of this, he may imagine that he shall find good reception at Constantinople; but he will be bit there; for many years ago an English renegado slave translated effendi Soif for them, and told them it was writ by an Englishman, with a design to introduce the Mahometan religion; this having got him his liberty, and although it is not believed by the effendi, the book and the author are in the greatest esteem among them. If he goes into America, he will not be received into any English, French, or Spanish settlement; so that in all probability he would be soon scalped by the wild Indians; and in truth

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truth there would be no manner of shame that a head should be uncovered that has so little brains in it. Brutality and ill nature proceed from the want of sense; therefore without having ever heard of him before, I can decide what he is, from this single action. Now I really believe no layman could have done such a thing. The wearing petticoats gives to most of the clergy (a few only excepted of superiour understanding) certain feminine dispositions. They are commonly subject to malice and envy, and give more free vent to those passions: possibly for the same reason that women are observed to do so, because they cannot be called to account for it. When one of us does a brutal action to another, he may have his head broke, or be whipped through the lungs; but all who wear petticoats are secure from such accidents. Now to avoid farther trouble, I hope by this time his gown is stripped off his back, and the boys of Dublin have drawn him through a horsepond. Send me an account of this, and I shall be satisfied. Adieu, dear dean; I am got to the end of my paper, but you may be assured that my regard for you will only end with the last breath of your faithful servant.

## TO DR. SHERIDAN.

SEPT. 30, 1735.

YESTERDAY was the going out of the last lord mayor, and to day the coming in of the new, who is alderman

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alderman Grattan. The duke* was at both dinners, but I thought it enough to go to day, and I came away before six, with very little meat or drink. The club† meets in a week, and I determine to leave the town as soon as possible, for I am not able to live within the air of such rascals; but whither to go, or how far my health will permit me to travel, I cannot tell; for my mind misgives me, that you are neither in humour nor capacity to receive me as a guest. I had your law letter. Those things require serious consideration: in order to bring them to a due perfection, a wise man will prepare a large fund of idioms; which are highly useful when literally translated by a skilful, eloquent hand, and, except our *Latino-Anglicus*, is the most necessary as well as ornamental part of human learning. But then we must take special care of infusing the most useful precepts for the direction of human life, particularly for instructing princes, and great ministers, distributing our praises and censures with the utmost impartiality and justice. This is what I have presumed to attempt, although very conscious to myself of my inferiour abilities for such a performance. I begin with "lady;" and because the judicious Mr. Locke says it is necessary to settle terms, before we write upon any subject, I describe a certain female of your acquaintance, whose name shall be "Dorothy;" it is in the following manner: "Dolis astra per, astra mel, "a sus, a quoque et; atra pes, an id lar, alas ibo "nes, a præ ter, at at lar, avi si ter, age ipsi, astro "lar, an empti pate, aræ lar, aram lar, an et, ades

* The duke of Dorset, lord lieutenant.

† The Irish parliament.



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" e ver, ast rumpet, ad en, agam lar, agrum lar, ac " ros pus, afflat error, ape e per, as noti nos, ara ver, " adhuc stare, asso fis ter, avi per, ad rive lar, age " lar, apud lar, a fis lar, a fis ter, a far ter, as hi ter, " anus lar, a mus lar, arat lar, a minximus, a prata " pace, a gallo per, a sive." Most learned sir, I entreat you will please to observe (since I must speak in the vulgar language) that in the above forty-three denominations for females, many of them end with the domestick deity Lar, to show that women were chiefly created for family affairs; and yet I cannot hear that any other author hath made the same remark. I have likewise begun a treatise of geography (the Angloanglarians call it erroneously Jog Ralph I) " Mei quo te summo fit? Astra canis a miti citi; an " dy et Ali cantis qui te as bigas it. Barba dos is " more populus. An tego is a des arti here." I have a third treatise to direct young ladies in reading. " Ama dis de Gallis a fine his tori, an dy et Belli " anis is ab et er. Summ as eurus Valent in an " Dorso ne isthmos te legant ovum alto bis ure. I " canna me fore do mæsti cani males o fallique nat " ure; na mel I, ac at, arat, amesti, fanda lædi; I " mæ ad amo usto o; a lædi inde edi mite ex cæptas " a beasti e verme et aram lingo ut. Præis mi cum " pari sono dius orno?"

I believe some evil spirit hath got possession of you and a few others, in conceiving I have any power with the duke of Dorset, or with any one bishop or man of power. I did but glance a single word to the duke about as proper a thing as he could do, and yet he turned it off to some other discourse. You say one word of my mouth will do, &c. I believe the rhime of my word would do just as much. Am I not

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not universally known to be one, who dislikes all present persons and proceedings? Another writes to desire, that I would prevail on the archbishop of Dublin to give him the best prebend of St. Patrick's. Let bishop Clayton allow the resignation, since Donnellan is provided for. I mentioned to the duke that Donnellan should be dean of Cork, on purpose to further the resignation of old Caulfield, but it would not do, though Caulfield seems to have some hopes, and it is bishop Clayton's fault if he does not yield, *&c.*

## FROM DR SHERIDAN.

DEAR SIR, OCT. 5, 1735.

IN the first place I was heartily rejoiced to see your letter, for I was afraid you were not well. Now I shall answer as much as my time will permit; (but before I proceed, remember I expect you here next Saturday; for I am both in humour and capacity to receive you. I shall get your answer on Thursday next, and then I shall go as far as Virginia to meet you. Leave Dublin on Wednesday; ride to Dunshaglan that day, 12 miles. From thence to Navan on Thursday, 11 miles. A Friday to Virginia, 15 miles, where I will meet you that evening with a couple of bottles of the best wine in Ireland, and a piece of my own mutton, *&c.* A Saturday morning we set out for Cavan, where you will find dinner ready at your arrival. Bring a cheesetoaster to do a mutton chop now and then; and do not forget some



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rice; we have none good here; but all other eatables in perfection) I beg pardon for the long foregoing parenthesis (the next shall be shorter) you see it was necessary. Ure Dolis a de vel it hinc. Mi mollis ab uti, an angeli se. An has fine iis, a fine face, ab re ast as no, a belli fora que en. An di me quis mi molli as I ples. As for your jogg Ralph Eye, I may say without vanity, that I exceed you as far as from east to west. First with submission, you should have begun with the Poles Are Tick Ann Tarr Tick, next the May read dye Ann, the Eak water, the whore Eyes on, the Eak lip Tick, the Trow Pick of can sir, the Trow pick of Cap rye corn, or Cap Rick horn, the twelve signes Aare I ease, Tower us, Jay me knee, Can Sir, lay O, Veer goe, lye braw (quoth the Scotchman) Sage it are eye us, Cap wrye corn us, hack weary us, and piss is; together with Cull ewers, Zounds, and Climb bats, *&c. &c.* In order to give you a full idea of the chief towns in Europe, I shall only mention some of lord Peterborow's rambles. He had like to break al *Lisbon* in Portugal: he *Mad rid* through Spain: he could not find *Room* in Italy: he was *Constant in a pull* among the Turks: he met with his name sake *Peter's burgh* in Musk O vye: he had like to *Crack O* in Poland: when he came to *Vye any*, he did there *jeer many:* in France he declared the king of Great Britain, with its king upon the *Par is:* in a certain northern country he took a frolick to put on a Fryer's Cope; and then he was in *Cope in Hag in.* Pray *Dean mark* that. In Holland he met with a G—*amester*,—*Dam* you, said he in a passion, for a cheat: he was there poxt by a whore; and he cried out, *Rot her dam* her. Thus far I know of his



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travels to the Low Countries, and no farther. Thus far you see I am in humour: although the Devil be in one end of my house, I defy her, because I have the other for you and me. Another thing I must promise when you come, That we shall not quit our learned correspondence, but write up and down stairs to one another, and still keep on our agreeable flights. The Devil take all the Des in Christendom, for a pack of saucy scabs. When you are here you will despise them all; and you shall be troubled with no club, but such as will keep you out of the dirt. Do not lose this good weather, I beseech you; for every thing is ready for you. If you do not like your lodgings, you shall not pay a farthing; and if you do, I have the remedy in my own purse. Do not think to spunge upon me for any thing but meat, drink, and lodging; for I do assure you, as the world goes, I can afford you nothing else. Yes, I beg pardon, I can give your horses good grass, and perhaps a feed of oats now and then. My turf is all home, so is my corn, but my hay not yet. I expect it on Monday, which is the next day after Sunday, the very day you will receive this, the day before Tuesday, and I hope two days before you begin your journey, which I hope will be a happy one. May you arrive safe, is the sincere wish of, dear sir, your most obedient and very humble servant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.



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## FROM DR. SICAN.

HONOURED SIR, PARIS, OCT. 20, 1735.

MR. Arbuthnot's absence from Paris was the occasion of his not receiving your kind letter till within these few days; but upon the reception of it, he treated me with great civility, invited me to dinner, and inquired very earnestly concerning your health, which was drunk by a large company then present; for though you were pleased to tell me you had no acquaintance at Paris, I can safely affirm, that as often as I have been for half an hour with any English gentlemen, some one or other has had the vanity to say he knew you. He has, in a very obliging manner, promised me any acts of friendship in his power, whether I remain at Paris, or should proceed to the south of France; and seems to be a gentleman possessed of a large share of wit, good humour, sincerity, and honesty; though, upon the closest inspection, I could not perceive the hair in the palm of his hand. I have met with another exception to that rule in the chevalier Ramsay, who sends you his best respects. I have employed the greatest part of this summer in taking a view of every thing curious within four leagues of this city; but shall not trouble you with a detail of palaces, paintings, statues, &c. as I flatter myself Mr. Arbuthnot's friendly solicitations, joined to a due regard to your health, will prevail upon you to undertake that journey next summer. The roads are excellent, postchaises very commodious, and the beds the best in the world; but the face

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face of the country in general is very wretched; of which I cannot mention a more lively instance than that you meet with wooden shoes and cottages like those in Ireland, before you lose sight of Versailles. I am persuaded, sir, you will find a particular pleasure in taking a view of the French noblemen's houses, arising from the similitude between the good treatment the Houhynhnms meet with here, and that which you have observed in your former travels. The stables that Lewis the Fourteenth has built, are very magnificent; I should do them an injury in comparing them to the palace of St. James's: yet these seem but mean to any one who has seen that of the duke of Bourbon at Chantilli, which lies in a straight line, and contains stalls for near a thousand horses, with large intervals between each; and might very well, at first view, be mistaken for a noble palace: some hundreds of Yahoos are constantly employed in keeping it clean. But if any one would be astonished, he must pay a visit to the machine of Marly, by means of which water is raised half a mile up a hill, and from thence conveyed a league further to Versailles, to supply the water works. Lewis might have saved this vast expense, and have had a more agreeable situation, finer prospects, and water enough, by building his palace near the river; but then he would not have conquered nature.

Upon reading Boileau's account of the *Petit Maison*, or Bedlam of Paris, I was tempted to go see it: it is a low flat building, without any upper rooms, and might be a good plan for that you intend to found, but that it takes up a greater space than the city perhaps would give; this is common to men and women: there is another vastly more capacious, and



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consisting of several stories, called the *Hôpital de Femmes*, for the use of the fair sex only. I shall not presume to take up any part of your time in describing the people of France, since they have been so excellently painted by Julius Cæsar, near two thousand years ago: if there be any difference, they are obliged for it to the tailors and perukemakers. The ladies only might help to improve the favourable opinion you have always entertained of the sex, upon account of their great usefulness to mankind, learning, modesty, and many other valuable qualities. I should have informed you, sir, that Mr. Arbuthnot inquired very kindly after Mr. Leslie; but as I have not the honour to know that gentleman, I was not able to satisfy him, but referred him to you, who can do it much better than, sir, your most obliged humble servant,

J. SICAN.

## FROM THE REV. MR. DONNELLAN.

SIR, CLOYNE, OCT. 31, 1735.

THOUGH I have hitherto forebore troubling you with my acknowledgments for many favours, which very justly demanded them, yet the late application to the duke in my behalf, (which I had an account of from my sister) is such an instance of kindness and regard, as will not suffer me to be silent: I must beg leave to return you my best thanks for it, and at the same time let you know what a thorough and true sense

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sense I have of your goodness to me, and the great honour you have done me by appearing in my favour. I am sufficiently acquainted with your dislike to recommending, as well as the deserved regard that is paid to your judgment and opinion, to know how to set a proper value on both. And be the success of this affair what it will, I think myself happy in having engaged in it, as it has been the occasion of your showing that you honoured me with some share of your friendship and regard, which will always be my greatest pleasure and praise.

I suppose, sir, you have heard what a handsome mark I have lately received of the bishop of Cloyne's favour, and how handsomely it was given; unasked and unexpected, and without any regard to kindred or application. It is a very good preferment, worth at least 300l. *per annum;* and is made much more valuable and agreeable, by the manner in which it was bestowed, and especially by coming from a person whom you have an esteem for. I was the other day to view my house, and was much pleased with the situation, which is very pretty and romantick. It stands on the bank of a fine river, in a vale between two ridges of hills, that are very green, pleasant, and woody. Its nearness to Cork (being within four miles of it) would make the deanery of that place a very convenient and desirable addition, and was what induced my friends to think of it for me. What success their applications are likely to meet with, I cannot say: this I am sure of, that I cannot be deprived of the sincere satisfaction I receive from having your interest and good wishes, and shall always retain a most grateful remembrance of them. The bishop of Cloyne desires you will accept of his best services; and

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and I beg you will believe me, with the greatest respect, sir, your most obliged and obedient humble servant,

CHR. DONNELLAN.

## FROM MRS. PENDARVES.

SIR, PARADISE, NOV. 8, 1735.

I THINK I have been a great while without writing to you, and hope you are of my mind. I would rather be chid by you for my silence, than have you pass it over quietly, for that would have such an air of indifference as would greatly alarm me. Absence is generally thought a great weakener of inclination: I am apt to think it will prove my friend with you. Our acquaintance was so short, I had not time to disgrace myself with you. I was ambitious of gaining your esteem, and put on all my best airs to effect it: I left you at a critical moment; another month's conversation might have ruined all. I still beg you will encourage your indulgent way of thinking of me. What will you gain by discovering my follies? and I shall lose the honour of your friendship; which loss cannot be repaired in England or Ireland. If Mrs. Donnellan is my true friend, she has, by way of excusing me, told you my distress for my sister, which now I hope is over. I refer you to Mrs. Donnellan for her character; and that will justify to you my great care and concern for her.

I cannot

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I cannot help lamenting Dr. Delany's retirement. I expected his benevolent disposition would not have suffered him to rob his friends of the pleasure and advantage of his company: if you have not power to draw him from his solitude, no other person can pretend to do it. I was in hopes the weekly meetings would have been renewed and continued. Mrs. Donnellan is much disappointed, and I fear I am no longer a toast.

I am thoroughly convinced that a reasonable creature may live with more comfort and credit in Dublin than in London; as much convinced of it, as that I should be richer with eight hundred pounds a year than four. But to what purpose is it for me to regret my poverty? My lot is thrown on English ground; I have no pretence to fly my country: furnish me with one, and you have laid temptations enough in my way to make me ready to embrace it.

I have been two months in this place, which has all the advantages of the country; as quietness, cheapness, and wholesome air. I use a good deal of exercise in the morning; in the evening I read a play with an audible voice. I am now reading Beaumont and Fletcher's works: they entertain me extremely. Sometimes I read a little philosophy, Derham's lectures: many things are too abstruse for me in that study; but I fancy myself, in some respects, much wiser than I was before I read them. If you do not approve of my studies, I hope you will recommend what you think will be more to my advantage.

I am sorry to find, by your letter, that Mrs. Donnellan does not see you often: she cannot be pleased with a situation that prevents her having that satisfaction.

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tion. I depended upon your meeting often; and what is more, upon being sometimes the subject of your conversation. I am glad to hear of her brother's promotion: he very well deserves good fortune; he knows how to enjoy it handsomely, and scorns to court it meanly. I think I have made you a country visit: if I have not quite tired you, I hope you will soon challenge another: I know you pay me a great compliment in writing; and, if I was very well bred, I ought not to insist upon your doing any thing that may give you trouble; but I only consider my own advantage, and cannot give up a correspondence I value so much. I am, sir, your most obliged and humble servant,

M. PENDARVES.

## FROM LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

LONDON, NOV. 13, 1735.

I HONESTLY confess I was honoured with yours above a month ago, which ought in all love and reason to have been answered a great while since; but I know your sauciness, as well as you know my niece's; with this difference, that as age is to mend hers, it makes yours grow worse; and the answer to mine had been,—Oh! she can give a quick reply to mine! Now the duke and duchess are here, she wants to know more frequently how and what they do.

I can tell you no story of the ring (which you want to know) but that it came to my hands through proper windings and turnings from an earl of Peterborow;

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borow; and the connoisseurs say, it is an antique, and a pretty good one. I am very well pleased and happy, if it ever serves to put you in mind that I am your humble servant.

I came last week from my house in Northamptonshire. I cannot say the weather permitted me much exercise abroad; but as that house is large, the necessary steps the mistress must make, is some; and I never lost any time I could get to walk out, and sometimes drove abroad in a chair, with one horse; for, being a bad rider, I approve much more of that than mounting my palfrey. And whether it was this, or the country air, or chance, I know not; but, thank God, I am at present as well as ever I was in my life.

I am wholly ignorant who is or will be bishop of Cork; for his grace is such a silly conceited man, that he never vouchsafes to consult me in the affairs of his kingdom. I only know that I wish heartily for Dr. Whetcombe, because he seems to be a modest good sort of a man; and that besides, by your commands, I was the thoroughfare for a step to his preferment before; and therefore, if I was his grace, since there can be no objection against him in this, he should have it. But as these matters are above my capacity, I do assure you I do not in the least pretend to meddle with them.

I hope, whenever you ask me about the countess and George, I shall be able to answer you, as I can safely do now, that as yet there is no sort of appearance that they like one another the worse for wearing. Mrs. Composition is much your humble servant, and has not yet got her winter cough. God bless you, and adieu.

FROM

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## FROM LORD BATHURST.

SIR, BATH, NOV. 22, 1735.

I HAVE been waiting for an opportunity to write to you with safety, because I had a mind to do it with freedom; and particularly to explain to you, what I meant, when I told you some time ago, that I was almost tired with struggling to no purpose against universal corruption. I am now at the Bath, where there are at present many Irish families, and though I have inquired of them all, if any gentleman or servant was returning thither, yet I can hear of none, so that I am forced, if I write at all, to trust my letter by the common post. Nothing is more certain than that this letter will be opened there, the rascals of the office have most infamous directions to do it upon all occasions; but they would every man of them, be turned out, if a letter of mine to you, should escape their intuition. I am thinking what the ministers may get by their peeping; why if I speak my mind very plainly, they may discover two things; one is, that I have a very great regard for you; the other, that I have a very great contempt for them; and in every thing I say or do, still set them at defiance. These things, if they did not know before, they are welcome to find out now; and I am determined in some other points likewise, to speak my mind very plainly to you. You must know then, that when I said I grew weary of contending with corruption, I never meant absolutely to withdraw myself from par-



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liament; perhaps I may not slacken even my personal opposition to the wicked measures of the administration, but really I find my health begins to require some attention, and I labour under a distemper which the long sittings in parliament by no means agree with. When Mr. Faulkner delivered me your former letter (for I have since had one sent me hither by Mr. Pope) I was just got up from my bed, where I had lain the whole night in most excessive torture, with a violent fit of the gravel. I was not able to write you any answer by him, who was to depart in two days, and ever since I have been at this place drinking the waters, in hopes they may be of service to me. Beside this of my ill state of health, I am convinced that our constitution is already gone, and we are idly struggling to maintain, what in truth has been long lost, like some old fools here, with gout and palsies at fourscore years old, drinking the waters in hopes of health again. If this was not our case, and that the people are already in effect slaves, would it have been possible for the same minister, who had projected the excise scheme (before the heats it had occasioned in the nation were well laid) to have chosen a new parliament again exactly to his mind? and though perhaps not altogether so strong in numbers, yet as well disposed in general to his purposes as he could wish. His master, I doubt, is not so well beloved as I could wish he was; the minister, I am sure, is as much hated and detested as ever man was, and yet, I say, a new parliament was chosen of the stamp that was desired, just after having failed in the most odious scheme that ever was projected. After this, what hopes can there ever possibly be of success? Unless it be from confusion, which God forbid

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forbid I should live to see. In short, the whole nation is so abandoned and corrupt, that the crown can never fail of a majority in both houses of parliament; he makes them all in one house, and he chooses above half in the other. Four and twenty bishops and sixteen Scotch lords, is a terrible weight in one; forty-five from one country, beside the west of England, and all the government boroughs, is a dreadful number in the other. Were his majesty inclined to morrow to declare his body coachman his first minister, it would do just as well, and the wheels of government would move as easily as they do with the sagacious driver, who now sits in the box. Parts and abilities are not in the least wanting to conduct affairs: the coachman knows how to feed his cattle, and the other feeds the beasts in his service, and this is all the skill that is necessary in either case. Are not these sufficient difficulties and discouragements, if there were no others; and would any man struggle against corruption, when he knows, that if he is ever near defeating it, those who make use of it, only double the dose, and carry all their points farther, and with a higher hand, than perhaps they at first intended. Beside all this, I have had particular misfortunes and disappointments: I had a very near relation of great abilities, who was my fellow labourer in the publick cause: he is gone; I loved and esteemed him much, and perhaps wished to see him one day serving his country in some honourable station: no man was more capable of doing it, nor had better intentions for the publick service than himself; and I may truly say, that the many mortifications he met with, in ten or twelve years struggling in parliament, was the occasion of his death. I have lost likewise the

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the truest friend, I may almost say servant, that ever man had, in Mr. Merrill *; he understood the course of the revenues, and the publick accounts of the kingdom as well, perhaps better, than any man in it, and it is utterly impossible for me to go through the drudgery by myself, which I used to do easily with his assistance, and herein it is that opposition galls the most.

These several matters I have enumerated, you will allow to be some discouragements; but nevertheless, when the time comes, I believe you will find me acting the same part I have ever done, and which I am more satisfied with myself for having done, since my conduct has met with your approbation: and give me leave to return you my sincere thanks for the many kind expressions of your friendship, which I esteem as I ought, and will endeavour to deserve as well as I can. You inquire after Bolingbroke, and when he will return from France. If he had listened to your admonitions and chidings about economy, he need never have gone there; but now I fancy he will scarce return from thence, till an old gentleman, but a very hale one, pleases to die †. I have seen several of your letters on frugality to our poor friend John Gay (who needed them not) but true patriotism can have no other foundation. When I see lords of the greatest estates, meanly stooping to take a dirty pension, because they want a little ready money for their extravagancies, I cannot help wishing to see some papers writ by you, that may, if possible, shame them out of it. This is the only thing that can re-

* John Merrill, esq., member of parliament in 1712 for Tregony, and afterward for St. Alban's. He died in December 1734.

† Lord Bolingbroke's father, lord St. John.



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cover our constitution, and restore honesty. I have often thought that if ten or a dozen patriots, who are known to be rich enough to have ten dishes every day for dinner, would invite their friends only to two or three, it might perhaps shame those who cannot afford two, from having constantly ten, and so it would be in every other circumstance of life: but luxury is our ruin. This grave stuff that I have written, looks like preaching, but I may venture to say to you, it is not, for I speak from the sincerity of my heart. We are told a peace is made; if it be true, I am satisfied our ministers did not so much as know of the negotiation; the articles, which are the ostensible ones, are better than could be expected, but I doubt there are some secret ones, that may cost us dear, and I am fully convinced the fear of these will furnish our ministers a pretence for not reducing a single man of our army.

I have just room to tell you a ridiculous story has happened here. In the diocese of Wells the bishop and his chancellor have quarrelled: the consequence has been, the bishop has excommunicated the chancellor, and he in return has excommunicated the two archdeacons. A visitation of the clergy was appointed; the bishop not being able to go himself, directed his archdeacons to visit for him. The chancellor alleges from the constitution of him, this cannot be, and that the bishop can delegate his power to nobody but himself: so that probably all the clergy who attend on the chancellor will be excommunicated by the bishop, and all who obey the orders of the archdeacons will be excommunicated by the chancellor. The bishop in the cathedral, when the sentence of excommunication was going to be read,

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read, sent for it, and tore it in the open church; the chancellor afterward affixed it on the church doors. There are a great many more very ridiculous circumstances attending this affair, which I cannot well explain: but upon a reference of the whole to my lord high chancellor, I am told he has declared his opinion in support of his brother chancellor. I am glad I have left no space to put my name to the bottom of my letter; after some things I have said it may be improper, and I am sure it is needless, when I assure you no man can be with more sincerity and regard than I am, your most obedient humble servant.

## TO THE DUKE OF DORSET.

MY LORD, DEC. 30, 1735.

YOUR grace fairly owes me one hundred and ten pounds a year in the church, which I thus prove. I desired you would bestow a preferment of one hundred and fifty pounds a year to a certain clergyman. Your answer was, that I asked modestly; that you would not promise, but you would grant my request. However, for want of good intelligence in being (after a cant word used here) an expert kingfisher, that clergyman took up with forty pounds a year; and I shall never trouble your grace any more in his behalf. Now by plain arithmetick it follows, that one hundred and ten pounds remains: and this arrear I have assigned to one Mr. John Jackson, a cousin german of the Grattans, who is vicar of Santry, and has a small estate, with two sons, and as many



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daughters, all grown up. He has lain some years as a weight upon me, which I voluntarily took up, on account of his virtue, piety, and good sense, and modesty almost to a fault. Your grace is now disposing of the *debris* * of two bishopricks, among which is the deanery of Ferns, worth between eighty and one hundred pounds a year, which will make this gentleman easier; who, beside his other good qualities, is as loyal as you could wish.

I cannot but think, that your grace, to whom God has given every amiable quality, is bound, when you have satisfied all the expectations of those who have power in your club †, to do something at the request of others, who love you on your own account, without expecting any thing for themselves. I have ventured once or twice to drop hints in favour of some very deserving gentlemen, who I was assured had been recommended to you by persons of weight; but I easily found by your general answers, that although I have been an old courtier, you knew how to silence me, by diverting the discourse; which made me reflect that courtiers resemble gamesters, the latter finding new arts unknown to the older; and one of them assured me, that he has lost fourteen thousand pounds since he left off play, merely by dabbling with those who had contrived new refinements.

My lord, I will, as a divine, quote Scripture: Although the children's meat should not be given to dogs, yet the dogs eat the scraps that fall from the children's table. This is the second request I have ever made your grace directly. Mr. Jackson is condemned to live on his own small estate, part whereof

* The shattered remains. † The parliament of Ireland.

is

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is in his parish about four miles from hence, where he has built a family house, more expensive than he intended. He is a clergyman of long standing, and of a most unblemished character; but the misfortune is, he has not one enemy to whom I might appeal for the truth of what I say. Pray, my lord, be not alarmed at the word deanery, nor imagine it a dignity like those we have in England; for, except three or four, the rest have little power, rather none, as dean and chapter, and seldom any land at all. It is usually a living, consisting of one or more parishes, some very poor, and others better endowed; but all in tithes. Mr. Jackson cannot leave his present situation, and only desires some very moderate addition. My lord, I do not deceive your grace, when I say, you will oblige great numbers even of those who are most at your devotion, by conferring this favour, or any other, that will answer the same end. *Multa, &c. veniet manus auxilio quæ—Sit mihi, (nam multo plures sumus) ac veluti te—Judæi cogemus in hanc decedere turbam.*

I would have waited on your grace, and taken the privilege of my usual thirteen minutes, if I had not been prevented by my old disorder in my head; for which I have been forced to confine myself to the precepts of my physicians.



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## FROM MRS. PENDARVES.

SIR, BATH, JAN. 7, 1735-6.

I AM told you have some thoughts of coming here in the spring. I do not think it proper to tell you how well pleased I am with that faint prospect; for such I must call it till the report is confirmed with your own hand. I write in all haste to know if you really have any such design; for if you have, I shall order my affairs accordingly, that I may be able to meet you here. The good old custom of wishing a happy new year to one's friends is now exploded amongst our refined people of the present age; but I hope you will give me leave to tell you, without being offended, that I wish you many years of happiness. The physicians have at last advised my sister to the Bath waters. We have been here a fortnight: they do not disagree with her; that is all can be said of them at present. I wrote to you from Paradise, and hope there is a letter of yours travelling toward me: I think I have used you to a bad custom of late, that of writing two letters for one of yours. I am often told I have great assurance in writing to you at all, and to be sure I must do it with great fear and trembling. I am not believed when I affirm I write to you with as much ease as to any correspondent I have; for I know you as much above criticising a letter of mine, as I should be below your notice, if I gave myself any affected airs: you have encouraged my correspondence, and I should be a brute if I did not make the best of such an opportunity.

Bath

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Bath is full of people, such as they are; none worth giving you any account of: my solace is Mrs. Barber, whose spirit and good countenance cheers me whenever I hear or see her; she is at present pretty well. Company is this moment coming up stairs, and I can only add that I am, sir, your most faithful humble servant,

M. PENDARVES.

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## TO MR. FAULKNER.

MR. FAULKNER, JAN. 8, 1735-6.

I AM answering a letter I had from Mr. Pope, when I was at Cavan. My absence and sickness, since I retired, have hindered me from writing to him. He complains of his unluckiness that you could never find him at home, which, he says, since his mother's death, he is often absent from. I here will transcribe a paragraph which relates to you, and I desire you will return an answer to it, time enough for me to send a letter to night, and I will insert the sum of it.

"As to his (Mr. Faulkner's) design about my "works, I beg you will desire him to postpone it, "until he sees the duodecimo edition of them here, "with the first volume, published by Lintot: for "that, joined to the rest by Gillever *, will make "the completest hitherto extant, and is revised by "me. I guess they will be out at Christmas."

* Lawton Gillever, a bookseller.



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Pray, let me know what answer I shall make to Mr. Pope: write it down and send it by any messenger, the sooner the better, for I am an ill writer at night.

I am, yours, &c.

J. SWIFT.

I think you may send your answer by the bearer, for it need not take above two lines.

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## FROM LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

FEB. 10, 1735-6.

I AM sorry to hear your complaints still of giddiness. I was in hopes you would have mended, like my purblind eyes, with old age. According to the custom of all old women, I must recommend to you a medicine, which is certainly a very innocent one, and they say does great good to that distemper, which is only wearing oilcloth the breadth of your feet, and next to your skin. I have often found it do me good for the headach.

I do not know what offences the duke of Dorset's club, as you call them, commits in your eyes; but, to my apprehension, the parliament cannot but behave well, since they let him have such a quiet session. And as to all sorts of politicks, they are now my utter aversion, and I will leave them to be discussed by those who have a better skill in them.

If my niece has been humbled by being nine years older, her late inherited great fortune will beautify her

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her in the eyes of a great many people; so she may grow proud again upon that. The countess of Suffolk is your humble servant. Mr. Pope and she appear to have a true value for one another, so I suppose there is no doubt of it; I will answer for my friend's sincerity, and I do not question Mr. Pope's. Why, pray, do you fancy I do not desire to cultivate Mr. Pope's acquaintance? But perhaps, if I seek it too much, I might meet with a rebuff, as you say her M. did. However, we do often dine together at third places; and as to my own house, though he would be extremely welcome, he has too numerous friends and acquaintance already to spare me a day, unless you will come to England, and then he might be induced to meet you here. Mrs. Biddy Floyd has passed thus far of the winter in better health than usual, though her cough will not forsake her. She is much your humble servant, and so is most sincerely your old friend,

E. GERMAIN.

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## TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

MY DEAR MADAM, FEB. 18, 1735-6.

I PITY you and your family, and I heartily pray for both: I pity myself, and my prayers are not wanting; but I pity not him *. I count already that you and I and the world must lose him: but do not

* Theophilus Harrison, esq., a young gentleman of three and twenty, who was then upon his death bed.

lose

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lose yourself. I was born to a million of disappointments: I had set my heart very much upon that young man; but I find he has no business in so corrupt a world. Therefore pray take courage from christianity, which will assist you when humanity fails: I wish I were in his condition, with his virtues. I am a little mending, to my shame be it spoken. I shall also lose a sort of a son as well as you: only our cases are different; for you have more, and it is your duty to preserve yourself for them. I am ever your most affectionate and obedient, &c.

J. SWIFT.

## FROM THE BISHOP OF KILMORE *.

REVEREND SIR, FEBRUARY 23, 1735-6.

I SEND you the whole piece †, such as it is: I fear you will find the addition, pursuant to your hint, heavy; for I could not get my imagination warmed to the same degree as in the former part. I hope you will supply what shall be wanting of spirit; and when you have pruned the rough feathers, the ands and thats, &c. you will send the Kite to the Faulconer, to set it a flying. I am your very faithful and obedient servant,

J. K.

May not I claim three or four copies when printed?

* Dr. Josiah Harte, afterward archbishop of Tuam.

† A satire on Quadrille, for which Mr. Faulkner the printer was sent to Newgate.

TO

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## TO MISS HARRISON.

DEAR MISS HARRISON, FEB. 23, 1735-6.

I AM in all possible concern for your present situation: I heartily wish you could prevail on your mother to remove immediately to some friend or neighbour's house, that she may be out of the sight and hearing of what must be done to day. I wish your eldest brother Whiteway would take care to carry her to some part of the town where she might continue until your house may be put in order, and every thing that might renew the memory of melancholy objects be removed. Let your brother Whiteway write to me, that I may know how you all are, particularly your poor mother.

I am ever, *&c.*

J. SWIFT.

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## TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

DEAR MADAM, FEB. 25, 1735-6.

IN the midst of your grief and my own for the same misfortune, I cannot forbear complaining of your conduct through the whole course of your affliction, which made you not only neglect yourself, but the greater part of those who are left, and, by the same law of nature, have an equal title to your care. I



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writ on Monday to miss Harrison, that she would beg you, in my name, to remove some hours to a neighbour, that your ears might not be harassed with the preparations for what was then to be done. She told me you would not yield; and, at the same time, she much feared she must lose you too. Some degree of wisdom is required in the greatest calamity, because God requires it; because he knows what is best for us; because he never intended any thing like perfect happiness in the present life; and, because it is our duty, as well as interest, to submit. I will make you another proposal, and shall take it very unkindly if you do not comply. It is, that you would come hither this day immediately, where you will have a convenient apartment, and leave the scene that will be always putting you in mind of your loss. Your daughter can manage the house, and sometimes step to see you. All care shall be taken of you, and Dr. Robinson will visit you with more ease, if you have occasion for him. Mrs. Ridgeway shall attend you, and I will be your companion. Let miss Harrison return me an answer, and things shall be ready for you. I am ever, with true esteem and affection, dear madam, your most obedient servant and cousin,

J. SWIFT.

FROM

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## FROM DR. SHERIDAN.

DEAR SIR, FEB. 29, 1735-6.

I SINCERELY condole with you for the unspeakable loss of Mr. Harrison, which cannot be repaired in any other of his age in this world. It wounds my heart every moment I recollect him. I do verily believe no man living has met with such severe trials in losses of this kind as you have; and for this last, I must own, that I have great compassion for you, as he was every day growing more and more into a friend and companion; especially at a time of life which requires such a comfort. God Almighty support his poor mother; for none else can give her consolation under such a dreadful affliction.

Poor old Mr. Price cannot hold out a fortnight; and his son claims your promise of getting him something from the Concordatum; if it overtakes him alive, it may be a legacy for a worthy suffering person, who has fallen a sacrifice to his principles. I am, dear sir, with all respect, your most obedient and very humble servant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

FROM

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## FROM THE SAME.

DEAR SIR, APRIL 3, 1736.

I WOULD have written last post, but I had such a violent headach, that I could no more think than a cabbage. And now all the business I have is to make you a paper visit, only to ask you, how you do? You may think me impertinent for the question; but when I tell you, that I have not above three friends, you will not wonder that I should be afraid of losing one of them; and therefore I must give you some rules of regimen.

1. Walk little and moderately.
2. Ride slow and often.
3. Keep your temper even with my friend Mrs. Whiteway.
4. Do not strain your voice.
5. Fret not at your servants blunders.
6. Take a cheerful glass.
7. Study as little as possible.
8. Find out a merry fellow, and be much with him.

Get these precepts by heart, and observe them strictly, and my life for yours we shall see better times in the next century.

FROM

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## FROM MRS. PENDARVES.

SIR, LONDON, APRIL 22, 1736.

I AM sorry you make use of so many good arguments for not coming to Bath. I was in hopes, you might be prevailed with. And though one of my strongest reasons for wishing you there, was the desire I had of seeing you, I assure you the consideration of your health took place of it. I have heard since I received the favour of your last letter, that you have been much out of order. I believe we sympathised, for I was very ill with a feverish disorder and cough for a month, which obliged me to defer answering your letter till I came to town. I left the Bath last Sunday sennight, very full and gay. I think Bath a more comfortable place to live in than London; all the entertainments of the place lie in a small compass, and you are at your liberty to partake of them, or let them alone, just as it suits your humour. This town is grown to such an enormous size, that above half the day must be spent in the streets, going from one place to another. I like it every year less and less. I was grieved at parting with Mrs. Barber. I left her pretty well. I had more pleasure in her conversation than from any thing I met with at the Bath. My sister has found the good effect of your kind wishes. She is very much recovered, and in town with me at present; but leaves me in a fortnight to go to my mother.

When

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When I went out of town last autumn, the reigning madness was Farinelli*: I find it now turned on Pasquin, a dramatic satire on the times†. It has had almost as long a run as the Beggar's Opera; but, in my opinion, not with equal merit, though it has humour. Monstrous preparations are making for the royal wedding‡. Pearl, gold and silver, embroidered on gold and silver tissues. I am too poor and too dull to make one among the fine multitude. The newspapers say, my lord Carteret's youngest daughter is to have the duke of Bedford §. I hear nothing of it from the family; but think it not unlikely. The duke of Marlborough and his grandmother are upon bad terms. The duke of Bedford, who has also been ill treated by her, has offered the duke of Marlborough to supply him with ten thousand pounds a year, if he will go to law and torment the old dowager. The duke of Chandos's marriage has made a great noise; and the poor duchess is often reproached with her being bred up in Burr street, Wapping ||.

* A celebrated Italian singer.

† This was written by Henry Fielding, esq., and was a rehearsal of a comedy and a tragedy; the comedy was called "The Election," and the tragedy, "The Life and Death of Queen Common Sense." This and some other dramatick satires, by the same author, levelled against the administration of the late lord Orford, produced an act of parliament for licensing the stage, and limiting the number of playhouses, which was passed in 1737.

‡ Of Frederick, prince of Wales.

§ His grace married miss Gower, daughter of the lord Gower by his first wife, on the 1st of April, 1737.

|| She was lady Daval, widow of sir Thomas Daval, and had a fortune of 40,000l.

Mrs.

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Mrs. Donnellan, I am afraid, is so well treated in Ireland, that I must despair of seeing her here: and how or when I shall be able to come to her, I cannot yet determine. She is so good to me in her letters, as always to mention you.

I hope I shall hear from you soon: you owe me that pleasure, for the concern I was under when I heard you were ill. I am, sir, your faithful, and obliged humble servant,

M. PENDARVES.

I beg my compliments to all friends that remember me, but particularly to Dr. Delany.

## TO DR. SHERIDAN.

APRIL 24, 1736.

I HAVE been very ill for these two months past with giddiness and deafness, which lasted me till about ten days ago, when I gradually recovered, but still am weak and indolent, not thinking any thing worth my thoughts; and although (I forget what I am going to say, so it serves for nothing) I am well enough to ride, yet I will not be at the pains. Your friend Mrs. Whiteway, who is upon all occasions so zealous to vindicate, is one whom I desire you to chide; for during my whole sickness, she was perpetually plaguing and spunging on me; and though she would drink no wine herself, yet she increased the expense by making me force it down her throat. Some of your eight rules I follow, some I reject,



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some I cannot compass, I mean merry fellows. Mr. J. R—— never fails; I did within two days past ring him such a peal in relation to you, that he must be the d——l not to consider it; I will use him the same way if he comes to morrow (which I do not doubt) for a pint of wine. I like your project of a satire on Fairbrother, who is an errant rascal in every circumstance.

*Every syllable that is worth reading in this letter, you are to suppose I writ; the dean only took the hints from me, but he has put them so ill together, that I am forced to tell you this in my own justification. Had you been worth hanging, you would have come to town this vacation, and I would have shown you a poem on the* Legion Club. *I do not doubt but that a certain person will pretend he writ it, because there is a copy of it in his hand, lying on his table; but do not mind that, for there are some people in the world will say any thing. I wish you could give some account of poor* Dr. Sheridan; *I hear the reason he did not come to town this* Easter *is, that he waited to see a neighbour of his hanged.*

Whatever is said in this page by goody Whiteway, I have not read, nor will read; but assure you, if it relates to me it is all a lie; for she says you have taught her that art, and as the world goes, and she takes you for a wise man, she ought to follow your practice. To be serious, I am sorry you said so little of your own affairs, and of your health; and when will you pay me any money? for upon my conscience you have half starved me.

*The plover eggs were admirable, and the worsted for the dean's stockings so fine, that not one knitter here can knit them.*

We

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We neither of us know what the other hath writ; so one answer will serve, if you write to us both, provided you justly give us both our share, and each of us will read our own part. Pray tell us how you breathe, and whether that disorder be better.

*If the dean should give you any hint about money, you need not mind him, for to my knowledge he borrowed twenty pounds a month ago, to keep himself alive.*

I am sorry to tell you, that poor Mrs. Whiteway is to be hanged on Tuesday next for stealing a piece of Indian silk out of Bradshaw's shop, and did not set the house on fire, as I advised her. I have writ a very masterly poem on the legion club; which, if the printer should be condemned to be hanged for it, you will see in a threepenny book; for it is 240 lines. Mrs. Whiteway is to have half the profit and half the hanging.

*The* drapier *went this day to the* Tholsel *as a merchant, to sign a petition to the government against lowering the gold, where we hear he made a long speech, for which he will be reckoned a jacobite. God send hanging does not go round.*

*Yours, &c.*

## TO BISHOP HORTE.

MY LORD, MAY 12, 1736.

I HAVE two or three times begun a letter to your lordship, and as often laid it aside; until, by the unmasked advice of some friends of yours, and of all



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my own, I resolved at last to tell you my thoughts upon the affair of the poor printer who suffered so much upon your lordship's account, confined to a dungeon, among common thieves, and others with infectious diseases, to the hazard of his life; beside the expense of above twenty-five pounds, and beside the ignominy to be sent to Newgate like a common malefactor.

His misfortunes do also very highly and personally concern me. For, your lordship declaring your desire to have that paper looked for, he did at my request search his shop, and unfortunately found it: and, although he had absolutely refused before to print it, because my name as the author was fixed to it; which was very legible, notwithstanding there was a scratch through the words; yet, at my desire, he ventured to print it. Neither did Faulkner ever name you as the author, although you sent the paper by a clergyman, one of your dependents: but your friends were the only persons who gave out the report of its having been your performance. I read your lordship's letter written to the printer, wherein you argue, "That he is, in these dealings, the adventurer, and must run the hazard of gain or loss." Indeed, my lord, the case is otherwise. He sells such papers to the running boys for farthings apiece; and is a gainer, by each, less than half a farthing; and it is seldom he sells above a hundred, unless they be of such as only spread by giving offence, and consequently endanger the printer both in loss of money and liberty, as was the case of that very paper: which, although it be written with spirit and humour, yet, if it had not affected Bettesworth, would scarce have cleared above a shilling to Faulkner;

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ner; neither would he have done it at all but at my urgency, which was the effect of your lordship's commands to me. But, as your lordship has since been universally known for the author, although never named by Faulkner or me; so it is as generally known that you never gave him the least consideration, for his losses, disgraces, and dangers of his life. I have heard this, and more, from every person of my acquaintance whom I see at home or abroad: and particularly from one person too high to name, who told me all the particulars; and I heartily wished, upon your account, that I could have assured him that the poor man had received the least mark of your justice, or, if you please to call it so, your generosity; which I would gladly inform that great person of before he leaves us.

Now, my lord, as God, assisting your own good management of a very ample fortune, has made you extremely rich; I may venture to say, that the printer has a demand, in all conscience, justice, and honour, to be fully refunded, both for his disgraces, his losses, and the apparent danger of his life; and that my opinion ought to be of some weight, because I was an innocent instrument, drawn in by your lordship, against Faulkner's will, to be an occasion of his sufferings. And if you shall please to recompense him in the manner that all people hope or desire, it will be no more in your purse than a drop in the bucket; and as soon as I shall be informed of it, I shall immediately write to that very great person, in such a manner as will be most to the advantage of your character; for which, I am sure, he will rejoice, and so will all your friends; or, if you have any enemies, they will be put to silence.



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Your lordship has too good an understanding to imagine that my principal regard in this affair is not to your reputation, although it be likewise mingled with pity to the innocent sufferer. And I hope you will consider, that this case is not among those where it is a mark of magnanimity to despise the censure of the world: because all good men will differ from you, and impute your conduct only to a sparing temper, upon an occasion where common justice and humanity required a direct contrary proceeding.

I conclude with assuring your lordship again, that what I have written was chiefly for your lordship's credit and service: because I am, with great truth,

Your lordship's most, &c.

## FROM DR. SHERIDAN TO DR. SWIFT AND MRS. WHITEWAY.

DEAR SIR, MAY 12, 1736.

I SEND you an encomium upon Fowlbrother enclosed, which I hope you will correct; and if the world should charge me with flattery, you will be so good as to explain the obligations I lie under to that great and good bookseller.

MADAM,

How the plague can you expect that I should answer two persons at once, except you should think I had two heads; but this is not the only giddiness you have been guilty of. However I shall not let the dean know it.

SIR,

I wonder you would trust Mrs. Whiteway to write any

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any thing in your letter. You have been always too generous in your confidence. Never was any gentleman so betrayed and abused. She said more of you than I dare commit to this paper.

MADAM,

I have let the dean know all the kind things you said of him to me, and that he has not such a true friend in the world. I hope you will make him believe the same of me.

SIR,

I wish you would banish her your house, and take my wife in her stead, who loves you dearly, and would take all proper care, if any sickness should seize you. She would as infallibly take as much care of you as ever she did of me: and you know her to be a good natured, cheerful, agreeable companion, and a very handy woman; whereas Mrs. Whiteway is a morose, disagreeable prater, and the most awkward devil about a sick person, and very ill natured into the bargain.

MADAM,

I believe it will not require any protestations to convince you, that you have not a more sincere friend upon the earth than I am. The dean confesses that he had some little dislikings to you (I fancy he hears some whispers against you) but I believe his share of this letter will set all matters right. I know he has too much honour to read your part of it; and therefore I may venture to speak my mind freely concerning him. Pray, between ourselves, is he not grown very positive of late? He used formerly to listen to his friends' advice, but now we may as



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well talk to a sea storm. I could say more, only I fear this letter may miscarry.

SIR,

I beg that impertinent woman, who has unaccountably got your ear, may not interrupt you, while you read the encomium, and while you give it a touch of your brush; for I fear the colours are not strong enough. Cannot you draw another picture of him? I wish you would; for he is a subject fit for the finest hand. What a glorious thing it would be to make him hang himself!

As to business, I have nothing to say about money yet a while; but by the next post you shall have two scholars notes, which will amount to about fourteen or fifteen pounds; and if Mr. —— can force himself to do me justice, it will put about twenty-five pounds in your pocket. But then you must remark, that you will put twenty of it out again, and send it to Mrs. ——. I have nobody after that to gather for but you; and if money comes in as I expect, you may borrow from, sir, yours. My tenants are as poor as Job, and as wicked as his wife, or the dogs would have given me some money before this. Mr. Jones swears he will not pay you the bond which I gave you, except you come down to receive it; for he thinks it but reasonable that you should honour Belturbet as well as Cavan. Mr. Coote would give three of his eyes to see you at Cootehill. All the country long for you. My green geese, *&c.* are grown too fat. I have twenty lambs, upon honour, as plump as puffins, and as delicate as ortolans. I eat one of them yesterday. A bull, a bull; hoh, I cry mercy. As I return from the county of Galway next

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next vacation, I intend to make Dublin my way, in order to conduct you hither. Our country is now in high beauty, and every inch of it walkable. I wish you all happiness till I see you; and remain, with all respect, your most obedient and very humble servant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

## TO DR. SHERIDAN.

DUBLIN, MAY 15, 1736.

MRS. Whiteway and I were fretting, raging, storming, and fuming, that you had not sent a letter since you got to your Caban (for the V consonant was anciently a B) I mean Cavan: but however, we mingled pity; for we feared you had run away from school, and left the key under the door. We were much disappointed, that the spring and beginning of summer had not introduced the muses, and that your now walkable roads had not roused your spirits. We are here the happiest people in the universe; we have a year and a half before the club will meet to be revenged farther on the clergy, who never offended them; and in England their parliament are following our steps, only with two or three steps for our one. It is well you have done with the church, but pray take care to get money, else in a year or two more they will forbid all Greek and Latin schools, as popish and jacobite. I took leave of the duke and duchess to day. He has prevailed on us to make a promise to bestow upon England 25,000l. a year for ever, by lowering the gold coin, against the petition

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petition of all the merchants, shopkeepers, &c. to a man. May his own estate be lowered the other forty parts, for we now lose by all gold two and a half *per cent.* He will be a better (that is to say a worse) man by 60,000l. than he was when he came over; and the nation better (that is to say worse) by above half a million; beside the worthy method he hath taken in disposal of employments in church and state. Here is a cursed long libel running about in manuscript on the legion club; it is in verse, and the foolish town imputes it to me. There were not above thirteen abused (as it is said) in the original; but others have added more, which I never saw; though I have once read the true one, What has Fowlbrother * done to provoke you? I either never heard, or have forgot your provocations; but he was a fellow I have never been able to endure. If it can be done, I will have it printed; and the title shall be, "Upon a certain bookseller (or printer) in Utopia."—Mrs. Whiteway will be here to morrow, and she will answer your sincere, open hearted letter very particularly; for which I will now leave room. So adieu for one night.

SIR,

"I am most sincerely obliged to you for all the "civil things yoou have said to me, and of me to "the dean. I found the good effects of them this "day; when I waited on him, he received me with "great good humour, said something had happened "since he saw me last, that had convinced him of

* Fairbrother. See the letter by Dr. Swift and Mrs. Whiteway, p. 258, and the subsequent part of this.



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" my merit; that he was sorry he had treated me " with so little distinction, and that hereafter I " should not be put upon the foot of an humble " companion, but treated like a lady of wit and " learning, and fortune; that if he could prevail on " Dr. Sheridan to part with his wife, he would make " her his friend, his nurse, and the manager of his " family. I approved entirely of his choice, and at " the same time expressed my fears, that it would be " impossible for you to think of living without her; " this is all that sticks with me. But considering " the friendship you express to me for the dean, I " hope you will be persuaded to consider his good " rather than your own; and send her up imme- " diately; or else it will put him to the expense of " giving three shillings and four pence for a wife; " and he declares that the badness of pay of his " tithes, since the resolutions of the parliament of " Ireland, puts this out of his power."

I could not guess why you were so angry at Fowl-brother; till Mrs. Whiteway, who you find is now with me, said it was for publishing some works of yours and mine like a rogue: which is so usual to their trade, that I now am weary of being angry with it. I go on, to desire that Mrs. Donaldson * will let me know what I owe her, not in justice but generosity. If you could find wine and victuals, I could be glad to pass some part of the summer with you, if health would permit me; for I have some club enemies, that would be glad to shoot me, and I do not love to be shot: it is a death I have a par-

* An innkeeper at Cavan.

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ticular aversion to. But I shall henceforth walk with servants well armed, and have ordered them to kill my killers; however I would have them be the beginners. I will do what I can with Mr. Richardson, who (money excepted) is a very honest man. How is your breathing? As to myself, my life and health are not worth a groat. How shall we get wine to your cabin? I can spare some; and am preparing diaculum to save my skin as far as Cavan; and even to Belturbet *. Pray God preserve you!

I am, &c.

## TO MR. BENJAMIN MOTTE, BOOKSELLER, IN LONDON.

SIR, DUBLIN, MAY 25, 1736.

I LATELY received a long letter from Mr. Faulkner, grievously complaining upon several articles of the ill treatment he hath met with from you †, and of the many advantageous offers he hath made you, with none of which you thought fit to comply. I am not qualified to judge in the fact, having heard but one side; only one thing I know, that the cruel oppressions of this kingdom by England are not to be born. You send what books you please hither, and the booksellers here can send nothing to you that is written here. As this is absolute oppression,

* Mr. Richardson's rectory.

† Motte filed a bill in Chancery in England, against Faulkner, for printing Swift's works, to stop the sale of them there, which made the author write this letter.



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if I were a bookseller in this town, I would use all the safe means to reprint London books, and run them to any town in England, that I could, because, whoever offends not the laws of God, or the country he lives in, commits no sin. It was the fault of you and other booksellers who printed any thing supposed to be mine, that you did not agree with each other to print them together, if you thought they would sell to any advantage. I believe I told you long ago, that Mr. Faulkner came to me, and told me his intention to print every thing that my friends told him they thought to be mine, and that I was discontented at it; but when he urged, that some other bookseller would do it, and that he would take the advice of my friends, and leave out what I pleased to order him, I said no more, but that I was sorry it should be done here.——But I am so incensed against the oppressions from England, and have so little regard to the laws they make, that I do, as a clergyman, encourage the merchants both to export wool and woollen manufactures to any country in Europe, or any where else; and conceal it from the customhouse officers, as I would hide any purse from a highwayman, if he came to rob me on the road, although England hath made a law to the contrary: and so I would encourage our booksellers here to sell your authors books printed here, and send them to all the towns in England, if I could do it with safety and profit; because (I repeat it) it is no offence against God, or the laws of the country I live in. Mr. Faulkner hath dealt so fairly with me, that I have a great opinion of his honesty, although I never dealt with him as a printer or a bookseller; but since my friends told me, those things,

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things, called mine, would certainly be printed by some hedge bookseller, I was forced to be passive in the matter. I have some things * which I shall leave my executors to publish after my decease, and have directed that they shall be printed in London. For, except small papers, and some treatises writ for the use of this kingdom, I always had those of any importance published in London, as you well know. For my own part, although I have no power any where, I will do the best offices I can to countenance Mr. Faulkner. For, although I was not at all pleased to have that collection printed here, yet none of my friends advised me to be angry with him; although, if they had been printed in London by you and your partners, perhaps I might have pretended to some little profit. Whoever may have the hazard or advantage of what I shall leave to be printed in London after my decease, I will leave no other copies of them here; but, if Mr. Faulkner should get the first printed copy, and reprint it here, and send his copies to England, I think he would do as right as you London booksellers, who load us with yours. If I live but a few years, I believe I shall publish some things that I think are important; but they shall be printed in London, although Mr. Faulkner were my brother. I have been very tedious in telling you my thoughts on this matter, and so I remain, sir,

Your most humble servant,

J. SWIFT.

* Directions to Servants, and the History of the last Session of Queen Anne, and of the Peace of Utrecht, both since printed.

FROM

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## FROM CHARLES FORD, ESQ.

DEAR SIR, LONDON, JUNE 3, 1736.

THOUGH you have left off corresponding with me these two years and a half, I cannot leave you off yet; and I think this is the sixth letter I have sent you, since I have heard one word of you from your own hand. My lord Oxford told me last winter that he had heard from you, and you were then well. Mr. Cæsar very lately told me the same. It is always the most welcome news that can come to me: but it would be a great addition to my pleasure to have it from yourself; and you know my sincere regard for you may in some measure claim it.

I have been engaged these five months in a most troublesome lawsuit with an Irish chairman. Those fellows swarm about St. James's, and will hardly allow you to walk half a street, or even in the Park, on the fairest day. This rascal rushed into the entry of a tavern to force me into his chair, ran his poles against me, and would not let me pass till I broke his head. He made a jest of it that night; but the next morning an Irish solicitor came, out of profound respect, to advise me to make the fellow amends: he told a dismal story of the surgeon and the bloody shirt, and spoke against his own interest, merely to hinder me, whom he had never seen before, from being exposed. Neither his kind persuasions, nor the prudent counsels of our friends Mr. L——, and a few more, could prevail on me. A few days after, the solicitor brought me a bill found by the grand jury, and a warrant

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warrant under the hand of three justices against John Ford, without any other addition. To show his good will, he would not affront me by executing the warrant; but desired I would go to any justice of peace, and give bail to appear the next quarter sessions. By my not doing it, he found out the mistake of the name, which he said should be rectified in a new bill, and if I would not comply with their demands, after they had tried me for the assaults, they would bring an action of eighty or a hundred pounds damages. I threatened in my turn; at which he laughed, as I should do, if a little child should threaten to knock me down. As they proceeded against me, I thought it time to begin with them, and spoke to an acquaintance of mine, a justice of peace, who sent a warrant for the fellow, upon the waiter's oath, for assaulting me, and by a small stretch of power, committed him to the Gatehouse, where he remained some days for want of bail. I believe his bail would hardly have been judged sufficient, if his Irish solicitor had not gone to another justice, and taken a false oath, that the gentleman who committed him was out of town. This perjury, it seems, cannot be punished, because it was not upon record. We presented bills against each other to the grand jury, among whom there happened luckily to be some gentlemen; and though I did not know them, by their means my bill was found, and his returned *ignoramus*. Then I indicted him in the crown-office, the terrour of the low people, where they often plague one another, and always make use of against those of better rank. Still the fellow blustered, and refused to make it up, unless I would pay his expenses; for his lawyer had persuaded him, that

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that in the end he should recover damages sufficient to make amends for all. While he ruined himself by law, he lost his business; for no gentleman would take his chair. This brought down his proud stomach; he came to me two days ago, made his submissions, we gave reciprocal releases from all actions, *&c.* and I have already received the thanks of above forty gentlemen, for procuring them liberty to walk the streets in quiet. Thus this great affair has ended like the Yorkshire petition, which has been the chief business of the house of commons this session. Toward the end, indeed, they found a little time to show their good will to the church. It is the general opinion, that the act for repealing the Test would have passed, if sir Robert Walpole had not seen the necessity of his speaking, which he did in the most artful manner he had ever done in his life. Several courtiers voted against him, as well as most of the patriots, and among others, lord Bathurst's two sons. In the house of lords, next to the duke of Argyle, your friend Bathurst and lord Carteret have shown most rancour against ———. It is a melancholy reflection, that all the great officers of state, and the whole bench of bishops, joined to the tories, could not prevent any one question in disfavour of the church.

I am asked every day, if there be no hopes of ever seeing you here again; and am sorry not to be able to give any account of your intentions. I doubt my long letters quite tire your patience; and therefore conclude with assuring you, that nobody wishes you all happiness more than I do, who am most entirely yours, *&c.*



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## TO DR. SHERIDAN.

DUBLIN, JUNE 5, 1736.

YOU must pay your groat (as if you had been drunk last night) for this letter, because I am neither acquainted with any frank cur, nor the of frank king. I am glad you have got the piles, because it is a mark of health, and a strong constitution. I believe what you say of the legion-club poem; for it plainly appears a work of a legion-club, for I hear there are fifty different copies; but what is that to me? And you are in the right, that they are not treated according to their merit. You never writ so regular in your life, and therefore when you write to me, always take care to have the piles; I mean any piles, except those of lime and stone, and yet piles are not so bad as the stone. I find you intend to be here (by your date) in a dozen days hence. The room shall be ready for you, though I shall never have you in a morning, or at dinner, or in an evening; at all other times I shall be pestered with you. John R—— (for he does not deserve the name of Jack) is gone to his six miles off country seat for the summer. I admire at your bill of 10l. odd; for I thought your first was double: or is it an additional one? When you satisfy me, I will send down to him with a vengeance: although except that damned vice of avarice, he is a very agreeable man.——As to your venison, vain is one who expects

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pects it. I am checking you for your chickens, and could lamb you for your lambs. *Addenda quædam.*

My wife a rattling,
My children tattling.
My money spent is,
And due my rent is.
My school decreasing,
My income ceasing.
All people tease me,
But no man pays me.
My worship is bit,
By that rogue Nisbit.
To take the right way,
Consult friend Whiteway.
Would you get still more?
Go flatter Kilmore *.
Your geese are old,
Your wife a scold.

Mrs. Whiteway is ever your friend, but your old ones have forsaken you, as mine have me. My head is very bad; and I have just as much spirits left as a drowned mouse. Pray do not you give yourself airs of pretending to have flies in summer at Cavan; and such a *no* summer as this: I, who am the best fly-catcher in the kingdom, have not thought it worth my time to show my skill in that art. I believe nothing of your garden improvements, for I know you too well. What you say of your leanness is incredible; for when I saw you last you were as broad as long. But if you continue to breathe free (which nothing but exercise can give) you may be safe with as little flesh as I, which is none at all.

* Dr. Josiah Horte, then bishop of Kilmore.



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I had your letter just before this was sealed; but I cannot answer it now.

## TO LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

MADAM, JUNE 15, 1736.

I WRITE this letter to your ladyship, in the employment you have chosen of being a go-between the duke of Dorset and me. I must preface this letter with an honest declaration, That I never proposed any one thing to his grace, wherein I did not chiefly consult his honour and the general opinion of the kingdom. I had the honour to know him from a boy, as I did your ladyship from a child; and yet, excepting great personal civilities, I never was able to obtain the favour of getting one church preferment for any friend, except one too inconsiderable to mention. I writ to, and told my lord duke, that there was a certain family here, called the Grattans, and that they could command ten thousand men: two of them are parsons, as you whigs call them; another is lord mayor of this city, and was knighted by his grace a month or two ago. But there is another cousin of theirs, who is a Grattan, though his name be John Jackson, as worthy a clergyman as any in this kingdom. He lives upon his own small estate, four miles from this town, and in his own parish; but he has four children. He only wants some little addition of a hundred pounds a year; for he has laid out eight hundred pounds, to build upon his own

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own small estate in his own parish, which he cannot leave; and we cannot spare him. He has lain a weight upon my shoulders for many years; and I have often mentioned him to my lord duke as a most deserving person. His grace has now an opportunity to help him. One Mr. Ward, who died this morning, had a deanery of small value: it was a hedge deanery, my lord duke will tell you what I mean; we have many of them in Ireland: but, as it does not require living there, except a month or two in the year, although it be but of forty or fifty pounds yearly rent, it will be a great ease to him. He is no party man, but a loyal subject. It is the deanery of Cloyne: he is well acquainted with the bishop, who is Dr. Berkeley: I have reasons enough to complain of my lord duke, who absolutely refused to provide for a most worthy man, whom he had made one of his chaplains before he came over: and therefore, if he will not consent to give this poor deanery to Mr. John Jackson, I will fall out with him for ever. I desire your ladyship to let the duke know all this.

Somebody read a part of a newspaper to me the other day, wherein your saucy niece is mentioned as married, with five and forty thousand pounds to her fortune. I desire to present her with my most humble service, and that we may be friends for the future. I hope your ladyship still preserves your health and good humour. Your virtues I am in no pain about; for you are confirmed in them by your education and birth, as well as by constant practice. I pray God preserve you long, for the good you do to the world, and for your happiness hereafter.

I will (notwithstanding your commands to the con-



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trary) be so bold to tell you, that I am, with the greatest respect and esteem,

Madam,

your ladyship's

most obedient and

obliged humble servant.

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## THE ANSWER.

JUNE 23, 1736.

I OUGHT to begin with begging pardon for not answering yours of the 1st of May, before I thank you for that of the 15th of June: but I do not question the newspapers have informed you of the great loss I have had in my brother Henry Berkeley. And what is an addition to the grief for the best natured, honest, sincere, disinterested, friendly brother, is the having left a wife, three daughters, and two sons, literally without bread to eat; though perhaps that part might soon be made easy, if those of his relations were as willing, as they are able, to help to take care of them, which hitherto they have only the benefit of from my two nieces.

She that you call my saucy niece, has bestowed her very great fortune (much more than you mention) on lord Vere Beauclerk, and had my approbation of her own choice, for I think him a very deserving gentleman; and all that know him give him a great character. I am now with them in the country; but shall go, in about a fortnight, to Knowle;



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and when I am there, will certainly obey your commands to the duke of Dorset. My brother George and lady Suffolk are gone to France to make a visit to lord Berkeley; which I am glad of, as I hope it will induce her to go to Spa and Aix-la-Chapelle, for her health, which I am afraid is very necessary for her, and truly believe is all she wants to make her easy and happy; or else my brother George is not the honest good natured man I really take him to be; and she dissembles well, if she is not so happy as she makes me believe, and I heartily wish her.

You order me to write long letters; but you may see by the nothingness of this, I am yet more unfit than ever to observe your orders, though in all things, and at all times, Your most sincere and truly humble servant,

E. G.

## FROM DR. SHERIDAN.

DEAR SIR, JUNE 23, 1736.

IF you can believe me, I can assure you, that we have a great plenty of flies at Cavan; and let me whisper you in this letter, *nec desunt pediculi nec pulices;* but I beseech you not to speak of it. *Si me non fallit observatio,* we shall have more of the Egyptian plagues, *quippe multitudo militum die crastino adventura est in Cavanniam nostram.* I do not know what the devil they will do for meat. *De nostro cibo, nisi furtim, aut vi abripiant, uxor me capiat, si gustaverint.* The ladies are already bespeaking seats in my field upon the hill, *Spectatum*



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*veniunt, veniunt spectentur ut ipsæ.* Ho, brave colonels, captains, lieutenants, and cornets, *adeo hic splendentes congregantur ut ipsis pavonibus pudorem incutiunt*, of which I am an eye witness, *dejectis capitibus caudas demittunt.* Our bakers are all so busy upon this occasion, that they double the heat of the weather, *atque urunt officinas.* But when the army fires on Friday, *proh Jupiter! infernum redolebunt et spirabunt.* The noise of guns, the neighing of the horses, and the women's tongues, *cœlum atque terras miscebunt.*

Grouse pouts are come in,
I've some in my bin,
To butter your chin;
When done with our din—
—ner, through thick and thin
We'll walk out and in,
And care not a pin
Who thinks it a sin.
We make some folks grin,
By lashing their kin, *&c.*

I could not mention troop-horses, *quin Pegasus noster lusit exultim ut vides; sed jam stabulo inclusus de versibus nihil amplius.* You may be surprised at this motley epistle; but you must know that I fell upon my head the other day, and the fall shook away half my English and Latin, *cum omnia lingua Gallica, Hispanica, nec non Italica.* I would rather indeed my wife had lost her one tongue, *totaliter, quoniam equidem nullus dubito nisi radicitus evelleretur tonitrui superaret.*

I wish your reverence were here to hear the trumpets; Mistake me not, for I mean not the strumpets.



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Well, when will you come down, or will you come at all? I think you may, can, might, could, would, or ought to come. My house is enlarging and you may now venture to bring your own company with you; namely, the provost, archdeacon Wall, the bishop of Clogher, and ———, by way of enlivening the rest. Do not let my lord Orrery come with them; for I know they will not be pleased with his company. My love to my sweetheart Mrs. Whiteway, if she continues constant; if not, my hatred and my gall. Excuse my haste. I hope by the next post to make up for this short epistle. I am, dear sir, with all affection and respect, your most obedient humble servant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

I send you a letter from Mr. Carte.

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## FROM MR. DONNELLAN.

SIR, CORKE, JULY 2, 1736.

I HAD the favour of your commands with relation to Mr. Dunkin *; and, in pursuance of them, have

* A female relation of Mr. Dunkin had bequeathed an estate in land, for ever, to the college and fellows of Trinity College, Dublin, upon condition that they should take care of his education, and afterward assist to advance him in the world. The college, in consequence of this request, allowed him, at this time, an annuity, which he was now soliciting to get increased to 100l. He succeeded in his application; and the earl of Chesterfield, when he had the government of Ireland, in the year 17-, gave him the school of Enniskilling, which is very richly endowed, and was founded by king Charles I.

writ

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writ to two of my friends among the senior fellows, and recommended his petition, and your request, in the best and strongest manner I was able. I am, upon many accounts, obliged to execute whatever orders you are pleased to give me, with the greatest readiness and cheerfulness possible: which, I assure you, I do on this occasion, and shall think myself very happy if I can any way promote the success of an affair which you wish well to. But, beside the right that you have to command me, I think, Mr. Dunkin's case, as Mrs. Sican has represented it, really very worthy of compassion, and on that account likewise should be very glad I could be of some service to him. To be sure, he acted a very silly and wrong part in marrying, and in the affair of Dr. Cope's daughter; and I fear he has hurt himself very considerably in the opinion of the college by his strange behaviour at the board, without occasion. But I hope all this will be got over, by your appearance in his favour, and that your request will have all that weight with the college that it ought. I reminded my friends (though I hope they had not forgot it) of the considerable services you had done their house at different times, and let them know how much their compliance in this point would oblige you. After this, I think they must be very beasts, if they do not show their gratitude, when they have so fair an opportunity; and idiots, if they neglect purchasing the dean's favour at so cheap a rate. My sister and I were very sorry we had not the pleasure of seeing you the morning we called at the deanery house. We were just then going out of town, and had not another opportunity of taking our leave of you. She desires me to make her compliments to

you

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you in a very particular manner. We are both exceedingly busy in getting our little house ready, and hope to remove into it next week. I shall not trouble you, sir, with a description of it, but, in a few words, it is really a very sweet little spot, and, though so near a great town, has all the advantages of a complete retirement.

Though I am come among a people that I think you are not very fond of, yet, this I must say in their favour, that they are not such brutes as to be insensible of the dean's merit. Ever since we came down, this town and country rung of your praises, for opposing the reduction of the coin; and they look upon the stop that is likely to be put to that affair, as a second deliverance they owe you.

I hope the late fine weather has contributed to the recovery of your health: I am sure it is what we have all reason to desire the continuance of; and what I beg you will believe, no one more truly and sincerely wishes, with all other happiness, than, sir, your most obedient and obliged humble servant,

CHR. DONNELLAN.

TO

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## TO THE PROVOST AND SENIOR FELLOWS OF TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN *.

DEANERY HOUSE,
JULY 5, 1736.

REV. AND WORTHY SIRS,

AS I had the honour of receiving some part of my education in your university, and the good fortune to be of some service to it while I had a share of credit at court, as well as since, when I had very little or none, I may hope to be excused for laying a case before you, and offering my opinion upon it.

Mr. Dunkin, whom you all know, sent me some time ago a memorial intended to be laid before you, which perhaps he hath already done. His request is, that you would be pleased to enlarge his annuity at present, and that he may have the same right in his turn, to the first church preferment, vacant in your gift, as if he had been made a fellow, according to the scheme of his aunt's will; because the absurdity of the condition in it ought to be imputed to the old woman's ignorance, although her intention be very manifest: and the intention of the testator in all wills is chiefly regarded by the law. What I would therefore humbly propose is this, that you would increase his pension to one hundred pounds a year, and make him a firm promise of the first

* This letter plainly shows the author's friendship to gentlemen of genius and learning, although unacquainted with them; but, soon after this, Mr. Dunkin was introduced to the dean, who did him farther services, by recommending him to Dr. Bolton, archbishop of Cashel, who ordained him.

church

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church living in your disposal, to the value of two hundred pounds a year, or somewhat more. This I take to be a reasonable medium between what he hath proposed in his memorial, and what you allow him at present.

I am almost a perfect stranger to Mr. Dunkin, having never seen him above twice, and then in mixed company, nor should I know his person if I met him in the streets. But I know he is a man of wit and parts; which, if applied properly to the business of his function, instead of poetry (wherein it must be owned he sometimes excels *), might be of great use and service to him.

I hope you will please to remember, that, since your body hath received no inconsiderable benefaction from the aunt, it will much increase your reputation, rather to err on the generous side toward the nephew.

These are my thoughts, after frequently reflecting on the case under all its circumstances; and so I leave it to your wiser judgments.

I am, with true respect and esteem,
reverend and worthy sirs,
your most obedient and
most humble servant,
J. SWIFT.

* See the translation of "Carberiæ Rupes," vol. VII, p. 248.

FROM

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## FROM CHARLES FORD, ESQ.

LONDON, JULY 8, 1736.

YOU cannot imagine how much I was transported to see a superscription in your hand, after two years and a half intermission. The pleasure I had in not being quite forgot, was soon abated by what you say of your ill health. I doubt you live too much by yourself; and retirement makes the strongest impression upon those who are formed for mirth and society. I have not been these thirty years without a set of cheerful companions, by herding with new ones as the old marry and go off. Why have not you a succession of Grattans and Jacksons? Whatever resentment the men in power may have, every body else would seek your company, upon your own terms; and for those in great stations, I am sure, at this time, you would be ashamed to be well with them. If they hate you, it is because they fear you, and know your abilities better than you seem to do yourself: even in your melancholy you write with too much fire for broken spirits. Your giddiness and deafness give me the utmost concern; though I believe you would be less subject to them, and as well taken care of here: nor need you spunge for a dinner, since you would be invited to two or three places every day. I will say no more upon this subject, because I know there is no persuading you.

My legs have been swelled many years: it is above twelve since Beaufort gave me a prescription for

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for them, which I never took till last winter. My lord Lichfield, and other of my acquaintance, persuaded me to it; and they tell me it had its effect, for I am no judge either of my own bad looks, or large legs, having always found myself perfectly well, except when I had my fever four years ago. I walk constantly every day in the Park, and am forced to be both temperate and sober, because my meat is so much overdone that I do not like it, and my dining acquaintance reserve themselves for a second meeting at night, which I obstinately refuse.

If your rents fall, I do not know what must become of us. I have considerable losses every year; and yet I think Crosthwaite a very honest man. Rents for some time have been ill paid here as well as in Ireland; and farms flung up every day, which have not been raised since king Charles the first's time. The graziers are undone in all parts, and it is bad enough with the farmers. One cause is, their living much higher than they did formerly: another is, the great number of enclosures made of late, enough to supply many more people than England contains. It is certain, all last year a man came off well if he could sell a fat ox at the price he bought him lean. The butchers, by not lowering their meat in proportion, have been the only gainers.

I generally hear once a month or oftner from my sister. She writes to me with great affection; but I find she is still wrongheaded, and will be so as long as she lives. As she expected unreasonable presents, she makes them much more unreasonably; and, in my opinion, so illjudged, that I do not wonder more at her than at those who receive them. I

see

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see no difference in giving thirty or forty guineas, or in paying thirty or forty guineas for a thing the person you give it to must have paid. I have heard no reason to doubt lord Masham. I know nothing of his son, not even by sight. Our friend Lewis is in constant duty with his sick wife, who has been some years dying, and will not die. Unless he calls, as he does upon me for a quarter of an hour at most twice in a year, there is no seeing him. I heartily wish you health and prosperity; and am ever, most sincerely, your, *&c.*

My lord Masham was extremely pleased with your remembering him, and desired me to make his compliments to you.

## TO DR. SHERIDAN.

JULY 10, 1736.

I RECEIVED your two letters. The first is mingled with Latin and English, one following the other: now I scorn that way, and put both languages in one. However, for the sake of order, I will begin with answering your second letter before the first, because it deserves one on account of your presents. From bogs, rivers, mountains, mosses, quagmires, heaths, lakes, kennels, ditches, weeds, *&c. &c. &c. &c.*——Mrs. Whiteway was pleased, although very unjustly, to criticise upon every curiosity; she swears the paper of gravel was of your own

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own voiding, as she found by the smell. That your whole artichoke leaf shows its mother to be smaller than a nutmeg, and I confess you were somewhat unwary in exposing it to censure. Your raspberry she compared with the head of a corking-pin, and the latter had the victory. Your currants were invisible, and we could not distinguish the red from the black. Your purslane passed very well with me, but she swore it was houseleek. She denies your Cavan fly to be genuine, but will have it, that for the credit of your town you would have it born there, although Mrs. Donaldson confesses it was sent her in a box of brown sugar, and died as it entered the gates. Mrs. Whiteway proceeds farther in her malice, declaring your nasturtium to be only a p-ss-abed; your beans as brown as herself, and of the same kind with what we fatten hogs in Leicestershire. In one thing she admires your generosity, that for her sake you would spare a drop or two of your canal water, which by the spongy bottom needs it so much. The only defects of them all, were, that they wanted colour, sight, and smell; yet as to the last, we both acknowledge them all to exhale a general fustiness, which however did much resemble that of your Cavan air.

## TO THE SAME.

I RECEIVED your letter, which begun with "lings." You have thirteen in all, and I have got but a hundred and sixty; a trifle! find me ten more than mine, and I will give you ten guineas for the



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eleventh. Mine are all down, and only twelve which are not entered in a letter, which I will send you when health permits and I have nothing else to do, and that may be a twelvemonth hence, if my disorder will let me hold out so long. You were born to be happy, for you take the least piece of good fortune cheerfully. I suppose your arithmetick is, that three boys a week are a hundred and fifty nine in a year; and seven guineas a week are three hundred and sixty-five *per annum*. Can you reckon that the county, and the next, and Dublin, will provide you with thirty lads in all, and good pay, of which a dozen shall be lodgers? Does the cheapness of things answer your expectation? Have you sent away your late younger-married daughter? and will you send away the other? Let me desire you will be very regular in your accounts; because a very honest friend of yours and mine tells me, that with all your honesty, it is an uneasy thing to have any dealings with you that relate to accounts by your frequent forgetfulness and confusion: for you have no notion of regularity; and I do not wonder at it, considering the scattered, confused manner in which you have lived. Mrs. Whiteway thanks you for the good opinion you have of her, and I know she always loved and defended you. I cannot tell when I shall be able to travel. I have three other engagements on my hands, but the principal is to see the bishop of Ossory. Yet I dread the lying abroad above five miles. I am never well. Some sudden turns are every day threatening me with a giddy fit; and my affairs are terribly embroiled. I have a scheme of living with you, when the College green club is to meet; for in these times I detest the town, and

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and hearing the follies, corruptions, and slavish practices of those misrepresentative brutes; and resolve, if I can stir, to pass that whole time at Bath or Cavan. I say again, keep very regular accounts, in large books, and a fair hand; not like me, who to save paper confuse every thing. Your mind is honest, but your memory a knave, and therefore the Scotch mean the same thing by "minding," that we do by "remembering." Sirrah, said I to a Scotch footman, why did you not go that errand? Because I did not "mind" it, quoth Sawny. A curse on these twenty soldiers drumming through my liberty twice a day, and going to a barrack the government hath placed just under my nose. I think of a line in Virgil Travesty. "The d—l cut "their yelping weasons." We expect lord Orrery and bishop Rundle next week.—This letter was intended for last post, but interruptions and horses hindered it. Poor Mrs. Acheson is relapsed at Grange, and worse than ever; I was there yesterday and met Dr. Helsham, who hopes she was a little better.——16. Here has nobody been hanged, married, or dead that I hear of; Dr. Grattan is confined by a boil; if you ask him where, he will sell you a bargain. My chief country companion now is philosopher Webber; for the Grattans and Jacksons are neither to be found at home or abroad, except Robin, who cannot stir a foot.



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## FROM LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

JULY 11, 1736.

SINCE, it seems, my letters are not for your own perusal, but kept for a female cousin, to her this ought to be addressed; only that I am not yet in spirits to joke. I did not do so ill by your request, as you apprehended by my letter, for I spoke to the duke much sooner than I told you I should, and did so as soon as it was possible for me, or as soon as I could have sent it. But my answer was, that he had that moment received a letter from lord Orrery, with the most pressing instances for a deserving friend of his, that the duke could not refuse, especially as my lord Orrery had been most extremely obliging, and, for this whole session, neglected no opportunity to endeavour to make his administration easy; though, at the same time he assured me, he would otherwise have been very glad to oblige you; and does agree, that the gentleman you recommended is a very deserving one also. All this you should have known before, had I been able to write; but I have been laid up with the gout in my hand and foot, and thought it not necessary to make use of a secretary, since I had nothing more pleasing to tell you. I shall always be extremely willing to be employed by you to him; nor do I make any question but you will always recommend the worthy, as it is for your own honour as well as his. No more will I agree, that you never did prevail, on any one occasion; because the very first you did employ me



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about, was instantly complied with, though against a rule he thought right, and I knew before he had set himself.

Lady Suffolk is now at Spa, with my brother George, for her health; and as I shall go, for my own, to the Bath, in September, I fear we shall not meet this great while. And now I must finish this long letter, which has not been quite easy to write, being still your gouty, but faithful humble servant.

## FROM THOMAS CARTE, ESQ.

SIR, AUGUST 11, 1736.

HAVING at last, after a long application and in the midst of sharp rheumatick pains, the effects of a sedentary life, finished my History of the Life of the first Duke of Ormond, and of the Affairs of Ireland in his Time, I here send you a copy of that work, of which I beg your acceptance. I have endeavoured to follow the instructions you gave me, and hope I have done so in some measure. If it have your approbation in any degree, it will be so much to my satisfaction.

It hath been a long subject of complaint in England, that no history has yet been wrote of it upon authentick and proper materials; and even those who have taken notice of the military actions of our ancestors, have yet left the civil history of the kingdom (the most instructive of any) untouched, for want of a proper knowledge of the antiquities, usages,



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laws and construction of this nation. Rapin de Thoiras, the last writer, was a foreigner, utterly ignorant in these respects; and, writing his history abroad, had no means of clearing up any difficulties that he met with therein. He made, indeed, some use of Rymer's Fœdera; but his ignorance of our customs suffered him to fall into gross mistakes, for want of understanding the phraseology of acts, which have reference to our particular customs. Besides, Rymer's collection contains only such treaties as were enrolled in the Tower, or in the rolls of chancery: he knew nothing of such as were enrolled in the exchequer, and of the publick treaties with foreign princes enrolled in this latter office. I have now a list of above four hundred by me. Rymer never made use of that vast collection of materials for an English history, which is preserved in the Cotton library: nor ever consulted any journal of our privy council, whenever he refers to any, still quoting bishop Burnet for his author. He never read the rolls of parliament, nor any journal of either house, where the chief affairs within the nation are transacted; and did not so much as know there was such a place as the paper office, where all the letters of the English ambassadors abroad, and all the despatches of our secretaries of state at home, from the time of Edward the fourth to the revolution (since which the secretaries have generally carried away their papers) are kept in a good method, and with great regularity; so that he wanted likewise the best materials for an account of our foreign affairs. These defects have made several of our nobility and gentry desire a new history to be wrote, in which the abovementioned, and other materials as authentick as they, may be made use of.



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They have proposed it to me, and my objections regarding the vastness of the expense as well as labour, that, to satisfy myself, I must have all materials by me, not only copies out of our records, journals, &c. in England; but even copies of negotiations of foreign ambassadors at this court (*e. g.* of the French; all the negotiations and letters of which, for two hundred years past, I know where to have copied) they have proposed a subscription of a thousand a year, for as many years as the work will require, to defray this expense. The subscription is begun, and will (I believe) be completed this winter; and then that work will employ all my time. One advantage I already find from the very talk of this design, having been offered several collections and memoirs of particular persons, considerable in their time, which I did not know were in being, and which would else no part of them ever see the light: and the manner of the history's being carried on, will probably make every body open their stores.

This is one reason, among many others, which makes me very desirous of having your judgment of the work I have now published, and that you would point out to me such faults as I would fain correct in my designed work. It will be a very particular favour to a person who is, with the greatest esteem and respect, sir, your very obliged and obedient servant,

THOMAS CARTE.

Mr. Awnshaw's, in Red Lion court, in Fleet street, London.



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## FROM MRS. PENDARVES.

SIR, SEPT. 2, 1736.

I NEVER will accept of the writ of ease you threaten me with; do not flatter yourself with any such hopes: I receive too many advantages from your letters to drop a correspondence of such consequence to me. I am really grieved that you are so much persecuted with a giddiness in your head: the Bath and travelling would certainly be of use to you. Your want of spirits is a new complaint, and what will not only afflict your particular friends, but every one that has the happiness of your acquaintance. I am uneasy to know how you do, and have no other means for that satisfaction, but from your own hand; most of my Dublin correspondents being removed to Cork, to Wicklow mountains, and the Lord knows where. I should have made this inquiry sooner, but that I have this summer undertaken a work that has given me full employment, which is making a grotto in sir John Stanley's garden at North End: it is chiefly composed of shells I had from Ireland. My life, for two months past, has been very like a hermit's; I have had all the comforts of life but society, and have found living quite alone a pleasanter thing than I imagined. The hours I could spend in reading have been entertained by Rollin's History of the Ancients, in French. I am very well pleased with it; and think your Annibals, Scipios, and Cyruses, prettier fellows than are to be met with nowadays. Painting and musick have had their share in my amusements.

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amusements. I rose between five and six, and went to bed at eleven. I would not tell you so much about myself, if I had any thing to tell you of other people. I came to town the night before last; and if it does not, a few days hence, appear better to me than at present, I shall return to my solitary cell. Sir John Stanley has been all the summer at Tunbridge.

I suppose you may have heard of Mr. Pope's accident; which had like to have proved a very fatal one; he was leading a young lady into a boat, from his own stairs, her foot missed the side of the boat, she fell into the water, and pulled Mr. Pope after her; the boat slipped away, and they were immediately out of their depth, and it was with some difficulty they were saved. The young lady's name is Talbot: she is as remarkable for being a handsome woman, as Mr. Pope is for wit. I think I cannot give you a higher notion of her beauty, unless I had named you, instead of him. I shall be impatient till I hear from you again; being, with great sincerity, sir, your most faithful humble servant,

M. PENDARVES.

P. S. I forgot to answer, on the other side, that part of your letter that concerns my sister. I do not know whether you would like her person as well as mine, because sickness has faded her complexion; but it is greatly my interest not to bring you acquainted with her mind, for that would prove a potent rival; and nothing but your partiality to me as an older acquaintance could make you give me the preference.

I beg

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I beg my particular compliments to Dr. Delany *. Sir John Stanley says, if you have not forgot him, he desires to be remembered as your humble servant.

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## TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE SIR JOHN STANLEY, BART.

SIR, DUBLIN, OCT. 30, 1736.

I HAVE had, for several months, a strong application made me, by a person for whose virtue, honour, and good sense, I have a great esteem, to write to you in behalf of one of your tenants here, whose case I send you enclosed; and if he relates it with truth and candour, I expect you will comply with his request, because I have known you long, and have always highly esteemed and loved you, as you cannot deny: I know you will think it hard for me, or any one, to interfere in a business of property: but I very well understand the practice of Irish tenants to English landlords, and of those landlords to their tenants. Yet, if what Mr. Wilding desires is rightly represented, that he has been a great improver, his offers reasonable, his gains by no means exorbitant, and his payments regular, you neither must nor shall act as an Irish racking squire. I have inquired about this tenant, and hear a good account of his honesty; and that worthy friend, who recommends him to me, durst not deceive me; so I

* This lady was some time afterward married to Dr. Delany.

fully

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fully reckon that you will obey my commands, or show me strong reasons to the contrary; in which case I will break with that friend, and drive your tenant out of doors, whenever he presumes to open his lips again to me on any occasion.

I have one advantage by this letter, that it gives me a fair occasion of inquiring after your health, and where you live, and how you employ your leisure, and what share I keep in your good will. As to myself, years and infirmities have sunk my spirits to nothing. My English friends are all either dead or in exile, or, by a prudent oblivion, have utterly dropped me; having loved this present world. And as to this country, I am only a favourite of my old friends the rabble, and I return their love because I know none else who deserve it. May you live long happy and beloved, as you have ever been by the best and wisest of mankind. And if ever you happen to think of me, remember that I have always been, and shall ever continue, with the truest respect and esteem, sir,

Your most obedient and
obliged servant,
J. SWIFT.

I know not the present state of your family; but, if there be still near you the ladies I had the honour to know, I desire to present them with my most humble service.

I am now at the age of blundering in letters, syllables, words, and half sentences, as you see, and must pardon.

FROM

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## FROM LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

NOV. 2, 1736.

I AM sorry to be so unlucky in my late errands between his grace and you; and he also is troubled at it, as the person you recommend, is, indeed, what you say, a very worthy person; but Mr. Molloy, who was lord George's second tutor, had the promise of the next preferment, so he cannot put him by in this. I wish I was more fortunate in my undertakings; but I verily believe it is a common calamity to most men in power, that they are often, by necessity, prevented from obliging their friends; and many worthy people go unrewarded. Whether you call this a court answer, or not, I am very positively sure, he is heartily vexed when it is not in his power to oblige you. I have been very much out of order, or you should have heard from me before: and I am now literally setting out for the Bath. So adieu! dear dean.

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## FROM MRS. BARBER.

SIR, BATH, NOV. 3, 1736.

I SHOULD long since have acknowledged the honour of your kind letter, but that I found my head so disordered by writing a little, that I was fearful of having

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having the gout in it; so I humbly beseech you to pardon me; nor think me ungrateful, nor in the least insensible of the infinite obligations I lie under to you, which, Heaven knows, are never out of my mind.

How shall I express the sense I have of your goodness, in inviting me to return to Ireland, and generously offering to contribute to support me there? But would it not be base in me, not to try to do something for myself, rather than be burdensome where I am already so much indebted?

As to the friend who you say, sir, is in so much better circumstances, I should be very unjust, if I did not assure you that friend has never failed of being extremely kind to me.

I find I need not tell you that I am not able to pursue the scheme of letting lodgings, your goodness and compassion for my unhappy state of health, has made you think of it for me; it is impracticable, but am desirous to try if I can do any good by selling Irish linen, which I find is coming much into repute here: in that way, my daughter, who is willing to do every thing in her power, can be of service, but never in the other.

If I should go from Bath, I have reason to think that the remainder of my life would be very miserable, and that I should soon lose the use of my limbs for ever; since I find nothing but the blessing of God on these waters does me any good; beside this, the interest of my children is a great inducement to me, for here I have the best prospect of keeping up an acquaintance for them. My son *, who is learning

* Mr. Rupert Barber, an eminent painter in crayons and miniature.

to

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to paint, goes on well; and, if he be in the least approved of, in all probability he may do very well at Bath; for I never yet saw a painter that came hither, fail of getting more business than he could do, let him be ever so indifferent: and I am in hopes that Con *, may settle here. Dr. Mead, whose goodness to me is great, may be of vast use to him, if he finds, as I hope he will, that he is worthy of his favour. And if God blesses my sons with success, they are so well inclined, that I do not doubt but they would take a pleasure in supporting me, if I can make a shift to maintain them and myself till then: and I find Mr. Barber is very willing to do what he can for them, though his circumstances are far from being what you are told they are; nor, I fear, half so good.

But though I cannot hope to be supported by letting lodgings, I would willingly take a house a little larger than I want for myself, if I could meet with it on reasonable terms; that if any particular friend came, they might lodge in it, which would make it more agreeable: and if I live till my son the painter goes into business, he might be with me. As for Con., if he does not choose to settle here, good Dr. Helsham, with his usual friendliness has promised to honour him with his protection, if he returns to Ireland.

I have now, sir, told you my schemes, and hope they will be honoured with your approbation; and encouraged by your inexpressible goodness to me, I have at length got resolution enough to beg a fa-

* Dr. Constantine Barber, a very learned physician, and president of the college of physicians in Dublin. Some of his poems are printed in the collection of his mother.

vour;

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vour; which, if you, sir, condescend to grant, would make me rich, without impoverishing you.

When Dr. King of Oxford was last in Ireland, he had the pleasure of seeing your Treatise on Polite Conversation, and gave such an account of it in London, as made numbers of people very desirous to see it. Lady Worseley, who heard of it from Mrs. Cleland *; and many more of my patronesses pressed me to beg it of you, and assured me I might get a great subscription if I had that, and a few of your original poems; if you would give me leave to publish an advertisement, that you had made me a present of them. This they commanded me to tell you, above a year ago, and I have had many letters since upon that account; but, conscious of the many obligations I already lay under, I have thought it a shame to presume farther upon your goodness: but, when I was last in London, they made me promise I would mention it the next time I wrote to you; and indeed I have attempted it many a time since, but never could till now.——I humbly beseech you, sir, if you do not think it proper, not to be offended with me for asking it; for it was others, that out of kindness to me, put me upon it. They said you made no advantage for yourself, by your writings; and, that since you honoured me with your protection, I had all the reason in the world to think it would be a pleasure to you, to see me in easy circumstances; that every body would gladly subscribe for any thing

* Lady Worseley, wife of sir Robert Worseley. Mrs. Cleland, wife of major William Cleland, a friend of Mr. Pope, and author of the Letter to the Publisher of the Dunciad, prefixed to the first correct edition of that poem.

Dr.

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Dr. Swift wrote; and indeed, I believe in my conscience, it would be the making of me.

There are a great many people of quality here this season; among others, lady Carteret, and Mrs. Spencer *; who commanded me to make their best compliments to you. They came on Mrs. Spencer's account, who is better in her health since she drank these waters. I daily see such numbers of people mended by them, that I cannot but wish you would try them: as you are sensible your disorders are chiefly occasioned by a cold stomach, I believe there is not any thing in this world so likely to cure that disorder as the Bath waters; which are daily found to be a sovereign remedy for disorders of that kind: I know, sir, you have no opinion of drugs, and why will you not try so agreeable a medicine, prepared by Providence alone? If you will not try for your own sake, why will you not, in pity to your country? O! may that Being that inspired you to be its defence in the day of distress, influence you to take the best method to preserve a life of so much importance to an oppressed people!

Before I conclude, gratitude obliges me to tell you, that Mr. Temple † was here lately, and was exceedingly kind to me and my daughters. He made me a present of a hamper of very fine Madeira, which he said was good for the gout, and distinguished me in the kindest manner. He com-

* Daughter of lord Carteret, married, first to the honourable John Spencer, brother to the duke of Marlborough, and afterward to William, second earl Cowper.

† John Temple, esq., nephew of sir William Temple, whose grand daughter he married. He was brother to the late lord viscount Palmerston.

manded

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manded me to make his best compliments to you, and says, he flatters himself, you will visit Moor park once again. Heaven grant you may! and that I may be so blest as to see you, who am, with infinite respect and gratitude, your most obliged, most dutiful, humble servant,

MARY BARBER.

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## DR. KING TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

MADAM, PARIS, NOV. 9, O. S. 1736.

AS soon as ever you cast your eye on the date of this letter, you will pronounce me a rambler; and that is a charge I will not deny. How I was transported from Edinburgh to this place, requires more room to inform you than my paper will allow me. But I will give you a small hint; you know I am a Laplander *, and consequently I have the honour to be well acquainted with some witches of distinction. I speak in the phrase of this country: for the first man I spoke to in Paris, told me, he had the honour to live next door to Mr. Knight's, hatter. But to our business. I would not have you imagine I forgot my friends, or neglect the great affairs I have undertaken. The next letter you will receive from

* This alludes to the doctor's fine satire called THE TOAST, which he pretends was written originally in Latin by Frederick Scheffer, a Laplander. This poem is now exceedingly scarce. It is reprinted, but without (one of its principal beauties) the notes and observations, in the Foundling Hospital for Wit.



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me shall be dated from London, where I propose to arrive about the twentieth of this month. I will then put the little MS. to the press, and oblige the whole English nation. As to the history, the dean may be assured I will take care to supply the dates that are wanting, and which can easily be done in an hour or two. The tracts, if he pleases, may be printed by way of appendix. This will be indeed less trouble than the interweaving them in the body of the history, and will do the author as much honour, and answer the purpose full as well. This is all I need say in answer to that part of your letter, which is serious: for I hope you are not in earnest, when you throw out such horrible reflections against my friends in Scotland. Will you believe me, when I tell you upon my word, that I was entertained with the greatest politeness and delicacy during my short stay in that country? I found every thing as neat and clean in the houses, where I had my quarters, as even you could desire. I cannot indeed much commend Edinburgh; and yet the s——ks, which are so much complained of there, are not more offensive, than I have found them in every street in this elegant city, which the French say is the mistress of the world; *Madame il n'y a qu'un Paris.* As to my own thoughts of this nation, you shall know them, when I am out of it; and then I will write to the dean, and give him some account of his old friend my lord Bolingbroke. When the dean is informed of what that gentleman is doing, I am apt to believe it will be a motive to induce him to hasten the publication of his history. In the mean time, I beg of you to assure him, that nothing shall be wanting on my part to execute his commissions very faithfully.

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faithfully. I am truly sensible of the great obligations I owe him, and of the honour he hath done me, not in the French sense of that word.

I desire my humble service to miss Harrison, and tell Mr. Swift * I shall be glad of any opportunity to do him a real service. At the same time I assure you, with the greatest truth, that I am, madam, your most humble and most obedient servant,

W. KING.

## FROM LORD CASTLEDURROW †.

SIR, CASTLEDURROW, DEC. 4, 1736.

IT is now a month since you favoured me with your letter; I fear the trouble of another from me may persuade you to excuse my acknowledgments of it; but I am too sensible of the honour you do me, to suffer a correspondence to drop, which I know some of the greatest men in this age have gloried in. How then must my heart be elated! The fly on the chariot wheel is too trite a quotation: I shall rather compare myself to a worm enlivened by the sun, and crawling before it. I imagine there is a tinge of vanity in the meanest insect; and who knows but even this reptile may pride itself in its curls and twists before its benefactor? This is more than the greatest philosopher can determine. Guesses are the

* Mr. Swift was at this time in Ireland, but returned to Oxford the spring following.

† This was William Flower, lord baron of Castledurrow, whose son Henry was created lord viscount Ashbrook in the year 1751.



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privilege of the ignorant, our undoubted right, and what you can never lay claim to.

I am quite angry with your servant, for not acquainting you I was at your door. I greatly commend both your economy and the company you admit at your table. I am told your wine is excellent. The additional groat is, I hope, for suet to your pudding. I fancy I am as old an acquaintance as most you have in this kingdom; though it is not my happiness to be so qualified as to merit that intimacy you profess for a few. It is now to little purpose to repine; though it grieves me to think I was a favourite of dean Aldrich, the greatest man who ever presided in that high post; that over Virgil and Horace, Rag * and Phillips smoked many a pipe, and drank many a quart with me, beside the expense of a bushel of nuts, and that now I am scarce able to relish their beauties. I know it is death to you to see either of them mangled; but a scrap of paper I design to enclose, will convince you of the truth. It was in joke to an old woman of seventy, who takes the last line so heinously, that, thanks to my stars, she hates me in earnest. So I devote myself to ladies of fewer years, and more discretion.

This, and such other innocent amusements, I devote myself to in my retirement. Once in two years I appear in the *anus* of the world, our metropolis. His grace, my old acquaintance, told me, I began to contract strange old fashioned rust, and advised me to burst out of my solitude, and refit myself for the publick; but my own notion of the world, for

* Meaning the celebrated Edmund Smith, usually called Rag Smith.



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some time past, is so confirmed by the sanction of your opinion of it, that I resolve this same rust shall be as dear to me, as that which enhanced the value of poor Dr. Woodward's shield; though it gave such offence to his cleanly maid, that she polished it to none at all.

I shall appear very inconsistent with myself in now telling you, that I still design the latter end of next month for England. You allow I have some pretence to go there. My progress with my son will be farther; for which, perhaps, you too will condemn me, as well as other friends do. I shall be proud of the honour of your commands, and, with your leave, will wait upon you for them. I design to send you a pot of woodcocks for a christmas box: small as the present is, pray believe I am, with sincere respect, sir, your most obedient humble servant,

CASTLEDURROW.

I hope you are as well as the news says. *À propos*, can you agree with me, that the little operator of mine, whom you saw lately at his grace of Dublin's, has a resemblance of your friend Mr. Pope?

Verses by lord CASTLEDURROW, enclosed in the above letter.

Lætitia's Character of her Lover rendered in metre.

Old women sometimes can raise his desire;
The young, in their turn, set his heart all on fire.
And sometimes again he abhors womankind.
Was ever poor wretch of so fickle a mind!



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The Lover's Answer.

*Parcius junctas quatiunt fenestras*
*Ictibus crebris juvenes protervi;*
*Nec tibi somnos adimunt: amatque*
*Janua limen.* HOR. lib. I, ode 25.

No more shall frolick youth advance
In serenade, and am'rous dance;
Redoubling stroke no more shall beat
Against thy window and thy gate;
In idle sleep now lie secure,
And never be unbarr'd thy door.

## FROM DR. KING.

SIR, LONDON, DEC. 7, 1736.

I ARRIVED here yesterday, and I am now ready to obey your commands. I hope you are come to a positive resolution concerning the history. You need not hesitate about the dates, or the references which are to be made to any publick papers; for I can supply them without the least trouble. As well as I remember, there is but one of those publick pieces, which you determined should be inserted at length; I mean sir Thomas Hanmer's representation; this I have now by me. If you incline to publish the two tracts as an appendix to the history, you will be pleased to see if the character given of the earl of Oxford in the pamphlet of 1715 agrees with the character

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character given of the same person in the history. Perhaps on a review, you may think proper to leave one of them quite out. You have (I think) barely mentioned the attempt of Guiscard, and the quarrel between Rechteren and Mesnager. But as these are facts which are probably now forgot or unknown, it would not be amiss if they were related at large in the notes; which may be done from the gazettes, or any other newspapers of those times. This is all I have to offer to your consideration; and you see here are no objections which ought to retard the publication of this valuable work one moment. I will only now add, that if you intend this history should be published from the original manuscript, it must be done while you are living: and if you continue in the same mind to intrust me with the execution of your orders, I will perform them faithfully. This I would do, although I did not owe you a thousand obligations, which I shall ever acknowledge. I am, with the greatest truth, sir, your most humble and most obedient servant,

W. KING.

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## FROM WILLIAM PULTENEY, ESQ.

SIR, LONDON, DEC. 21, 1736.

I WAS at the Bath when I had the favour of your letter of the 6th of last month. I remember I once wrote to you from thence, therefore I resolved not to hazard another by the cross post, but stay till my return to London, to thank you for your kind re-



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membrance of me. I am now, God be thanked, tolerably well in health again, and have done with all physick and water drinking. My constitution must certainly be a pretty good one; for, it has resisted the attacks of five eminent physicians for five months together, and I am not a jot the worse for any of them.

For the future I will preserve myself by your advice, and follow your rules, of rising early, eating little, drinking less, and riding daily. I hope this regimen will be long of use to both of us, and that we may live to meet again. I am exceedingly rejoiced at Mr. Stopford's good success, and have acknowledged my obligation to the duke of Dorset, who I dare say will in time do more for him, because he has promised it. My first desire to serve him was solely because I knew you esteemed him. I was confident he must be a deserving man, since John Gay assured me he was a very particular friend of yours. I afterward, upon farther acquaintance, grew to love him for his own sake, and the merit I found in him. Men of his worth and character do an honour to those who recommend them. There is a sentence, I think it is in Tully's Offices, which I admire extremely, and should be tempted to take it for a motto, if ever I took one, *Amicis prodesse, nemini nocere*. It is a noble sentiment, and shall be my rule, though perhaps never my motto. I fancy there is no other foundation for naming so many successors to the duke of Dorset, than because he has served, as they call it, his time out. I am inclined to believe he will go once more among you, and the rather since I am told he gave great satisfaction the last time he was with you. Lord Essex will hardly be the person to

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to succeed him, though I should be glad he was, since I flatter myself he would be willing, on many occasions, to show some regard to my recommendations. I have lately seen a gentleman who is come from France, who assures me, the person you inquire after *, and to whom you gave so many lectures of frugality, is in perfect health, and lives in great plenty and affluence. I own I doubt it; but, if it be true, I am sure it cannot last long, unless an old gentleman would please to die, who seems at present not to have the least inclination toward it, though near ninety years old †. I verily think he is more likely to marry again than die.

Pope showed me a letter he had lately from you. We grieved extremely to find you so full of complaints, and we wished heartily you might be well enough to make a trip here in spring. Shifting the scene was of great service to me; perhaps it may be so to you. I mended from the moment I had crossed the seas, and sensibly felt the benefit of changing air. His majesty is still on the other side. He has escaped being at sea in the tempestuous weather we have had; but when the wind will let him come, God knows. Lord Chesterfield says, if he does not come by Twelfth-day, the people will choose king and queen without him. I must tell you a ridiculous incident, perhaps you have not heard it; one Mrs. Mapp, a famous she bonesetter and mountebank, coming to town with a coach and six horses, on the Kentish road was met by a rabble of people, who seeing her very oddly and tawdrily dressed, took her for a

* Lord Bolingbroke.

† Lord St. John of Battersea, father of lord Bolingbroke.

foreigner,

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foreigner, and concluded she must be a certain great person's mistress. Upon this they followed the coach, bawling out, No Hanover whore! no Hanover whore! The lady within the coach was much offended, let down the glass, and screamed louder than any of them, She was no Hanover whore! she was an English one! Upon which they cried out, God bless your ladyship! quitted the pursuit, and wished her a good journey.

I hope to be able to attend the house next sessions; but not with that assiduity as I have formerly done. Why should I risk the doing myself any harm, when I know how vain it is to expect to do any good. You that have been a long time out of this country, can have no notion how wicked and corrupt we are grown. Were I to tell you of half the rogueries come to my knowledge, you would be astonished; and yet I dare say I do not know of half that are practised in one little spot of ground only; you may easily guess where I mean.

I will make your compliments to lord Carteret, when he comes to town. I am sure he will be pleased with your kind mention of him; and if you will now and then let me hear from you, I shall look on the continuance of your correspondence as a very particular honour; for I assure you, that I am, with the greatest truth and esteem, sir, your most obedient humble servant,

WILLIAM PULTENEY.

FROM

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## FROM LORD CASTLEDURROW.

SIR, CASTLEDURROW, JAN. 11, 1736-7.

I RECEIVED the honour of your letter with that pleasure which they have always given me. If I have deferred acknowledging longer than usual, I should not be at a loss to make an excuse, if I could be so vain as to imagine you required any. Virtue forbids us to continue in debt, and gratitude obliges us at least to own favours too large for us to pay; therefore I must write rather than reproach myself, and blush at having neglected it when I wait upon you; though you may retort, blushes should proceed rather from the pen than from silence; which pleads a modest diffidence, that often obtains pardon.

I am delighted with the sketch of your *Imperium*, and beg I may be presented to your first minister, sir Robert *. Your puddings I have been acquainted with these forty years; they are the best sweet thing I ever eat. The economy of your table is delicious; a little and perfectly good, is the greatest treat; and that elegance in sorting company puts me in mind of Corelli's *orcastro* †, in forming which he excelled mankind.

* A name he gave his housekeeper, Mrs. Brent.

† His lordship probably uses this word for *orchestre*. Corelli, the famous Italian musician and composer, and director of the pope's choir at Rome, was eminent for his skill in forming and disposing the several musicians in a concert. He was so affected with the character and abilities of our famous Harry Purcell, that, as fame reports,

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mankind. In this respect no man ever judged worse than lord chancellor Middleton; his table the neatest served of any I have seen in Dublin, which to be sure was entirely owing to his lady. You really surprise me, when you say you know not where to get a dinner in the whole town. Dublin is famous for vanity this way; and I think the mistaken luxury of some of our grandees, and feasting those who come to laugh at us from the other side of the water, have done us as much prejudice as most of our follies. Not any lord lieutenant has done us more honour in magnificence, than our present viceroy *. He is an old intimate of my youth, and has always distinguished me with affection and friendship. I trust mine are no less sincere for him. I have joy in hearing his virtues celebrated. I wish that he had gratified you in your request. Those he has done most for, I dare affirm, love him least. It is pity there is any allay in so beneficent a temper; but if a friend can be viewed with an impartial eye, faults he has none; and if any failings, they are grafted in a pusillanimity, which sinks him into complaisance for men who neither love nor esteem him, and has prevented him buoying up against their impotent threats, in raising his friends. He is a most amiable man, has many good qualities, and wants but one more to make him really a great man.

If you can have any commands to England for so insignificant a fellow as I am, pray prepare them

ports, he declared him to be the only thing in England worth seeing; and accordingly resolved on a journey hither, on purpose to visit him; and is said by some to have died on the road; others say that he died at Rome, about 1733.

* The duke of Dorset.

against

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against the beginning of next month. At my arrival in town, I shall send a message in form for audience; but I beg to see you in your private capacity, not in your princely authority; for, as both your ministry and senate are full, and that I cannot hope to be employed in either, I fear your revenue is too small to grant me a pension. And as I am not fit for business, perhaps you will not allow me a fit object for one, which charity only prompts you to bestow. Thus, without any view of your highness's favour, I am independent, and with sincere esteem, your most obedient humble servant,

CASTLEDURROW.

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## TO LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

MADAM, JAN. 29, 1736-7.

I OWE your ladyship the acknowledgment of a letter I have long received, relating to a request I made to my lord duke. I now dismiss you, madam, for ever from your office of being a go-between upon any affair I might have with his grace. I will never more trouble him, either with my visits or application. His business in this kingdom is to make himself easy; his lessons are all prescribed him from court; and he is sure, at a very cheap rate, to have a majority of most corrupt slaves and idiots at his devotion. The happiness of this kingdom is of no more consequence to him, than it would be to the great mogul; while the very few honest or moderate men of the whig party,

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party, lament the choice he makes of persons for civil employments, or church preferments.

I will now repeat, for the last time, that I never made him a request out of any views of my own; but entirely by consulting his own honour, and the desires of all good men, who were as loyal as his grace could wish, and had no other fault than that of modestly standing up for preserving some poor remainder in the constitution of church and state.

I had long experience, while I was in the world, of the difficulties that great men lay under, in the points of promises and employments; but a plain honest English farmer, when he invites his neighbours to a christening, if a friend happen to come late, will take care to lock up a piece for him in the cupboard.

Henceforth I shall only grieve silently, when I hear of employments disposed of to the discontent of his grace's best friends in this kingdom; and the rather, because I do not know a more agreeable person in conversation, one more easy, or of a better taste, with a greater variety of knowledge, than the duke of Dorset.

I am extremely afflicted to hear that your ladyship's want of health has driven you to the Bath; the same cause has hindered me from sooner acknowledging your letter. But, I am at a time of life when I am to expect a great deal worse; for I have neither flesh nor spirits left; while you, madam, I hope, and believe, will enjoy many happy years, in employing those virtues which Heaven bestowed on you, for the delight of your friends, the comfort of the

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the distressed, and the universal esteem of all who are wise and virtuous.

I desire to present my most humble service to my lady Suffolk, and your happy brother.

I am, with the truest respect,
madam, your, &c.

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## TO JOHN TEMPLE, ESQ.

SIR, DUBLIN, FEB. 1736-7.

THE letter which I had the favour to receive from you, I read to your cousin, Mrs. Dingley, who lodges in my neighbourhood. She was very well pleased to hear of your welfare; but a little mortified that you did not mention or inquire after her. She is quite sunk with years and unwieldiness; as well as a very scanty support. I sometimes make her a small present, as my abilities can reach; for I do not find her nearest relations consider her in the least.

Jervas told me that your aunt's picture * is in sir Peter Lely's best manner, and the drapery all in the same hand. I shall think myself very well paid for it, if you will be so good, as to order some mark of your favour to Mrs. Dingley. I do not mean a pension, but a small sum to put her for once out of debt: and if I live any time, I shall see that she keeps herself clear of the world; for she is a woman of as much piety and discretion as I have known.

I am sorry to have been so much a stranger to the

* Pieture of lady Giffard, sister of sir William Temple.

state



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state of your family. I know nothing of your lady or what children you have, or any other circumstances; neither do I find that Mr. Hatch can inform me in any one point. I very much approve of your keeping up your family house at Moor park. I have heard it is very much changed for the better, as well as the gardens. The tree on which I carved those words, *factura nepotibus umbram*, is one of those elms that stand in the hollow ground just before the house: but I suppose the letters are widened and grown shapeless by time.

I know nothing more of your brother, than that he has an Irish title (I should be sorry to see you with such a feather) and that some reason or other drew us into a correspondence, which was very rough. But I have forgot what was the quarrel.

This letter goes by my lord Castledurrow *, who is a gentleman of very good sense and wit. I suspect, by taking his son † with him, that he designs to see us no more. I desire to present my most humble service to your lady ‡ with hearty thanks of her remembrance of me.

I am, sir,
your most humble faithful servant,
J. SWIFT.

* Nephew to Mr. Temple; his father having married Mary, the fourth daughter of sir John Temple.

† Henry, created viscount Ashbrook, Sept. 30, 1751.

‡ Mr. Temple was the nephew, and his lady the grandaughter, of sir William Temple, by his only son, who died young. Mr. Temple died at Moor park, in Feb. 1752.

TO

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## TO MR. PULTENEY.

SIR, MARCH 7, 1736-7.

I MUST begin by assuring you, that I did never intend to engage you in a settled correspondence with so useless a man as I here am; and still more so, by the daily increase of ill health and old age; and yet I confess that the high esteem I preserve for your publick and private virtues, urges me on to retain some little place in your memory, for the short time I may expect to live.

That I no sooner acknowledged the honour of your letter is owing to your civility, which might have compelled you to write, while you were engaged in defending the liberties of your country with more than an old Roman spirit; which has reached this obscure enslaved kingdom, so far, as to have been the constant subject of discourse and of praise among the whole few of what unprostituted people here remain among us.

I did not receive the letter you mentioned from Bath; and yet I have imagined, for some months past, that the meddlers of the postoffices here and in London have grown weary of their curiosity, by finding the little satisfaction it gave them. I agree heartily in your opinion of physicians; I have esteemed many of them as learned ingenious men; but I never received the least benefit from their advice or prescriptions. And poor Dr. Arbuthnot was the only man of the faculty who seemed to understand my case; but could not remedy it. But to



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conquer five physicians, all eminent in their way, was a victory that Alexander and Cæsar could never pretend to. I desire that my prescription of living may be published (which you design to follow) for the benefit of mankind; which, however, I do not value a rush, nor the animal itself, as it now acts; neither will I ever value myself as a Philanthropus, because it is now a creature (taking a vast majority) that I hate more than a toad, a viper, a wasp, a stork, a fox, or any other that you will please to add.

Since the date of your letter, we understand there is another duke to govern here. Mr. Stopford was with me last night; he is as well provided for, and to his own satisfaction, as any private clergyman. He engaged me to present his best respects and acknowledgments to you. Your modesty, in refusing to take a motto, goes too far. The sentence is not a boast, because it is every man's duty in morals and religion *.

Indeed we differ here from what you have been told of the duke of Dorset's having given great satisfaction the last time he was with us; particularly in his disposal of two bishopricks, and other church as well as civil preferments. I wrote to a lady in London, his grace's near relation and intimate, that she would no more continue the office of a go-between (as she called herself) betwixt the duke and me, because I never designed to attend him again; and yet I allow him to be as agreeable a person in conversation as I have almost any where met. I sent my

* *Amicis prodesse, nemini nocere.* See Mr. Pulteney's letter, dated Dec. 21, 1736.

letter

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letter to that lady under a cover addressed to the duke; and in it I made many complaints against some proceedings, which I suppose he has seen. I never made him one request for myself; and if I spoke for another, he was always upon his guard; which was but twice, and for trifles; but failed in both.

The father of our friend in France * may outlive the son; for I would venture a wager, that if you pick out twenty of the oldest men in England, nineteen of them have been the most worthless fellows in the kingdom. You tell me, with great kindness as well as gravity, that I ought, this spring, to make a trip to England, and your motive is admirable, that shifting the scene was of great service to you, and therefore it may be so to me. I answer as an academic, *Nego consequentiam.* And besides comparisons are odious. You are what the French call *plein de vie.* As you are much younger, so I am a dozen years older than my age makes me, by infirmities of mind and body; to which I add the perpetual detestation of all publick persons and affairs in both kingdoms. I spread the story of Mrs. Mapp while it was new to us: there was something humourous in it throughout, that pleased every body here. Will you engage for your friend Carteret that he will oppose any step toward arbitrary power? He has promised me, under a penalty, that he will continue firm; and yet some reports go here of him, that have a little disconcerted me. Learning and good sense

* The friend in France appears to be lord viscount Bolingbroke, whose father, sir Henry St. John, bart., had been created baron St. John of Battersea, and viscount St. John, July 2, 1716.



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he has, to a great degree, if the love of riches and power do not overbalance.

Pray God long continue the gifts he has bestowed you, to be the chief support of liberty to your country, and let all the people say, Amen.

I am with the truest respect, and highest esteem, sir, your, *&c.*

## FROM THE EARL OF ORRERY.

DEAR SIR, CORK, MARCH 15, 1736-7.

I RECEIVED your commands, by Faulkner, to write to you. But what can I say? The scene of Cork is ever the same; dull, insipid, and void of all amusement. His sacred majesty was not under greater difficulty to find out diversions at Helvoetsluys, than I am here. The butchers are as greasy, the quakers as formal, and the presbyterians as holy, and full of the Lord, as usual: all things are in *statu quo;* even the hogs and pigs gruntle in the same cadence as of yore. Unfurnished with variety, and drooping under the natural dulness of the place, materials for a letter are as hard to be found, as money, sense, honesty, or truth. But I will write on; Ogilby, Blackmore, and my lord Grimstone*, have done the same before me.

I have not yet been upon the Change; but am told, that you are the idol of the court of alder-

* Author of "Love in a Hollow Tree."

men.

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men. They have sent you your freedom. The most learned of them having read a most dreadful account, in Littleton's dictionary, of Pandora's gold box, it was unanimously agreed, not to venture so valuable a present in so dangerous a metal. Had these sage counsellors considered, that Pandora was a woman, (which, perhaps, Mr. Littleton forgets to mention) they would have seen, that the ensuing evils arose from the sex, and not from the ore. But I shall speak with more certainty of these affairs, when I have taken my seat among the graybeards.

My letters from England speak of great combustions. Absalom continues a rebel to royal David: the Achitophels of the age are numerous and high-spirited. The influence of the comet seems to have strange effects already. In the mean time, here live we, drones of Cork, wrapped up in our own filth, *procul a Jove et procul a fulmine.* Heaven, and all good stars protect you! For let the thunder burst where it will, so that you are safe, and unsinged, who cares whether Persia submits its government to the renowned Kouli khan, or that beardless unexperienced youth, the sophi. At least the vicar of Bray and I shall certainly be contented.

ORRERY.



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## FROM THE SAME.

DEAR SIR, CORK, MARCH 18, 1736-7.

THIS is occasioned by a letter I have received * from Mr. Pope, of which I send you a copy in my own hand, not caring to trust the original to the accidents of the post. I likewise send you part of a fifth volume of Curll's Thefts, in which you will find two letters to you, (one from Mr. Pope, the other from lord Bolingbroke) just published, with an impudent preface by Curll. You see, Curll, like his friend the Devil, glides through all keyholes, and thrusts himself into the most private cabinets.

I am much concerned to find that Mr. Pope is still uneasy about his letters; but, I hope, a letter I sent him from Dublin (which he has not yet received) has removed all anxiety of that kind. In the last discourse I had with you on this topick, you remember you told me, he should have his letters; and I lost no time in letting him know your resolution. God forbid that any more papers belonging to either of you, especially such papers as your familiar letters, should fall into the hands of knaves and fools, the professed enemies of you both in particular, and of all honest and worthy men in general!

I have said so much on this subject, in the late happy hours you allowed me to pass with you at the deanery, that there is little occasion for adding more

* See the next letter.

upon

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upon it at present; especially as you will find, in Mr. Pope's letter to me, a strength of argument that seems irresistible. As I have thoughts of going to England in June, you may depend upon a safe carriage of any papers you think fit to send him. I should think myself particularly fortunate, to deliver to him those letters he seems so justly desirous of. I entreat you, give me that pleasure! It will be a happy reflection to me in the latest hours of my life; which, whether long or short, shall be constantly spent in endeavouring to do what may be acceptable to the virtuous and the wise. I am, dear sir, your very faithful and obliged humble servant,

ORRERY.

## MR. POPE TO THE EARL OF ORRERY.

MY LORD,

AFTER having condoled several times with you on your own illness, and that of our friends, I now claim some share myself; for I have been down with a fever, which yet confines me to my chamber. Just before, I wrote a letter to the dean, full of my heart; and, among other things, pressed him (which, I must acquaint your lordship, I had done twice before, for near a twelvemonth past) to secure me against that rascal printer, by returning me my letters, (which if he valued so much) I promised to send him copies of, merely that the originals might not fall into such ill hands, and thereby a hundred particulars be at his mercy; which would expose me



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to the misconstruction of many, the malice of some, and the censure, perhaps, of the whole world. A fresh incident made me press this again, which I enclose to you, that you may show him. The man's declaration, "That he had these two letters of the "dean's from your side the Water," with several others yet lying by, (which I cannot doubt the truth of, because I never had a copy of either) is surely a just cause for my request. Yet the dean, answering every other point of my letter, with the utmost expressions of kindness, is silent upon this; and, the third time silent. I begin to fear he has already lent them out of his hands: and in whatever hands, while they are Irish hands, allow me, my lord, to say, they are in dangerous hands. Weak admirers are as bad as malicious enemies, and operate in these cases alike to an author's disparagement or uneasiness. I think this I made the dean, so just a request, that I beg your lordship to second it, by showing him what I write. I told him as soon as I found myself obliged to publish an edition of letters to my great sorrow, that I wished to make use of some of these: nor did I think any part of my correspondencies would do me a greater honour, and be really a greater pleasure to me, than what might preserve the memory how well we loved one another. I find the dean was not quite of the same opinion, or he would not, I think, have denied this. I wish some of those sort of people always about a great man in wit, as well as a great man in power, have not an eye to some little interest in getting the whole of these into their possession: I will venture, however to say, they would not add more credit to the dean's memory, by their management of them, than I by mine; and

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and if, as I have a great deal of affection for him, I have with it some judgment at least, I presume my conduct herein might be better confided in.

Indeed, this silence is so remarkable, it surprises me: I hope in God it is not to be attributed to what he complains of, a want of memory. I would rather suffer from any other cause, than what would be so unhappy to him. My sincere love for this valuable, indeed, incomparable man, will accompany him through life, and pursue his memory, were I to live a hundred lives, as many as his works will live: which are absolutely original, unequalled, unexampled. His humanity, his charity, his condescension, his candour, are equal to his wit; and require as good and true a taste to be equally valued. When all this must die, (this last I mean) I would gladly have been the recorder of so great a part of it as shines in his letters to me, and of which my own are but as so many acknowledgments. But, perhaps, before this reaches your hands, my cares may be over; and Curll, and every body else, may say and lie of me as they will: the dean, old as he is, may have the task to defend me.

## FROM LORD CARTERET.

SIR, ARLINGTON STREET, MARCH 24, 1736-7.

I THIS day attended the cause * you recommended to me in your letter of the 3d of January: the decree

* An appeal of Dennis Delane, gentleman, complaining of an order

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was affirmed most unanimously, the appeal adjudged frivolous, and 100l. costs given to the respondent. Lord Bathurst attended likewise. The other lords you mention, I am very little acquainted with; so I cannot deliver your messages, though I pity them in being out of your favour. Since you mention Greek, I must tell you, that my son, not sixteen, understands it better than I did at twenty, and I tell him, "Study Greek;" καὶ οὐδὲν οὐδέποτε ταπεινὸν ἐνθυμηθήσῃ οὔτε ἄγαν ἐπιθυμήσεις τινός. He knows how to construe this, and I have the satisfaction to believe he will fall into the sentiment; and then, if he makes no figure, he will yet be a happy man.

Your late lord lieutenant † told me, some time ago, he thought he was not in your favour. I told him I was of that opinion, and showed him the article of your letter relating to himself: I believe I did wrong: not that you care a farthing for princes or ministers; but because it was vanity in me, to produce your acknowledgments to me for providing for people of learning, some of which I had the honour to promote at your desire, for which I still think myself obliged to you. And I have not heard that since they have disturbed the peace of the kingdom, or been jacobites, in disgrace to you and me.

I desire you will make my sincere respects acceptable to Dr. Delany. He sent me potted woodcocks in perfection, which lady Granville, my wife, and children, have eat, though I have not yet answered

order or decree of dismission of the court of chancery in Ireland, the 28th of February, 1731, made in a cause wherein the appellant was plaintiff, and another Dennis Delane, son of George Delane, and several others, were defendants.

† The duke of Dorset.

his

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his letter. My lady Granville reading your post-script, bids me tell you, that she will send you a present; and if she knew what you liked, she would do it forthwith. Let me know, and it shall be done, that the first of the family may no longer be post-poned by you to the third place. My wife and lady Worseley desire their respects should be mentioned to you rhetorically; but as I am a plain peer, I shall say nothing, but that I am, for ever, sir, your most humble and obedient servant,

CARTERET.

When people ask me, how I governed Ireland? I say, that I pleased Dr. Swift.

*Quæsitam meritis sume superbiam.*

## TO MR. ALDERMAN BARBER.

DEAR MR. ALDERMAN, MARCH 30, 1737.

YOU will read the character of the bearer, Mr. Lloyd, which he will deliver to you, signed by the magistrates and chief inhabitants of Coleraine. It seems, your society has raised the rents in that town, and of your lands about it, within three years past, to four times the value of what the tenants formerly paid; which is beyond what I have ever heard, even among the most screwing landlords of this kingdom: and the consequence has already been, that many of your tenants in that town, and the lands about it, are preparing for the plantations of America, for the same

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same reasons that are driving some thousands of families in the north to the same plantations: I mean, the oppression of landlords. My dear friend, you are to consider, that no society can, or ought, in prudence or justice, let their lands at so high a rate as a squire, who lives upon his estate, and is able to distrain at an hour's warning. All bodies corporate must give easy bargains, so as to be ready to pay all the incident charges to which they are subject. Thus bishops, deans, and chapters, as well as other corporations, seldom or never let their lands even so high as half the value: and when they raise those rents which are unreasonably low, it is by degrees. I have instances of this conduct in my own practice, as well as that of my chapter; although my own lands, as dean, are let four-fifths under their value. On the other side, there is no reason why an honourable society should rent their estate for a trifle. And therefore I told Mr. Lloyd my opinion, "That, if "you could be prevailed on just to double the rent, "and no more, I hoped the tenants might be able "to live in a tolerable manner." For, I am as much convinced as I can be of any thing human, that this wretched oppressed country must necessarily decline for ever. If, by a miracle, things should mend, you may, in a future renewal, make a moderate increase of rent; but not by such leaps as you are now taking: for, you ought to remember the fable of the hen, who laid every second day a golden egg; upon which, her mistress killed her, to get the whole lump together. I am told, that one condition in your charter is, to plant a colony of English in those parts. If that be so, you are too wise to let it be a colony of Irish beggars. I would not have said thus much in

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in an affair, and about persons to whom I am a stranger, if I had not been long assured of the poor condition those people in and about Coleraine have lain under, since that enormous raising of their rents. The bearer, whom I never saw until yesterday, seems to be a gentleman of truth and good sense: yet, if he has misrepresented this matter to me, I shall never be his advocate again.

My health is very indifferent: spirits I have none left. I decline every day. I hope and hear it is better with you. May you live as long as you desire! for I have lost so many friends without getting any new, that I must keep you as a sample of the former. I am, my dear friend,

Yours, *&c.*

## FROM THE EARL OF ORRERY.

DEAR SIR, CORK, APRIL 3, 1737.

I AM very glad there are twelve thousand pounds worth of halfpence arrived; they are twelve thousand arguments for your quitting Ireland. I look upon you in the same state of the unfortunate Achæmenides amidst tyrants and monsters——Do you not remember the description of Polypheme and his den?

—— Domus sanie dapibusque cruentis
Intus opaca, ingens, ipse arduus, altaque pulsat
Sidera, (Dii talem terris avertite pestem!)
Nec visu facilis, nec dictu affabilis ulli:
Visceribus miserorum et sanguine vescitur atro.



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Remember also, that

Centum alii curva hæc habitant ad littora vulgo
Infandi cyclopes, et altis montibus errant.

Translate these lines and come away with me to Marston; there you shall enjoy *otium cum dignitate;* there you shall see the famous *Sacsockishkash*, and his two pupils, who shall attend your altars with daily incense; there no archbishops can intrude; there you shall be the sole lord and master; whilst we your subjects shall learn obedience from our happiness.——If you ever can think seriously, think so now; and let me say with the curate of my parish, Consider what has been said unto you, ponder it well, lay it up in your heart, and God of his infinite mercy direct you!—Mrs. Whiteway shall be truly welcome to Marston's homely shade. Hector shall fawn upon the doctor; and I myself will be under the direction and government of sir R. W.

You tell me, I am to carry a load for you to England; the most acceptable load will be yourself, and that I would carry with as true piety as Æneas bore the ancient Anchises on his shoulders, when he fled from fire, from blood, from Greeks, and from ruined Troy!

Can you expect that lords move regularly? Is it not below our station to think where or when we are to go? But if my coach and six is in order, perhaps I may have the honour to start a hare in Steven's Green about the first of next month. In the middle of June I will hope to set sail with you to England. Mr. Pope will come out beyond the shore to meet you: you will exchange cyclops for men; and if one mus' fall, surely the choice is right:

Si pereo, manibus hominum periisse juvabit.

My

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My next shall be longer. I am now forced to bid you farewell; but hereafter expect my whole life and conversation; you shall certainly have the cheeses. If you will come to Somersetshire, I will eat one for joy *. The best in England are made in my manor.

I am so well, that I had almost forgot to answer that kind part of your letter. It is only you that can add health and happiness to your very affectionate obliged and faithful servant,

ORRERY.

---

## FROM THE EARL OF OXFORD.

GOOD MR. DEAN, DOVER STREET, APRIL 7, 1737.

I AM extremely obliged to you for several letters, which I, with great shame and concern, acknowledge that I have not answered, as also several remembrances of me and my family in your letters to Mr. Pope: I stand very strongly obliged to you upon these accounts; I dare say you will do me that justice, that you will not attribute my not writing to proceed from any neglect of you, or from any forgetfulness: I am certain of this, that I do retain the warmest esteem and sincerest regard for you of any one, be he who he will; and therefore I hope you will pardon what has passed, and I promise to amend, if my letters would in the least be agreeable to you.

One reason of my writing to you now is (next to

* The earl of Orrery hated cheese to such a degree, that he could scarcely bear the sight of it.

my

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my asking your forgiveness) this; I am told that you have given leave and liberty to some one or more of your friends to print a history of the last four years of queen's Anne's reign, wrote by you.

As I am most truly sensible of your constant regard and sincere friendship for my father, even to partiality (if I may say so) I am very sensible of the share and part he must bear in such a history; and as I remember, when I read over that history of yours, I can recollect that there seemed to me a want of some papers to make it more complete, which was not in our power to obtain; besides there were some severe things said, which might have been then very currently talked of, but now will want a proper evidence to support; for these reasons it is that I do entreat the favour of you, and make it my earnest request, that you will give your positive directions, that this history be not printed and published, until I have had an opportunity of seeing it; with a liberty of showing it to some family friends, whom I would consult upon this occasion. I beg pardon for this; I hope you will be so good as to grant my request: I do it with great deference to you. If I had the pleasure of seeing you, I could soon say something to you that would convince you I am not wrong: they are not proper for a letter, as you will easily guess.

My wife desires your acceptance of her most humble service; my daughter is extremely pleased with the notice you are pleased to take of her, she is very well: she brought me another grandaughter last month: she desires your acceptance of her most humble service, and would be glad of the pleasure of seeing you here in England.

The

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The duke of Portland so far answers our expectations, that indeed he exceeds them; for he makes the best husband, the best father, and the best son; these qualities are, I assure you, very rare in this age.

I wish you would make my compliments to my lord Orrery; do you design to keep him with you? I do not blame you, if you can. I am, with true esteem and regard, sir, your most obliged and most faithful humble servant,

OXFORD.

I wish master Faulkner, when he sends any thing to me, would say how you do *.

## TO DR. SHERIDAN.

APRIL 9, 1737.

ABOUT a month ago I received your last letter, wherein you complain of my long silence; what will you do when I am so long in answering? I have one excuse which will serve all my friends, I am quite

* Mr. Faulkner was with Dr. Swift when he received this letter, which he instantly answered, and made Faulkner read it to him: the purport of which was, "that although he loved his lordship's father more than he ever did any man; yet, as a human creature, he had his faults, and therefore, as an impartial writer, he could not conceal them." The dean made Faulkner write on the same sheet of paper to his lordship to answer for himself, and to put it into the postoffice, as he would not trust a servant with it, that he might vouch the truth, if ever he should hear his character called in question upon this occasion.



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worn out with disorders of mind and body; a long fit of deafness, which still continues, hath unqualified me for conversing, or thinking, or reading, or hearing; to all this is added an apprehension of giddiness, whereof I have frequently some frightful touches. Besides, I can hardly write ten lines without twenty blunders, as you will see by the number of scratchings and blots before this letter is done: into the bargain, I have not one rag of memory left; and my friends have all forsaken me, except Mrs. Whiteway, who preserves some pity for my condition, and a few others who love wine that costs them nothing. As to my taking a journey to Cavan, I am just as capable as of a voyage to China, or of running races at Newmarket. But, to speak in the *Latinitas Grattaniana; Tu clamas meretrix primus;* for we have all expected you here at Easter, as you were used to do. Your musterroll of meat is good, but of drink in sup port able. Yew wann twine. My stress Albavia has eaten here all your hung beef, and said it was very good. The affair of high importance in their family is, that miss Molly hath issued out orders, with great penalties, to be called Mrs. Harrison: which caused many speck you'll ash owns.——I am now come to the noli me tan jerry, which begg inns wyth mad dam.—So I will go on by the strength of my own wit upon points of the high est imp or taunts. I have been very curious in considering that fruitful word *ling;* which explains many fine qualities in ladies, such as *grow ling*, *ray ling*, *tip ling* (seldom) *toy ling*, *mumb ling*, *grumb ling*, *curr ling*, *puss ling*, *buss ling*, *strow ling*, *ramb ling*, *quarry ling*, *tat ling*, *whiff ling*, *dabb ling*, *doub ling*. These are but as ample o fan hunn dread mower: they have



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all got cold this winter, big owing tooth in lick lad ink old wet her, an dare ink you rabble.——Well, I triumph over you, Is corn urine cap a city. Pray, tell me, does the land of Quilca pay any rent? or is any paid by the tenant? or is there not any part of 50l. to be got? But before you make complaints of ill payments from your school, I will declare I was never so ill paid as now, even by my richer debtors. I have finished my will for the last time, wherein I left some little legacy, which you are not to receive till you shall be entirely out of my debt, and paid all you owe to my executors. And I have made very honourable mention of you in the will, as the consideration of my leaving these legacies to you.

Explain this proverb, *Salt dry fish, and the wedding gold, is the vice of women both young and old.* Yes, you have it i nam o mento time. The old hunks Shepherd has buried his only son, who was a young hunks come to age.

## POSTSCRIPT.

Here is a rhime; it is a satire on an inconstant lover.

You are as faithless as a Carthaginian,
To love at once, Kate, Nell, Doll, Martha, Jenny, Anne.

### A specimen of Latinitas Grattaniana.

Ego ludam diabolum super duos baculos cum te.
Voca super me cras.
Profecto ego dabo tibi tuum ventrem plenum legis.
Sine me solum cum illo. Ego capiam tempus.
Quid pestis velles tu esse apud?



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Ego faciam te fumare.
Duc uxorem veni super.
Ego dabo tibi pyxidem in aure.
Ego faciam te secare saltum.
Veni, veni, solve tuum scotum, et fac non plura verba.
Id est plus expensi quam veneratio.
Si tu es pro lege, dabo tibi legem, tuum ventrem plenum.
Ut diabolus voluit habere id.
Quid est materia tecum?
Tu habes vetus proverbium super tuum latus: Nihil est nunquam in periculo.
Cape me apud illud, et suspende me.
Ego capio te apud tuum verbum.
Tu venis in farti tempore.
Est formosus corporatus homo in facie.
Esne tu super pro omni die?
Morsus: Esne tu ibi cum tuis ursis?
Ille est ex super suam servationem.
Tu es carcer avis.
Ego amo mendacem in meo corde, et tu aptas me ad crinem.
Ego dicam tibi quid: hic est magnus clamor, et parva lana.
Quid! tu es super tuum altum equum.
Tu nunquam servasti tuum verbum.
Hic est diabolus et omne agere.
Visne tu esse tam bonus, quam tuum verbum?
Ego faciam porcum vel canem de id.
Ego servo hoc pro pluvioso die.
Ego possum facere id cum digito madido.
Profecto ego habui nullum manum in id.
Esne tu in aure nido?
Tu es homo extranei renis.
Precor, ambula super. Ego

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Ego feci amorem virgini honoris.
Quomodo venit id circum, quod tu ludis stultum ita?
Vos ibi, fac viam pro meo domino.
Omnes socii apud pedem pilam.
Faeminae et linteum aspiciunt optimè per candelae lucem.

## FROM WILLIAM RICHARDSON, ESQ *.

REVEREND SIR, APRIL 17, 1737.

I RETURNED last night from Derry, where I have been for some time past, and where you will be received with great respect. I pleased myself with the hopes of finding at home an account of the time you design being here. —— My disappointment occasions you this trouble; and I hope you will suffer that which can do it best to plead my excuse for being so importunate.

Sir, I take the country to be as pleasant the latter end of this, and all the next month, as any in the year; the fields are putting on their gayest liveries to receive you; the birds will warble their sweetest notes to entertain you; and the waters in the river Bann, when they come in view of your apartment, will tumble in great hurry to wait on you, and leave you with reluctance.

I must brag of my situation, and will pawn my credit with you in those matters, that you will pronounce it the most delightful you have seen in Dublin at least.

* Agent to the Londonderry society.



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Sir, I will not conceal from you any longer a self-interest I have in honouring this place with your presence. All the enclosures I intend in my demesne are now finished, and I am ready to begin what I intend by way of ornament; but until I am fixed in the scheme of the whole, which I would have adapted in the best manner to the place, I would do nothing. I have delayed coming to a final resolution, till I shall have the opportunity of entreating your opinion and assistance after viewing the whole. It will perhaps afford yourself no disagreeable amusement, and occasion something elegant and correct in miniature, where nature has almost done every thing. When you let me know that you have fitted your stages, I will contrive to meet you as far as Armagh or Stewartstown. I will only add, that it is one that loves you, as well as admires you, that is thus troublesome to you; and that I am, with the greatest truth, as well as esteem, sir, your most humble and most obedient servant,

WILLIAM RICHARDSON.

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## TO DR. SHERIDAN.

MAY 22, 1737.

I WILL on Monday (this is Saturday, May 22, as you will read above in the date) send to talk to Mr. Smith: but I distrust your sanguinity so much (by my own desponding temper) that I know not whether that affair of your justiceship be fixed, but I shall know next week, and write or act accordingly. I battled in vain with the duke and his clan against the lowering

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ing of gold *, which is just a kind settlement upon England of 25,000l. a year for ever: yet some of my friends differ from me, though all agree that the absentees will be just so much gainers. I am excessively glad that your difficulty of breathing is over; for what is life but breath? I mean not that of our nostrils, but our lungs. You must in summer ride every half holiday, and go to church every Sunday some miles off. The people of England are copying from us to plague the clergy, but they intend far to outdo the original. I wish I were to be born next century, when we shall be utterly rid of parsons, of which, God be thanked, you are none at present; and until your bishop give you a living, I will leave off (except this letter) giving you the title of reverend. I did write him lately a letter with a witness, relating to his printer of Quadrille (did you ever see it) with which he half ruined Faulkner. He promises (against his nature) to consider him, but interposed an exception, which I believe will destroy the whole. Mrs. Whiteway gives herself airs of loving you; but do not trust her too much for she grows disobedient, and says she is going for to get another favourite. In short, she calls you names, and has neither Mr. nor Dr. on her tongue, but calls you plain Sheridan, and pox take you. She is not with me now, else she would read this in spite of me; and, between ourselves, she sets up to be my governor. I wish you had sent me the christian name of Knatchbull †, and I would have writ to him; but I will see him on Monday, if he will be visible.

* The proclamation for lowering the English and foreign gold coin to the standard of English silver was published Aug. 9, 1737.

† Mr. Knatchbull was secretary to lord chancellor Wyndham.



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The poem on Legion Club is so altered and enlarged, as I hear (for I only saw the original) and so damnably murdered, that they have added many of the club to the true number. I hear it is charged to me, with great personal threatenings from the puppies offended. Some say they will wait for revenge to their next meeting. Others say the privy council will summon the suspected author. If I could get the true copy I would send it you. Your bishop * writes me word, that the real author is manifest by the work.——Your loss of flesh is nothing, if it be made up with spirit. God help him who hath neither, I mean myself. I believe I shall say with Horace, *Non omnis moriar;* for half my body is already spent.

## TO THE EARL OF OXFORD.

MY LORD, JUNE 14, 1737.

I HAD the honour of a letter from your lordship, dated April the 7th, which I was not prepared to answer until this time. Your lordship must needs have known, that the history you mention, of the four last years of the queen's reign, was written at Windsor, just upon finishing the peace; at which time, your father and my lord Bolingbroke had a misunderstanding with each other, that was attended with very bad consequences. When I came to Ireland to take this deanery (after the peace was made) I could not stay here above a fortnight, being re-

* Dr. Horte.

called

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called by a hundred letters to hasten back, and to use my endeavours in reconciling those ministers. I left them the history you mention, which I had finished at Windsor, to the time of the peace. When I returned to England, I found their quarrels and coldness increased. I laboured to reconcile them as much as I was able: I contrived to bring them to my lord Masham's, at St. James's. My lord and lady Masham left us together. I expostulated with them both, but could not find any good consequences. I was to go to Windsor next day with my lord treasurer: I pretended business that prevented me; expecting they would come to some * * * * * ‖. But I followed them to Windsor; where my lord Bolingbroke told me, that my scheme had come to nothing. Things went on at the same rate: they grew more estranged every day. My lord treasurer found his credit daily declining. In May before the queen died, I had my last meeting with them at my lord Masham's. He left us together; and therefore I spoke very freely to them both; and told them, "I would retire, for I found all was gone." Lord Bolingbroke whispered me, "I was in the right." Your father said, "All would do well." I told him, "That I would go to Oxford on Monday, since I "found it was impossible to be of any use." I took coach to Oxford on Monday; went to a friend in Berkshire; there staid until the queen's death; and then to my station here; where I staid twelve years, and never saw my lord your father afterward. They could not agree about printing the History of the

‖ Here is a blank left for some word or other; such as *agreement, reconciliation,* or the like.

Four



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Four last Years: and therefore I have kept it to this time, when I determine to publish it in London, to the confusion of all those rascals who have accused the queen and that ministry of making a bad peace; to which that party entirely owes the protestant succession. I was then in the greatest trust and confidence with your father the lord treasurer, as well as with my lord Bolingbroke, and all others who had part in the administration. I had all the letters from the secretary's office, during the treaty of peace: out of those, and what I learned from the ministry, I formed that history, which I am now going to publish for the information of posterity, and to controll the most impudent falsehoods which have been published since. I wanted no kind of materials. I knew your father better than you could at that time: and I do impartially think him the most virtuous minister, and the most able, that ever I remember to have read of. If your lordship has any particular circumstances that may fortify what I have said in the History, such as letters or materials, I am content they should be printed at the end, by way of appendix. I loved my lord your father better than any other man in the world, although I had no obligation to him on the score of preferment; having been driven to this wretched kingdom, to which I was almost a stranger, by his want of power to keep me in what I ought to call my own country, although I happened to be dropped here, and was a year old before I left it; and to my sorrow, did not die before I came back to it again. I am extremely glad of the felicity you have in your alliances; and desire to present my most humble respects to my lady Oxford, and your daughter the duchess. As to the History,

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History, it is only of affairs which I know very well; and had all the advantages possible to know, when you were in some sort but a lad. One great design of it is, to do justice to the ministry at that time, and to refute all the objections against them, as if they had a design of bringing in popery and the pretender: and farther to demonstrate, that the present settlement of the crown was chiefly owing to my lord your father. I can never expect to see England: I am now too old and too sickly, added to almost a perpetual deafness and giddiness. I live a most domestick life: I want nothing that is necessary; but I am in a cursed, factious, oppressed, miserable country; not made so by nature, but by the slavish, hellish principles of an execrable prevailing faction in it.

Farewell, my lord. I have tired you and myself. I desire again to present my most humble respects to my lady Oxford, and the duchess your daughter. Pray God preserve you long and happy! I shall diligently inquire into your conduct, from those who will tell me. You have hitherto continued right; let me hear that you persevere so. Your task will not be long; for I am not in a condition of health or time to trouble this world, and I am heartily weary of it already; and so should be in England, which I hear is full as corrupt as this poor enslaved country. I am, with the truest love and respect, my lord, your lordship's most obedient and most obliged, *&c.*

FROM

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## FROM ALDERMAN BARBER.

LONDON,

MOST HONOURED FRIEND, JUNE 23, 1737.

I WAS favoured with a letter some time since by the hands of the bearer Mr. Lloyd, and by him take the opportunity of answering it.

I do assure you, sir, that as the society have always had the greatest regard for your recommendation, so, in this affair, they have given a fresh instance of their respect; for they have resolved to relieve their tenants in Colrain from their hard bargains; and, to that end, have put it in a way that is to the entire satisfaction of the bearer.

I hope this will find you in good health, and that the hot weather will contribute thereto; which will be a great satisfaction to all honest men who wish well to their country.

Our friend Mr. Pope is very hearty and well, and has obliged the town lately with several things in his way; among the rest, a translation of Horace's Odes; in one of which you are mentioned "as saving your "nation:" which gave great offence; and, I am assured, was under debate in the council, whether he should not be taken up for it: but it happening to be done in the late king's time, they passed it by.

I hope you see the paper called Common Sense, which has wit and humour.

I had thoughts of kissing your hand this summer; but we are all in confusion at Derry about power, which

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which will prevent my coming at present; but I am in hopes of having that happiness before I die. I thank God I hold out to a miracle almost; for I am better in my health now than I was many years ago.

Lord Bolingbroke is in France, writing, I am told, the History of his own Time: he is well. You will please to make my compliments to lord Orrery and Dr. Delany.

I have many things to say, which in prudence I must defer.

I shall conclude with my hearty prayers to Almighty God, to preserve your most valuable life for many years, as you are a publick blessing to your country, and a friend to all mankind; and to assure you that I am, with sincerity, dear sir, your most affectionate and most faithful humble servant,

JOHN BARBER.

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## FROM DR. KING *.

ST. MARY HALL, OXFORD,
JUNE 24, 1737.

SIR,

I DO not know for what reason the worthy gentlemen of the postoffice intercepted a letter, which I

* Dr. King was a considerable writer in "Common Sense;" and lord Chesterfield still more so; but the ostensible author was Mr. Charles Molloy. Dr. King had large offers made him, to write in favour of sir Robert Walpole, which he declined. He died, at a very advanced age, July 16, 1767.

died

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did myself the honour to write to you about two months ago. I cannot remember I said any thing that could give them the least offence. I did not mention the new halfpence; I did not praise the royal family; I did not blame the prime minister; I only returned you my thanks for a very kind letter I had just then received from you. It is true I enclosed in that letter a printed paper called Common Sense, in which the author proposes a new scheme of government for the people of Corsica, advising to make their king of the same stuff of which the Indians make their gods *. I thought to afford you some diversion: but perhaps it was this made the whole packet criminal.

I have this day received a letter from Mrs. Whiteway, in which she tells me that I am to expect the manuscript by lord Orrery. I will have the pleasure to wait on him as soon as I can do it without crossing the Irish channel: and as soon as I receive the papers, you shall hear from me again. I shall have an opportunity of writing fully to you by Mr. Deane Swift, who proposes to set out for Ireland the next vacation. In making mention of this gentleman, I cannot help recommending him to your favour. I have very narrowly observed his conduct ever since I have been here; and I can, with great truth, give him the character of a modest, sober, ingenious young man. He is a hard student, and will do an honour to the society of which he is now a member.

Mrs. Whiteway says, that notwithstanding all your complaints, you are in good health and good

* This paper of Common Sense was written by Dr. King himself.

spirits.

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spirits. What think you of making a trip to England this fine season, and visiting our Alma Mater? I can offer you an airy cool room during the summer, and a warm bedchamber in the winter; and I will take care that your mutton commons shall be kept long enough to be tender. If you will accept of this invitation, I promise to meet you at Chester, and to conduct you to king Edward's lodgings: and then St. Mary Hall may boast of a triumvirate, that is not to be matched in any part of the learned world, sir Thomas More, Erasmus, and the Drapier. Believe me to be with the greatest esteem, sir, your most obedient and most humble servant,

WILLIAM KING.

## DR. KING TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

ST. MARY HALL, OXON,
JUNE 24, 1737.

MADAM,

I HAVE this day the favour of your letter of the 14th, which hath given me great pleasure: however, I could not help bestowing some maledictions on those gentlemen at the postoffice, who have been so impertinent as to intercept our correspondence; for you ought to have received another letter from me with one enclosed for our friend in some few days after you had the packet from Hartley. This was in answer to the letter you mention, which I got the very next day (as well as I remember) after Hartley went from London.

As soon as I hear of my lord Orrery's arrival on this side the water, I will wait on him to receive the papers.

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papers. The moment they are put into my hands I will write to you again.

I do not know why the dean's friends should think it derogatory, either to his station or character, to print the history by subscription, considering how the money arising by the sale of it is to be applied. I am not for selling the copy to a bookseller: for, unless a sufficient caution be taken, the bookseller, when he is master of the copy, will certainly print it by subscription, and so have all the benefit which the dean refuses. But I shall be better able to send you my thoughts of this matter, when I have talked with some of my friends, who have had more dealings in this way than I have.

And have you at last got store of copper halfpence, and are content to give us gold and silver in exchange for this new coin? This serves to verify an observation I have frequently made, that the grossest imposition on the publick will go down, if the managers have but patience to try it twice, and art enough to give it a new name. The excise scheme, which made such a noise here a few years ago, passed here last winter with little opposition, under a new shape and title. How would the ghost of Wood triumph over the Drapier, and rattle his copper chains, if the spectre were permitted to meet him in his walks? But I am unawares running into politicks, without considering that these reflections may occasion the loss of my letter. I have therefore done with your copper *.

You

* With great respect to Dr. King, he is somewhat mistaken in his politicks; for the great force of Dr. Swift's reasoning, in the character of an Irish drapier, was not so much levelled against a moderate

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You cannot imagine how greatly I am vexed and disappointed, that I have been so long obliged to keep back my conversation piece *. I have, in this respect, wholly complied with the reasoning, or rather with the humours, of some of my friends. They were willing to try their skill in accommodating my Irish affairs †; in which, after all, I believe they will be disappointed as much as I have been: for the adversaries I have to deal with, proceed on a principle that will hear no reason, and do no good, not even to themselves, if others are at the same time to receive any benefit by the bargain. However, since you seem so earnestly to desire a second view of this work, I will send you a book by Mr. Swift, who intends to go from hence about ten days or a

moderate quantity of halfpence in general (which, it is certain, were much wanted in Ireland in the year 1724) as against Wood's adulterate copper in particular, which was not worth three pence in a shilling, and which might have been poured in upon the nation from Wood's mint to eternity; as he had neither given security for his honesty, nor obliged himself, like other patentees, to give either gold or silver in exchange for his copper, when it began to grow troublesome. Whereas the halfpence, sent over to Ireland in the year 1737, were coined in the Tower, by the express order of the crown, for the conveniency of the kingdom, and were not calculated to do any mischief; or, in fact, could they have done any, as all people were at that time sufficiently and thoroughly appriaed, that halfpence were not sterling money, or could legally be tendered in any payment whatsoever; the only use of them being a sort of change in the small crafts and traffick of the world. However, it is certain that an advertisement of three lines, by order of Dr. Swift, had there been occasion for it, as there was not, would instantly have stopt their currency.

* Meaning The Toast.

† Dr. King had a chancery suit in Ireland with the countess of Newburgh; the particulars of which are developed in the observations which accompany his celebrated satire.



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fortnight hence. You will be so kind as to keep it in your own hands until the publication.

As I think it proper to write a postscript in your letter to a certain person, that must be nameless, and finding I have but room for my address to him, I will say no more to you now than that I am, and always must be, madam, your most obedient and most humble servant,

WILLIAM KING.

P. S. To the gentleman of the postoffice who intercepted my last letter addressed to Mrs. Whiteway, at her house in Abbey street, together with a letter enclosed and addressed to the dean of St. Patrick's.

SIR, when you have sufficiently perused this letter, I beg the favour of you to send it to the lady to whom it is directed. I shall not take it ill though you should not give yourself the trouble to seal it again. If any thing I have said about the copper halfpence and excise should offend you, blot it out. I shall think myself much obliged to you, if, at the same time, you will be pleased to send Mrs. Whiteway those letters which are now in your hands, with such alterations and amendments as you think proper. I cannot believe that your orders will justify you in detaining letters of business: for as you are a civil officer, I conceive you have not a license to rob on the highway. If I happen to be mistaken, of which I shall be convinced if this letter should be likewise intercepted, I will hereafter change my address, and enrol you and your superiours in my catalogue of heroes.

FROM

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## FROM ERASMUS LEWIS, ESQ.

LONDON, JUNE 30, 1737.

OUR friend Pope tells me, you could wish to revive a correspondence with some of your old acquaintances, that you might not remain entirely ignorant of what passes in this country: on this occasion I would offer myself with pleasure, if I thought the little trifles that come to my knowledge could in the least contribute to your amusement; but as you yourself judge very rightly, I am too much out of the world, and see things at too great a distance; and, beside this, my age, and the use I have formerly made of my eyes in writing by candlelight, have now reduced me almost to blindness, and I see nothing less than the pips of the cards, from which I have some relief in a long winter evening. However, to show my dear dean how much I love him, I have taken my pen in my hand to scratch him out a letter, though it be little more than to tell him most of those he and I used to converse with are dead; but I am still alive, and lead a poor animal life. Lord Masham is much in the same way: he has married his son, and boards with him: the lady is the daughter of Salway Winnington, and they all live lovingly together: the old gentleman walks afoot, which makes me fear that he has made settlements above his strength. I regret the loss of Dr. Arbuthnot every hour of the day: he was the best conditioned creature that ever breathed, and the most cheerful; yet



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his poor son George is under the utmost dejection of spirits, almost to a degree of a delirium; his two sisters give affectionate attendance, and I hope he will grow better. Sir William Wyndham makes the first figure in parliament, and is one of the most amiable men in the world: he is very happy in his wife lady Blandford: but I fear his eldest son will not come into his measures: this may create him some uneasiness.

Lord Bathurst is in Gloucestershire, where he plants, transplants, and unplants: thus he erects an employment for himself independent of a court.

I have the happiness to live near lord Oxford, who continues that kindness and protection to me that I had from his father. God Almighty has given him both the power and the will to support the numerous family of his sister, which has been brought to ruin by that unworthy man lord K——; now I name him, I mean lord Oxford, let me ask you if it be true, that you are going to print a History of the four last years of the queen; if it is, will not you let me see it before you send it to the press? Is it not possible that I may suggest some things that you may have omitted, and give you reasons for leaving out others? The scene is changed since that period of time: the conditions of the peace of Utrecht have been applauded by most part of mankind, even in the two houses of parliament; Should not matters rest here, at least for some time? I presume your great end is to do justice to truth; the second point may perhaps be to make a compliment to the Oxford family: permit me to say as to the first, that though you know perhaps more than any one man, I



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may possibly contribute a mite; and, with the alteration of one word, *viz.* by inserting *parva* instead of *magna*, apply to myself that passage of Virgil, *et quorum pars parva fui.* As to the second point, I do not conceive your compliment to lord Oxford to be so perfect as it might be, unless you lay the manuscript before him, that it may be considered here.

Our little captain blusters, reviews, and thinks he governs the world, when in reality he does nothing: for the first minister stands possessed of all the regal power: the latter prates well in the house, and, by corruption, is absolute master of it: as to other matters, his foreign treaties are absurd, and his management of the funds betrays a want of skill: he has a low way of thinking. My dear dean adieu: believe me to be, what I really am, most affectionately yours.

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## FROM THE EARL OF OXFORD.

DOVER STREET,

GOOD MR. DEAN, JULY 4, 1734.

YOUR letter of June 14th, in answer to mine of the 7th of April, is come to my hands; and it is with no small concern that I have read it, and to find that you seem to have formed a resolution to put the History of the Four last Years of the Queen to the press; a resolution taken without giving your friends, and those that are greatly concerned, some notice, or suffering them to have time and op-



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portunity to read the papers over, and to consider them. I hope it is not too late yet, and that you will be so good as to let some friends see them, before they are put to the press; and, as you propose to have the work printed here, it will be easy to give directions to whom you will please to give the liberty of seeing them; I beg I may be one: this request I again repeat to you, and I hope you will grant it. I do not doubt but there are many who will persuade you to publish it; but they are not proper judges: their reasons may be of different kinds, and their motives to press on this work may be quite different, and perhaps concealed from you.

I am extremely sensible of the firm love and regard you had for my father, and have for his memory; and upon that account it is, that I now renew my request, that you would at least defer this printing until you have had the advice of friends. You have forgot that you lent me the history to read when you were in England since my father died; I do remember it well. I would ask your pardon for giving you this trouble; but upon this affair I am so nearly concerned, that if I did not my utmost to prevent it, I should never forgive myself.

I am extremely obliged to you for your good and kind concern for me and my family. My wife desires your acceptance of her most humble service: my daughter desires the same: they both are sensible of your good wishes for them. I am, with true esteem and respect, dear sir, your obliged and most affectionate humble servant,

OXFORD.

MR.

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## MR. POPE TO JOHN, EARL OF ORRERY.

MY LORD, JULY 12, 1737.

THE pleasure you gave me, in acquainting me of the dean's better health, is one so truly great, as might content even your own humanity; and whatever my sincere opinion and respect of your lordship prompts me to wish from your hands for myself, your love for him makes me happy. Would to God my weight, added to yours, could turn his inclinations to this side, that I might live to enjoy him here through your means, and flatter myself it was partly through my own! But this, I fear, will never be the case; and I think it more probable his attraction will draw me on the other side, which, I protest, nothing less than a probability of dying at sea, considering the weak frame of my breast, would have hindered me from, two years past. In short, whenever I think of him, it is with the vexation of all impotent passions, that carry us out of ourselves only to spoil our quiet, and make us return to a resignation, which is the most melancholy of all virtues.



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## FROM THE EARL OF ORRERY.

DEAR SIR, JULY 23, 1737.

IF I were to tell you who inquire for you, and what they say of you, it would take up more paper than I have in my lodgings, and more time than I stay in town. Yet London is empty: not dusty, for we have had rain: not dull, for Mr. Pope is in it: not noisy, for we have no cars *: not troublesome, for a man may walk quietly about the streets: in short, it is just as I would have it till Monday, and then I quit St. Paul's, for my little church at Marston.

Your commands are obeyed long ago. Dr. King has his cargo †, Mrs. Barber her conversation ‡, and Mr. Pope his letters. To morrow I pass with him at Twickenham: the *olim meminisse* will be our feast. Leave Dublin, and come to us. Methinks there are many stronger reasons for it than heretofore; at least I feel them: and I will say with Macbeth, Would thou could'st!

My health is greatly mended; so, I hope, is yours: write to me when you can, in your best health, and utmost leisure; never break through that rule. Can friendship increase by absence?

* Alluding to the Irish cars.

† The MS. of "The History of the Four Last Years."

‡ The treatise on "Polite Conversation," which the dean sent to Mrs. Barber as a present, and which she sold for a good sum.

Sure

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Sure it does; at least mine rises some degrees, or seems to rise: try if it will fall by coming nearer: no, certainly it cannot be higher. Yours most affectionately,

ORRERY.

## TO ERASMUS LEWIS, ESQ.

DEAR FRIEND, JULY 23, 1737.

WHILE any of those who used to write to me were alive, I always inquired after you. But since your secretaryship in the queen's time, I believed you were so glutted with the office, that you had not patience to venture on a letter to an absent useless acquaintance: and I find I owe yours to my lord Oxford. The history you mention was written above a year before the queen's death. I left it with the treasurer and lord Bolingbroke, when I first came over to take this deanery. I returned in less than a month; but the ministry could not agree about printing it. It was to conclude with the peace. I staid in London above nine months; but not being able to reconcile the quarrels between those two, I went to a friend in Berkshire, and on the queen's death, came hither for good and all. I am confident you read that history; as this lord Oxford did, as he owns in his two letters, the last of which reached me not above ten days ago. You know, on the queen's death, how the peace and all proceedings were

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were universally condemned. This I knew would be done; and the chief cause of my writing was, not to let such a queen and ministry lie under such a load of infamy, or posterity be so ill informed, &c. Lord Oxford is in the wrong, to be in pain about his father's character, or his proceedings in his ministry; which is so drawn, that his greatest admirers will rather censure me for partiality: neither can he tell me any thing material out of his papers, which I was not then informed of: nor do I know any body but yourself who could give me more light than what I then received; for I remember I often consulted with you, and took memorials of many important particulars which you told me, as I did of others, for four years together. I can find no way to have the original delivered to lord Oxford, or to you; for the person who has it will not trust it out of his hands; but, I believe, would be contented to let it be read to either of you, if it could be done without letting it out of his hands*, although perhaps that may be too late. If my health would have permitted me, for some years past, to have ventured as far as London, I would have satisfied both my lord and you. I believe you know that lord Bolingbroke is now busy in France, writing the History of his own Time; and how much he grew to hate the treasurer you know too

* As a little before this period, the great abilities of Dr. Swift had begun to fail; he had, in order to gratify some of his acquaintance, called for the History of the Four Last Years of the Queen's Reign once or twice out of his friend's hands, and lent it abroad; by which means part of the contents were whispered about the town, and several had pretended to have read it, who perhaps had not seen one line of it.

well;

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well; and I know how much lord Bolingbroke hates his very memory. This is what the present lord Oxford should be in most pain at, not about me. I have had my share of affliction sufficient, in the loss of Dr. Arbuthnot, and poor Gay and others; and I heartily pity poor lord Masham. I would fain know whether his son be a valuable young man; because I much dislike his education. When I was last among you, sir William Wyndam was in a bad state of health: I always loved him, and rejoice to hear from you the figure he makes. But I know so little of what passes, that I never heard of lady Blandford his present wife.

Lord Bathurst used to write to me, but has dropped it some years. Pray, is Charles Ford yet alive? for he has dropped me too; or perhaps my illness has hindered me from provoking his remembrance: for I have been long in a very bad condition. My deafness, which used to be occasional and for a short time, has stuck by me now several months without remission; so that I am unfit for any conversation, except one or two Stentors of either sex; and my old giddiness is likewise become chronical, although not in equal violence with my former short fits.

I was never so much deceived in any Scot, as by that execrable lord K * * * *; whom I loved extremely, and now detest beyond expression.

You say so little of yourself, that I know not whether you are in health or sickness, only that you lead a mere animal life; which, with nine parts in ten, is a sign of health. I find you have not, like me, lost your memory; nor, I hope, your sense of hearing, which is the greatest loss of any, and more comfortless than even being blind; I mean, in the article

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article of company. Writing no longer amuses me, for I cannot think. I dine constantly at home, in my chamber, with a grave housekeeper, whom I call sir Robert; and some times receive one or two friends, and a female cousin, with strong high tenour voices.

I am, &c.

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## TO THE RIGHT WORSHIPFUL THE MAYOR, ALDERMEN, SHERIFFS, AND COMMON COUNCIL OF THE CITY OF CORK.

DEANERY HOUSE, DUBLIN,
AUG. 15, 1737.

GENTLEMEN,

I RECEIVED from you, some weeks ago, the honour of my freedom in a silver box, by the hands of Mr. Stannard *; but it was not delivered to me in as many weeks more; because, I suppose, he was too full of more important business. Since that time I have been wholly confined by sickness, so that I was not able to return you my acknowledgment; and, it is with much difficulty I do it now, my head continuing in great disorder. Mr. Faulkner will be the bearer of my letter, who sets out this morning for Cork.

I could have wished, as I am a private man, that, in the instrument of my freedom, you had pleased to assign your reasons for making choice of me. I

* Eaton Stannard, esq., then recorder of Dublin, and afterward made his majesty's prime serjeant at law in the room of Anthony Malone, esq., who was promoted to the chancellorship of the exchequer.

know

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know it is a usual compliment to bestow the freedom of the city on an archbishop, or lord chancellor, and other persons of great titles, merely upon account of their stations or power: but a private man, and a perfect stranger, without power or grandeur, may justly expect to find the motives assigned in the instrument of his freedom, on what account he is thus distinguished. And yet I cannot discover in the whole parchment scrip any one reason offered. Next, as to the silver box *, there is not so much as my name upon it, nor any one syllable to show it was as a present from your city. Therefore I have, by the advice of friends, agreeable with my opinion, sent back the box and instrument of freedom by Mr. Faulkner, to be returned to you; leaving to your choice, whether to insert the reasons for which you were pleased to give me my freedom, or bestow the box upon some more worthy person whom you may have an intention to honour, because it will equally fit every body.

I am, with true esteem
and gratitude, gentlemen,
Your most obedient, and
obliged servant,
J. SWIFT.

* In consequence of this letter, there was an inscription, and the city arms of Cork, engraved on the box, and reasons on the parchment instrument for presenting him with the freedom of that city.

THE

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## THE ANSWER.

REVEREND SIR, CORK, SEPT. 14, 1737.

I AM favoured with yours by Mr. Faulkner, and am sorry the health of a man, the whole kingdom has at heart, should be so much in danger.

When the box with your freedom was given the recorder, to be presented to you, I hoped he would, in the name of the city, have expressed their grateful acknowledgments for the many services the publick have received from you, which are the motives that induced us to make you one of our citizens; and as they will ever remain monuments to your glory, we imagined it needless to make any inscription on the box, and especially as we have no precedents on our books for any such. But, as so great and deserving a patriot merits all distinction that can be made, I have, by the consent and approbation of the council, directed the box to you, and hope, what is inscribed upon it, although greatly inferiour to what your merit is entitled to, will however demonstrate the great regard and respect we have for you, on account of the many singular services your pen and your counsel have done this poor country; and am, reverend sir, your most obedient humble servant,

THOMAS FARREN, MAYOR.

FROM

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## FROM LORD BATHURST.

DEAR MR. DEAN, CIRENCESTER, OCT. 5, 1737.

THAT I often think of you is most certain, but if I should write to you as often, you would think me extremely troublesome. I was alarmed some time ago with hearing that you were much indisposed; but if later accounts are to be depended upon, you are now in perfect health. I should be heartily glad to have that news confirmed to me by two lines under your hand: however, I write to you under that supposition, for which reason I have cut out a little business for you.

That very pretty epistle which you writ many years ago to lord Oxford, is printed very incorrectly. I have a copy (of which I send you a transcript) which has some very good lines in it, that are not in the printed copy; and besides, if you will compare it with the original, you will find that you left off without going through with the epistle. The fable of the country and city mouse is as prettily told as any thing of that kind ever was: possibly, if you look over your papers, you may find that you finished the whole; if not, I enjoin you, as a task, to go through with it: and I beg of you, do not suffer an imperfect copy to stand, while it is in your power to rectify it*. Adieu! do me the justice

* On the back of the original letter, Dr. Swift has observed, that upon receiving it, he added twenty lines to the poem. It is in imitation of the sixth satire of the second book of Horace, and it is printed with the additional lines, in Pope's works, vol. vi, Dr. Warburton's edition.

to

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to believe me, most faithfully, and unalterably, yours.

## FROM CHARLES FORD, ESQ.

NOVEMBER 22, 1737.

I CANNOT help putting you in mind of me sometimes, though I am sure of having no return. I often read your name in the newspapers, but hardly have any other account of you, except when I happen to see lord Orrery. He told me the last time, that you had been ill, but were perfectly recovered.

I hear they are going to publish two volumes more of your works. I see no reason why all the pamphlets published at the end of the queen's reign might not be inserted. Your objection of their being momentary things, will not hold. Killing no Murder, and many other old tracts, are still read with pleasure, not to mention Tully's Letters, which have not died with the times. My comfort is, they will some time or other be found among my books with the author's name, and posterity obliged with them. I have been driven out of a great house, where I had lodged between four and five years, by new lodgers, with an insupportable noise, and have taken a little one to myself in a little court, merely for the sake of sleeping in quiet. It is in St. James's Place, and called little Cleveland court. I believe you never observed it; for I never did, though I lodged

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I lodged very near it, till I was carried there to see the house I have taken. Though coaches come in, it consists of but six houses in all. Mine is but two stories high, contrived exactly as I would wish, as I seldom eat at home. The groundfloor is of small use to me; for the fore parlour is flung into the entry, and makes a magnificent London hall. The back one, by their ridiculous custom of tacking a closet almost of the same bigness to it, is so dark, that I can hardly see to read there in the middle of the day. Up one pair of stairs I have a very good diningroom, which on the second floor is divided in two, and makes room for my whole family, a man and a maid, both at board wages. Over my bedchamber is my study, the pleasantest part of the house, from whence you have a full view of Buckingham House, and all that part of the park. My furniture is clean and new, but of the cheapest things I could find out. The most valuable goods I have are two different prints of you. I am still in great hopes I shall one day have the happiness of seeing you in it.

Every body agrees the queen's death was wholly owing to her own fault. She had a rupture, which she would not discover: and the surgeon who opened her navel, declared if he had known it two days sooner, she should have been walking about the next day. By her concealing her distemper, they gave her strong cordials for the gout in her stomach, which did her great mischief. The king is said to have given her the first account of her condition: she bore it with great resolution, and immediately sent for the rest of her children, to take formal leave of them, but absolutely refused to see



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the prince of Wales; nor could the archbishop of Canterbury, when he gave her the sacrament, prevail on her, though she said, she heartily forgave the prince. It is thought her death will be a loss, at least in point of ease, to some of the ministers.

Since Lewis has lost his old wife, he has had an old maiden niece to live with him, continues the same life, takes the air in his coach, dines moderately at home, and sees nobody.

It was reported, and is still believed by many, that sir Robert Walpole upon the loss of his, made miss Skirret an honest woman; but if it be so, the marriage is not yet owned.

That you may, in health and happiness, see many 30th of Novembers, is the most sincere and hearty wish of yours, &c.

If you will be so kind as to let me hear from you once again, you may either direct to me at the Cocoa Tree, or to Little Cleveland court, in St. James's place.

## FROM THE CHEVALIER RAMSAY.

AT PARIS,

REVEREND SIR, NOVEMBER 29, 1737.

I RECEIVED only some weeks ago the works you were pleased to send me, and have perused them with new pleasure. I still find in them all the

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the marks of that original genius and universal beneficence which compose your character. I cannot send you in return, any such valuable compositions of mine; but you will receive, by the first ships that go for Ireland, my History of the Mareschal de Turenne, the greatest French hero that ever was. I shall be glad to know your opinion of the performance.

I am, with the greatest respect, veneration, and friendship, dear sir, your most humble, and most obedient servant,

THE CHEVALIER RAMSAY.

Pray allow me to assure Mr. Sican of my most humble respects.

If you have any commands for me in this country, or for any of your friends, pray direct for me, under a cover. *À son Altesse Monseigneur le compte d'Évreux, général de la cavallerie à Paris.*

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## FROM LORD BATHURST.

SCARCLIFFE FARM,

DEAR SIR, DEC. 6, 1737.

I RECEIVED a letter from you at Cirencester, full of life and spirits, which gave me singular satisfaction; but those complaints you make of the deplorable state of Ireland, made me reflect upon the condition of England, and I am inclined to think it



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is not much better; possibly the only difference is, that we shall be the last devoured *. I have attended parliament many years, and never found that I could do any good; I have therefore entered upon a new scheme of life, and am determined to look after my own affairs a little. I am now in a small farm house in Derbyshire, and my chief business is to take care that my agents do not impose upon my tenants. I am for letting them all good bargains, that my rents may be paid as long as any rents can be paid; and when the time comes that there is no money, they are honest fellows, and will bring me in what corn and cattle I shall want. I want no foreign commodities; my neighbour the duke of Kingston has imported one †; but I do not think it worth the carriage.

I passed through London in my way here, and every body wondered I could leave them, they were so full of speculations upon the great event which lately happened ‡; but I am of opinion some time will be necessary to produce any consequences. Some consequences will certainly follow; but time must ripen matters for them. I could send you many speculations of my own and others upon this subject; but it is too nice a subject for me to handle in a post-letter. It is not every body who ought to have liberty to abuse their superiours: if a man has so much wit as to get the majority of mankind on his side, he is often safe; or if he is known to have talents that can make an abuse stick close, he is still

* The promise of Polypheme to Ulysses.

† Madame la Touche, a French lady.

‡ The death of queen Caroline, on Sunday evening, November 20, 1737.



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safer. You may say, where is the occasion of abusing any body? I never did in my life; but you have often told truth of persons, who would rather you had abused them in the grossest manner.

I may say in parliament, that we are impoverished at home, and rendered contemptible abroad, because nobody will care to call upon me to prove it; but I do not know whether I may venture to put that in a letter, at least in a letter to a disaffected person; such you will be reputed as long as you live; after your death, perhaps, you may stand *rectus in curia*.

I met our friend Pope in town; he is as sure to be there in a bustle, as a porpus in a storm. He told me, that he would retire to Twickenham for a fortnight; but I doubt it much. Since I found, by your last, that your hand and your head are both in so good a condition, let me hear from you some times. And do not be discouraged that I send you nothing worth reading now: I have talked with nobody, for some time past, but farmers and ploughmen; when I come into good company again, I may possibly be less insipid; but in whatever condition I am, I shall always be most ambitious of your friendship, and most desirous of your esteem, being most faithfully and sincerely, dear sir, your obedient humble servant,

BATHURST.



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## TO MR. FAULKNER.

DEANERY HOUSE,
MR. FAULKNER, DECEMBER 15, 1737.

THE short treatise* that I here send you enclosed was put into my hands by a very worthy person †, of much ancient learning, as well as knowledge in the laws of both kingdoms. He is likewise a most loyal subject to king George, and wholly attached to the Hanover family, and is a gentleman of as many virtues as I have any where met: However, it seems, he cannot be blind or unconcerned at the mistaken conduct of his country in a point of the highest importance to its welfare. He has learnedly shown, from the practice of all wise nations in past and late ages, that tillage was the great principle and foundation of their wealth; and recommends the practice of it to this kingdom with the most weighty reasons. He mentions the prodigious sums sent out yearly for importing all sorts of corn, in the miserable moneyless condition we now are in. To which I cannot but add, that, in reading the resolutions of the last sessions, I have observed in several papers that the honourable house of commons seem to be of the same sentiment, although the increase of tillage may be of advantage to the clergy, whom I

* Published by Mr. Faulkner, under the title of a "Treatise on Tillage."

† Alexander MacAulay, esq.

conceive

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conceive to be as loyal a body of men to the present king and family as any in the nation: and, by the great providence of God, it is so ordered, that if the clergy be fairly dealt with, whatever increases their maintenance will more largely increase the estates of the landed men, and the profits of their farmers.

I desire you, Mr. Faulkner, to print the treatise in a fair letter and a good paper. I am

Your faithful friend and servant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

## TO DR. CLANCY.

DEANERY HOUSE,

SIR, CHRISTMAS DAY, 1737.

SOME friend of mine lent me a comedy *, which I am told was written by you: I read it carefully, with much pleasure, on account both of the characters and the moral. I have no interest with the people of the playhouse, else I should gladly recommend it to them. I send you a small present †, in

* The Sharper, the principal character of which performance was designed to represent colonel Chartres.

† This packet contained five pounds in small pieces of gold of different kinds, of which the largest did not exceed the value of five shillings. A little time after (says Dr. Clancy) I sent him a parcel of tickets: he kept but one, which he said he had paid for, and afterward sent me two four pound pieces for more. See Clancy's Memoirs, vol. II, page 56.



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such gold as will not give you trouble to change; for I much pity your loss of sight *, which if it pleased God to let you enjoy, your other talents might have been your honest support, and have eased you of your present confinement. I am, sir, your well wishing friend and humble servant,

JONATH. SWIFT †.

I know not who lent me the play; if it came from you, I will send it back to morrow.

## FROM LADY HOWTH.

DEAR SIR, DECEMBER 26, 1737.

KNOWING you to be very poor, I have sent you a couple of wild ducks, a couple of partridges, a side of venison, and some plover, which will help to keep your house this Christmas. You may make a miser's feast, and drink your blue-eyed nymph ‡ in a bumper, as we do the drapier; and when these are out, let me know, and you shall have a fresh supply. I have sent them by a blackguard, know-

* Dr. Clancy had pursued the study of physick, and was patronised by Dr. Helsham; but having lost his sight by a cold in 1737, before he could regularly engage in the business of his profession, he kept a Latin school for his support.

† This letter and the packet were sealed with the head of Socrates.

‡ Lady Howth having very sparkling blue-gray eyes, Dr. Swift used to distinguish her by the name of "the blue-eyed "nymph."

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ing you to be of a very generous temper, though very poor. My lord and husband joins with me in wishing you a merry Christmas, and many of them; and am sincerely your affectionate friend and sea nymph.

If I signed my name, and the letter should be found, you and I might be suspected.

## FROM DR. CLANCY.

REVEREND SIR, DEC. 27th, 1737.

WHEN I strive to express the thorough sense I have of your humanity and goodness, my attempt ceases in admiration of them. You have favoured my performance with some degree of approbation, and you have considered my unfortunate condition by a mark of your known benevolence: from my very soul I sincerely thank you. That approbation, which in some more happy periods of my life would have made me proud even to vanity, has now in my distress comforted and soothed my misery.

If I did not fear being troublesome, I should do myself the honour of waiting upon you, if you will be pleased to permit me to do so. At any time I am ready to obey your command; and am, with the utmost respect and gratitude, sir, your most obliged humble servant,

MIC. CLANCY.

TO

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## TO MR. FAULKNER.

DEANERY HOUSE,

SIR, DUBLIN, JAN. 6, 1737-8.

I HAVE often mentioned to you an earnest desire I had, and still have, to record the merit and services of the lord mayor, Humphrey French; whom I often desired, after his mayoralty, to give me an account of many passages that happened in his mayoralty, and which he has often put off, on the pretence of his forgetfulness, but in reality of his modesty: I take him to be a hero in his kind, and that he ought to be imitated by all his successors, as far as their genius can reach. I desire you therefore to inquire among all his friends whom you are acquainted with, to press them to give you the particulars of what they can remember, not only during the general conduct of his life, wherever he had any power or authority in the city; but particularly from Mr. Maple, who was his intimate friend, who knew him best, and could give the most just character of himself and his actions.

When I shall have got a sufficient information of all these particulars, I will, although I am oppressed with age and infirmities, stir up all the little spirit I can raise, to give the publick an account of that great patriot; and propose him as an example to all future magistrates, in order to recommend his virtues to this miserable kingdom.

I am, sir, your very humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.



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## TO MISS RICHARDSON *.

MADAM, JAN. 28, 1737-8.

I MUST begin my correspondence by letting you know that your uncle is the most unreasonable person I was ever acquainted with; and next to him, you are the second, although I think impartially that you are worse than he. I never had the honour and happiness of seeing you; nor can ever expect it, unless you make the first advance by coming up to town, where I am confined by want of health; and my travelling days are over. I find you follow your uncle's steps, by maliciously bribing a useless man, who can never have it in his power to serve or divert you. I have indeed continued a very long friendship with alderman Barber, who is governor of the London society about your parts; whereupon Mr. Richardson came to the deanery †, although it was not in my power to do him the least good office, farther than writing to the alderman. However, your uncle came to me several times: and, I believe, after several invitations, dined with me once or twice. This was all the provocation I ever gave him; but he had revenge in his breast, and you shall hear how he gratified it. First, he was told "That "my ill stomach, and a giddiness I was subject to, "forced me, in some of those fits, to take a spoonful "of usquebaugh:" he discovered where I bought it,

* Afterward Mrs. Pratt. † Of Kilmacduac.

and

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and sent me a dozen bottles, which cost him three pounds. He next was told "That as I never drank "malt liquors, so I was not able to drink Dublin "claret without mixing it with a little sweet Spanish "wine:" he found out the merchant with whom I deal, by the treachery of my butler, and sent me twelve dozen pints of that wine, for which he paid six pounds. But what can I say of a man, who, some years before I ever saw him, was loading me every season with salmons, that surfeited myself and all my visitors; whereby it is plain that his malice reached to my friends as well as to myself? At last, to complete his ill designs, he must needs force his niece into the plot; because it can be proved that you are his prime minister, and so ready to encourage him in his bad proceedings, that you have been his partaker and second in mischief, by sending me half a dozen of shirts, although I never once gave you the least cause of displeasure. And what is yet worse, the few ladies that come to the deanery assure me, they never saw so fine linen, or better worked up, or more exactly fitted. It is a happinesss they were not stockings, for then you would have known the length of my foot. Upon the whole, madam, I must deal so plainly as to repeat, that you are more cruel even than your uncle; to such a degree, that if my health and a good summer can put it in my power to travel to Summer-Seat, I must take that journey on purpose to expostulate with you for all the unprovoked injuries you have done me. I have seen some persons who live in your neighbourhood, from whom I have inquired into your character; but I found you had bribed them all, by never sending them any such dangerous presents: for they swore

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swore to me, "That you were a lady adorned with "all perfections, such as virtue, prudence, wit, "humour, excellent conversation, and even good "housewifery;" which last is seldom the talent of ladies in this kingdom. But I take so ill your manner of treating me, that I shall not believe one syllable of what they said, until I have it by a letter under your own hand. Our common run of ladies here dare not read before a man, and much less dare to write, for fear (as their expression is) of being exposed. So that when I see any of your sex, if they be worth mending, I beat them all, call them names, until they leave off their follies, and ask pardon. And therefore, because princes are said to have long hands, I wish I were a prince with hands long enough to beat you at this distance, for all your faults, particularly your ill treatment of me. However, I will conclude with charity. May you never give me cause to change, in any single article, the opinion and idea I have of your person and qualities! may you ever long continue the delight of your uncle, and your neighbours round, who deserve your good will, and of all who have merit enough to distinguish you!

I am, with great respect and the highest esteem,

MADAM,

Your most obedient and
most obliged humble servant.

FROM

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## FROM THE EARL OF ORRERY TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

DUKE STREET, WESTMINSTER,
FEB. 14, 1737-8.

MADAM,

I MUST answer a letter I never received. The dean tells me you wrote to me; but the seas, or the postmasters, are in possession of the manuscript. Should it fall into Curll's hands, it may come into print, and then I must answer it in print, which will give me a happy opportunity of letting the world know how much I am your admirer and servant.

I agree entirely with the person who writes three or four paragraphs in the dean's letter. Humour and wit are, like gold and silver, in great plenty in Ireland; nor is there any body that wants either but that abominable dean, the bane of all learning, sense, and virtue. I wish we had him here to punish him for his various offences, particularly for his abhorrence of the dear dear fashions of this polite age. Pray, madam, send him, and you will hear what a simple figure he will make among the great men of our island, who are every day improving themselves in all valuable qualities and noble principles.

I rejoice to hear your fair daughter is in health. I am, to her and you, a most obedient humble servant,

ORRERY.

FROM

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## FROM MISS RICHARDSON.

SUMMER-SEAT,

SIR, FEBRUARY 23d, 1737-8.

I WAS favoured some time ago with your most obliging letter, wherein you are pleased to say so many civil things to me, that I have been altogether at a loss how to make proper acknowledgments for the honour you have done me. The commendations you are so good as to bestow upon me, would make my vanity insufferable to my neighbours, if I were not conscious that I do not deserve them; and although I shall always account it a great unhappiness to me that I never have been in your company, yet this advantage I have from it, that my faults are unknown to you. If I have any thing commendable about me, I sincerely own myself indebted to you for it, having endeavoured as much as I could to model myself by the useful instructions that are to be gathered from your works; for which my sex in general (although I believe some of them do not think so) is highly obliged to you. The opinion you are pleased to entertain of me, I fancy is owing to my uncle's partiality, who has frequently been so kind as to take pains to make persons unacquainted with me think better of me than afterward they found I deserved. I have great reason to complain of his treatment in this particular; but in all others I have met with so much kindness from him, that I must think it my duty to lay hold of every opportunity

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nity that falls in my way to oblige him. Sir, you have it in your power to give me one, by making him a visit at Summer-Seat, where all the skill I have in housekeeping should be employed to have every thing in that manner that would be most pleasing to you, which I know is the most agreeable service I could do for him. You are pleased to wish in your letter that you had hands long enough to beat me. What an honour and happiness would I esteem it, to be thought worthy of your correction? but I fear you would find my faults so numerous, that you would think me one of those ladies that do not deserve to be mended.

Your letter would have given me the greatest pleasure of any thing I have ever met with, had it not been for the complaints you make of your health, which give me a most sensible concern, as they ought to do every body that has any regard for this kingdom. I hope the good weather will set you right, and that the summer will induce you to visit this northern part of the world. I fear I have by this time tired out your patience with female impertinence, and given you too great reason to change the favourable thoughts you did me the honour to entertain of me; I will forbear to be longer troublesome to you, only I beg leave to add my best wishes for your good health, that you may live many years to be a blessing to mankind in general, and this country in particular. I am, with the highest esteem, and greatest respect, sir, your most obedient and most humble servant,

KATH. RICHARDSON.

TO

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## TO MR. FAULKNER.

SIR, MARCH 8, 1737-8.

SOME of my friends wonder very much at your delaying to publish that treatise of Polite Conversation, &c. when you so often desired that I should hasten to correct the several copies you sent me; which, as ill as I have been, and am still, I dispatched as fast as I got them. I expect you would finish it immediately, and send it to me; I hope you have observed all the corrections. I hear you have not above four or five pages remaining. I find people think you are too negligent; and, if you delay longer, what you fear may come to pass, that the English edition may come over before you have your own ready.

I am your humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

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## FROM ALDERMAN BARBER.

LONDON, MARCH 13th, 1737-8.

MOST DEAR AND HONOURED FRIEND.

IT was with great pleasure I received yours of the 9th of March, with the state of your health, which was the more agreeable, as it contradicted the various



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reports we had of you; for you remember that our newspapers take the privilege of killing all persons they do not like as often as they please. I have had the honour to be decently interred about six times in their weekly memoirs, which I have always read with great satisfaction.

I am very well satisfied with your character of Mr. Dunkin, and desire that he would immediately draw up a petition in form, directed to the governor, &c. which petition I desire that you only would underwrite, with your recommendation, and a character of him; which you will please to send to me, to be made use of at my discretion. He need not come over, but inform me, as soon as possible, of Dr. Squire's death.

I have made your compliments to lord and lady Oxford, who are both well, and rejoiced to hear of your health. They give you their thanks for your remembrance, and are your faithful friends.

His lordship is very well pleased with your present of the medals*, and desires you would send them by the first safe hand that comes over. Is it not shocking that that noble lord, who has no vices (except buying manuscripts and curiosities may be called so) has not a guinea in his pocket, and is selling a great part of his estate to pay his debts? and that estate of his produces near 20000l. a year. I

* Alluding to some medals and other curiosities which had been purchased at Rome by captain Bernage, and sent to the dean as a present. This gentleman, who had been educated in the university of Dublin, obtained, at Dr. Swift's recommendation, an ensign's commission from the earl of Pembroke when lord lieutenant. He was afterward made a captain; but was disbanded at the peace of Utrecht. See also the Journal to Stella, February 10, 1710-11; and April 19, 1711.



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say, is it not shocking! But indeed most of our nobility with great estates are in the same way. My lord Burlington is now selling, in one article, 9000l. a year in Ireland, for 200000l. which wont pay his debts.

Dr. Mead is proud of your compliments*, and returns his thanks and service.

Mr. Lewis I have not seen, but hear he is pretty well.

Mr. Ford, I am told, is the most regular man living; for from his lodgings to the Mall—to the Cocoa—to the tavern—to bed, is his constant course.

These cold winds of late have affected me; but as the warm weather is coming on, I hope to be better than I am, though, I thank God, I am now in better health than I have been in for many years. Among the other blessings I enjoy, I am of a cheerful disposition, and I laugh, and am laughed at in my turn, which helps off the tedious hours.

I hope the spring will have a good effect upon you, and will help your hearing and other infirmities, and that I shall have the pleasure to hear so from your own hand.

You will please to observe that I am proud of every occasion of showing my gratitude to you, sir, to whom I must ever own the greatest obligations.

Pray God bless you and preserve you, and believe me always, dear sir, your most faithful and most obedient humble servant,

JOHN BARBER.

* The dean had made Dr. Mead a present of his works.



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## FROM DR. KING TO DEANE SWIFT, ESQ.*

ST. MARY HALL, OXON,
SIR, MARCH 15, 1737-8.

I DID not receive your letter of the 4th till yesterday. It was sent after me to London, and from thence returned to Oxford.

I am much concerned that I cannot see you before you go to Ireland, because I intended to have sent by you a packet for the dean. It has been no fault of mine that he has not heard from me. I have written two letters for him (both enclosed to Mrs. Whiteway) since I received the manuscript from lord Orrery. I wrote again to Mrs. Whiteway, when I was last week in London, to acquaint her, that I would write to the dean by a friend of mine, who is going for Ireland in a few days. I do not wonder my letters by the post have been intercepted, since they wholly related to the publication of ——†, which, I am assured, is a matter by no means agreeable to some of our great men, nor indeed to some of the dean's particular friends in London. In short, I have been obliged to defer this publication till I can have the dean's answer to satisfy the objections which have been made by some of his friends. I had likewise a particular reason of my own for deferring this work a few months, which I have acquainted the dean with.

* Then at Monmouth.

† Dr. Swift's History of the Four Last Years of Q. Anne.

I must

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I must beg the favour of you to leave behind you the copy of The Toast, at least to show it to nobody in Ireland: for as I am upon the point of accommodating my suit, the publication of the book would greatly prejudice my affairs at this juncture. But this is a caution I believe I needed not have given you.

Your friends in the Hall are all well. We are now very full.

Believe me to be, sir, your most affectionate and most humble servant,

WILLIAM KING.

Notwithstanding your letter, I am still in some hopes of seeing you before you go for Ireland.

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## FROM MR. POPE TO THE EARL OF ORRERY.

APRIL 2, 1738.

I WRITE by the same post that I received your very obliging letter. The consideration you show toward me, in the just apprehension that any news of the dean's condition might alarm me, is most kind and generous. The very last post I writ to him a long letter, little suspecting him in that dangerous circumstance. I was so far from fearing his health, that I was proposing schemes, and hoping possibilities for our meeting once more in this world. I am weary of it; and shall have one reason more, and one of the strongest that nature can give me (even when she



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is shaking my weak frame to pieces) to be willing to leave this world, when our dear friend is on the edge of the other. Yet I hope, I would fain hope, he may yet hover a while on the brink of it, to preserve to this wretched age a relick and example of the last.

## DR. KING TO DEANE SWIFT, ESQ.

ST. MARY HALL, OXON,
APRIL 25, 1738.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE just received your letter by Mr. Birt, for which I thank you. It is now more than a month since I wrote to Mrs. Whiteway, to acquaint the dean with the difficulties I met with in regard to the publication of his history, and to desire his advice and directions in what manner I should proceed. I have not yet had any answer; and till I receive one, I can do nothing more. I may probably hear from Ireland before you leave Monmouth; in which case I may trouble you with a packet.

I am pretty much of your opinion about the old poets, and perhaps may confirm you in your whimsies (as you call them) when I have the pleasure of seeing you here again. I heartily wish you a good journey and voyage: but methinks I can hardly excuse you for having been so long absent from us. I wish you had returned to this place, though for one week; because I might have talked over with you all

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all the affair of the history, about which I have been much condemned: and no wonder, since the dean has continually expressed his dissatisfaction that I have so long delayed the publication of it. However, I have been in no fault: on the contrary, I have consulted the dean's honour, and the safety of his person. In a word, the publication of this work, as excellent as it is, would involve the printer, publisher, author, and every one concerned, in the greatest difficulties, if not in a certain ruin; and therefore it will be absolutely necessary to omit some of the characters.

I thank you for the promise you make me concerning The Toast.

Your friends here are all well. Believe me, dear sir, your most obedient humble servant,

WILLIAM KING.

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## TO MISS HAMILTON *, OF CALEDON.

DEANERY HOUSE, DUBLIN,

MADAM, JUNE 8, 1738.

SOME days ago, my lord Orrery had the assurance to show me a letter of yours to him, where you did me the honour to say many things in my favour; I read the letter with great delight; but

* Miss Hamilton of Caledon in the county of Tyrone, a great heiress in her own right, with every virtue and accomplishment to adorn her sex.



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at the same time I reproached his lordship for his presumption, in pretending to take a lady from me, who had made so many advances, and confessed herself to be nobody's goddess but mine. However, he had the boldness to assure me, that he had your consent to take him for a husband. I therefore command you never to accept him, without my leave, under my own hand and seal. And as I do not know any lady in this kingdom of so good sense, or so many accomplishments, I have at last, with a heavy heart, permitted him to make himself the happiest man in the world; for I know no fault in him, except his treacherous dealing with me.

Pray God make you happy in yourselves, and each other; and believe me to be, with the truest esteem and respect,

MADAM,

You most obedient and obliged servant,

J. SWIFT.

I have neither mourning paper nor gilt, at this time; and if I had, I could not tell which I ought to choose.

## FROM THE EARL OF ORRERY.

DEAR SIR, JUNE 13, 1738.

I AM engaged to morrow at dinner; but I will try to put it off, and send you word in the morning whether

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whether I can meet Mrs. Whiteway or not. To show you what a generous rival I am (now I am sure of the lady) I should be glad to carry down a letter from you to my mistress on Friday. She never drinks any wine; but she told me the other day, to do you good, she would drink a bottle. I wish you would insist on it, that I might see whether wine would alter the sweetness of her temper, for I am sure nothing else can.

I rejoice to find there is some little amendment in your health, and I pray God to increase it.

## FROM LORD ORRERY.

DEAR SIR, JUNE 29, 1738.

I HAVE but this paper left, and how can I employ it better than in triumphing over my rival. *Mea est Lavinia conjux.* To morrow miss Hamilton gives me her heart and hand for ever. Do I live to see the day when toupets, coxcomical lords, powdered squires, and awkward beaux, join with the dean of St. Patrick's in loss of one and the same object? My happiness is too great, and in pity to you I will add no more than that I hope to see grief for this loss strongly wrote in your face even twenty years hence. Adieu, your generous rival,

ORRERY.

FROM

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## FROM ALDERMAN BARBER.

LONDON, JULY 2, 1738.

MOST HONOURED AND WORTHY SIR,

I HAVE deferred answering the favours of yours of the 9th and 31st of March, in hopes to have something to entertain you with, and I have succeeded in my wishes; for I am sure I give you great pleasure when I tell you the enclosed I received from the hands of my lord Bolingbroke and Mr. Pope, your dearest friends. My lord has been here a few days, and is come to sell Dawley, to pay his debts; and he will return to France, where, I am told, he is writing the History of his own Times; which I heartily rejoice at (though I am not likely to live to see it published) because so able a hand can do nothing but what must be instructive and entertaining to the next generation. His lordship is fat and fair, in high spirits; but joins with you, and all good men, to lament our present unhappy situation. Mr. Pope has a cold, and complains, but he is very well; so well, that he throws out a twelvepenny touch in a week or ten days, with as much ease as a friend of ours formerly used to roast the enemies to their country.

The report of the duke of Ormond's return is without foundation. His grace is very well in health, and lives in a very handsome manner, and has Mr. Kelly with him as his chaplain, the gentleman who escaped

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escaped out of the Tower. A worthy friend of yours and mine passed through Avignon about a month since, and dined with his grace, from whom I have what I tell you.

I hear nothing of Dr. Squire's departure: I believe I may say that matter is secured for Mr. Dunkin.

I have seen lord and lady Oxford, who make you their compliments. He thanks you for your medals. I believe I told you he is selling Wimple, to pay off a debt of 100000l. That a man without any vice, should run out such a sum, is monstrous. It must be owing to the roguery of his stewards, and his indolency, which is vice enough.

Lord Bathurst is heartily yours; so is Mr. Lewis, who wears apace, and the more (would you believe it?) since the loss of his wife.

I do not see lord —— in an age; his son is married, and proves bad enough; ill natured and proud, and very little in him. Our friend Ford lives in the same way, as constant as the sun, from the Cocoa tree to the park, to the tavern, to bed, &c.

So far in the historical way, to obey your several commands. You will now give me leave to hope this will find you free from all your complaints, and that I shall have the great pleasure of seeing it very quickly under your own hand. I thank God, I am better than I have been many years, but yet have many complaints; for my asthma sticks close by me, but less gout than formerly, so that though I cannot walk far I ride daily, and eat and drink heartily at noon; and I impute my being so much better to my drinking constantly the asses milk,

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milk, which is the best specifick we have. I wish to God you would try it, I am sure it would do you much good. I take it betimes in the morning, which certainly gives me a little sleep, and often a small breathing or sweat.

If Mr. Richardson has not made you his acknowledgments for your great favour and friendship to him, he is much to blame; for to you he owes the continuance of his employment. An alderman of Derry came from thence on purpose to attach him, and he had many articles of impeachment; and I believe he had twenty out of twenty-four, of our society against him: and the cry has been against him for two or three years past, and I had no way to save him many times, but only by saying, that while I had the honour to preside in that chair, I would preserve the great privilege every Englishman had, of being heard before he was condemned: and I never put any question against him while he was in Ireland. Well, he came, and, after a long and tedious hearing of both sides, the society were of opinion, that he had acted justly and honourably in his office.

I do not deal in politicks; I have left them off a long while, only we talk much of war, which I do not believe a word on. A fair lady in Germany * has put the king in good humour they say.

I shall trouble you no more at present, but to assure you I never think of you but with the utmost pleasure, and drink your health daily, and heartily pray for your long, long life, as you are an honour

* Amelia Sophia von Wallmoden, countess of Yarmouth.

to

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to your country, and will be the glory of the present and succeeding ages.

I am, dear sir, your most affectionate humble servant,

J. BARBER.

## TO MR. FAULKNER.

SIR, THURSDAY, JULY 13, 1738.

I desire you will print the following paper, in what manner you think most proper. You see my design in it: I believe no man had ever more difficulty, or less encouragement, to bestow his whole fortune for a charitable use.

I am your humble servant,

J. SWIFT.

IT is known enough, that the abovenamed doctor has, by his last will and testament, bequeathed his whole fortune (except some legacies) to build and endow an hospital, in or near this city, for the support of lunaticks, ideots, and those they call incurables: But the difficulty he lies under is, that his whole fortune consists in mortgages on lands, and other the like securities; for, as to purchasing a real estate in lands, for want of active friends, he finds it impossible; so that, much against his will, if he should call in all his money lent, he knows not where to find a convenient estate in a tolerable part of the kingdom, which can be bought; and in the mean time,

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time, his whole fortune must lie dead in the hands of bankers. The great misfortune is, that there seems not so much publick virtue left among us, as to have any regard for a charitable design; because none but the aforesaid unfortunate objects of charity will be the better for it: However, the said doctor, by calling in the several sums he has lent, can be able, with some difficulty, to purchase three hundred pounds *per annum* in lands, for the endowment of the said hospital, if those lands could be now purchased; otherwise he must leave it, as he has done in his will, to the care of his executors, who are very honest, wise, and considerable gentlemen, his friends; and yet he has known some of very fair and deserved credit, prove very negligent trustees. The doctor is now able to lend two thousand pounds, at five *per cent*, upon good security; of which the principal, after his decease, is to be disposed of, by his executors, in buying lands for the farther endowment of the said hospital.

## FROM WILLIAM RICHARDSON, ESQ.

JULY, 25, 1738.

THERE are but very few things would give me a greater concern than the dean of St. Patrick's becoming indifferent toward me; and yet I fear one of those few things is the cause I have not had a line from you since I came hither. I beseech you ease me

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me of my present pain, by telling me that you are well; that summer, which hath but lately reached us here, hath invited you, and tempted you to ride again.

If any thing occurs to you I can do, that is agreeable to you, if you have the least inclination to oblige me, you will let me know it.

My hurry here is almost over; but one affair or other will detain me till the latter end of October, if I get away then. I cannot say I pass my time disagreeably. I have had some opportunities of doing good offices; and, when I am not engaged by business, I live with a few friends that I love, and love me, and for the most part, go every week with one of them to the country for two or three days.

Your friend Bolingbroke is well, and at present with Mr. Pope. I am told he has sold Dawley. Alderman Barber, who has promised me to write to you by the next post, tells me his lordship inquired much about you and your health. The alderman plays his cards so as that his credit in the city daily increases. There is nothing but the vacancy wanted to put Mr. Dunkin in possession of the parish of Colrain.

I hear you have seen Pope's first Dialogue, 1738. Have you seen his Universal Prayer? This second dialogue, together with a copy of the inscription intended by the old duchess of Marlborough for a statue she is to erect of queen Anne, and a few lines attributed to lord Chesterfield, on another subject, wait on you enclosed.

Believe that I love as much as I admire you; and that

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that I am, with the most perfect respect, dear sir, your most obliged and most truly faithful servant,

WILLIAM RICHARDSON.

This packet goes franked by the secretary of the foreign office, who can frank any weight.

I expect the prime serjeant* here this night in his way to France.

## TO MR. ALDERMAN BARBER.

AUGUST 8, 1738.

MY DEAR AND HONOURED FRIEND,

I HAVE received yours of July 27th; and two days ago had a letter from Mr. Pope, with a dozen lines from my lord Bolingbroke, who tells me he is just going to France, and I suppose, designs to continue there as long as he lives. I am very sorry he is under a necessity of selling Dawley. Pray, let me know whether he be tolerably easy in his fortunes; for he has these several years lived very expensively. Is his lady still alive? and has he still a country house and an estate of hers to live on! I should be glad to live so long, as to see his History of his

* Henry Singleton, esq., whom Dr. Swift appointed one of his executors. He was afterward lord chief justice of the common pleas, which he resigned upon a pension; and was appointed master of the rolls in Ireland.

own

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own Times; which would be a work very worthy of his lordship and will be a defence of that ministry, and a justification of our late glorious queen, against the malice, ignorance, falsehood, and stupidity of our present times and managers. I very much like Mr. Pope's last poem, entitled MDCCXXXVIII, called Dialogue II; but I live so obscurely, and know so little of what passes in London, that I cannot know the names of persons and things by initial letters.

I am very glad to hear that the duke of Ormond lives so well at ease and in so good health, as well as with so valuable a companion. His grace has an excellent constitution at so near to fourscore. Mr. Dunkin is not in town, but I will send to him when I hear he is come. I extremely love my lord and lady Oxford; but his way of managing his fortune is not to be endured. I remember a rascally butcher, one Morley, a great landjobber and knave, who was his lordship's manager, and has been the principal cause of my lord's wrong conduct, in which you agree with me in blaming his weakness and credulity. I desire you will please, upon occasion, to present my humble service to my lord and lady Oxford, and to my lord Bathurst. I just expected the character you give of young * * * * *. I hated him from a boy. I wonder Mr. Ford is alive; perhaps, walking preserves him.

I very much lament your asthma. I believe temperance and exercise have preserved me from it.

I seldom walk less than four miles, sometimes six, eight, ten, or more, never beyond my own limits; or, if it rains, I walk as much through the house, up and down stairs: and if it were not for this cruel deaf-



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ness, I would ride through the kingdom, and half through England; pox on the modern phrase Great Britain, which is only to distinguish it from Little Britain, where old clothes and old books are to be bought and sold! However, I will put Dr. Sheridan (the best scholar in both kingdoms) upon taking your receipt for a terrible asthma. I wish you were rich enough to buy and keep a horse, and ride every tolerable day twenty miles.

Mr. Richardson is, I think, still in London. I assure you, he is very grateful to me, and is too wise and discreet to give any just occasion of complaint, by which he must be a great loser in reputation, and a greater in his fortune.

I have not written so much this many a day. I have tired myself much; but, in revenge, I will tire you.

I am, dear Mr. alderman, with very great esteem,
Your most obedient and most humble servant.

## TO MR. FAULKNER.

SIR, AUGUST 31, 1738.

I BELIEVE you know that I had a treatise, called Advice to Servants, in two volumes. The first was lost, but this minute Mrs. Ridgeway brought it to me, having found it in some papers in her room; and truly, when I went to look for the second I could not tell where to find it: if you happen to have it, I



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shall be glad; if not, the messenger shall go to Mrs. Whiteway. I am,

Your humble servant,

J. SWIFT.

## FROM THE BISHOP OF FERNS *.

SIR, SEPTEMBER 18, 1738.

A MESSAGE which I just now received from you by Mr. Hughes, gives me some hopes of being restored to my old place. Formerly I was your minister *in musicis:* but when I grew a great man (and by the by you helped to make me so) you turned me off. If you are pleased again to employ me, I shall be as faithful and observant as ever.

I have heard Mr. Hughes sing often at Percival's †, and have a good opinion of his judgment: so has Percival, who, in these affairs, is infallible. His voice is not excellent, but will do: and, if I mistake not, he has one good quality, not very common with the musical gentlemen, *i. e.* he is desirous to improve himself. If Mason and Lamb were of his temper, they would be as fine fellows as they think themselves. I am, sir, your most obedient humble servant,

EDWARD FERNS.

* Dr. Synge. † At dean Percival's.



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## TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

MR. Swift's gimcracks of cups and balls*, in order to my convenient shaving with ease and dispatch, together with the prescription on half a sheet of paper, was exactly followed, but some inconveniences attended; for I cut my face once or twice, was just twice as long in the performance, and left twice as much hair behind, as I have done this twelvemonth past. I return him therefore all his implements, and my own compliments, with abundance of thanks, because he hath fixed me during life in my old humdrum way. Give me a full and true account of all your healths, and so adieu. I am ever, &c.

J. SWIFT.

Oct. 3d or 4th, or rather as the butler says, the second on Tuesday 1738.

My service to all your litter, I mean Mrs. Harrison, &c. but you will call this high treason. I am still very lame of that left foot. I expect to see as many of you as you please.

* A box of soap and a brush.

FROM

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## FROM MR. POPE.

TWITNAM,

MY DEAR FRIEND, OCTOBER 12, 1738.

I COULD glady tell you every week the many things that pass in my heart, and revive the memory of all your friendship to me; but I am not so willing to put you to the trouble of showing it (though I know you have it as warm as ever) upon little or trivial occasions. Yet, this once, I am unable to refuse the request of a very particular and very deserving friend; one of those whom his own merit has forced me to contract an intimacy with, after I had sworn never to love a man more, since the sorrow it cost me to have loved so many, now dead, banished, or unfortunate. I mean Mr. Lyttleton, one of the worthiest of the rising generation. His nurse has a son, whom I would beg you to promote to the next vacancy in your choir. I loved my own nurse, and so does Lyttleton: he loves and is loved, through the whole chain of relations, dependants, and acquaintance. He is one who would apply to any person to please me, or to serve mine: I owe it to him to apply to you for this man, whose name is William Lamb; and he is the bearer of this letter. I presume he is qualified for that which he desires; and I doubt not, if it be consistent with justice, you will gratify me in him.

Let this, however, be an opportunity of telling you——What?——what I cannot tell; the kind-



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ness I bear you, the affection I feel for you, the hearty wishes I form for you, my prayers for your health of body and mind, or (the best sotfenings of the want of either) quiet and resignation. You lose little by not hearing such things as this idle and base generation has to tell you: you lose not much by forgetting most of what now passes in it. Perhaps, to have a memory that retains the past scenes of our country, and forgets the present, is the means to be happier and better contented. But, if the evil of the day be not intolerable (though sufficient, God knows, at any period of life) we may, at least we should, nay we must (whether patiently or impatiently) bear it, and make the best of what we cannot make better, but may make worse. To hear that this is your situation and your temper, and that peace attends you at home, and one or two true friends who are tender about you, would be a great ease to me to know, and know from yourself. Tell me who those are whom you now love or esteem, that I may love and esteem them too; and if ever they come into England, let them be my friends. If, by any thing I can here do, I can serve you, or please you, be certain it will mend my happiness; and that no satisfaction any thing gives me here will be superiour, if equal to it.

My dear dean, whom I never will forget, or think of with coolness, many are yet living here who frequently mention you with affection and respect. Lord Orrery, lord Bathurst, lord Bolingbroke, lord Oxford, lord Masham, Lewis, Mrs. P. Blount, allow one woman to the list, for she is as constant to old friendships as any man. And many young men there are, nay all that are any credit to this age, who love you unknown,

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unknown, who kindle at your fire, and learn by your genius. Nothing of you can die, nothing of you can decay, nothing of you can suffer, nothing of you can be obscured, or locked up from esteem and admiration, except what is at the deanery; just as much of you only as God made mortal. May the rest of you (which is all) be as happy hereafter as honest men may expect, and need not doubt; while (knowing nothing more) they know that their Maker is merciful! Adieu.

Yours ever,

A. POPE.

## FROM MR. POPE TO THE EARL OF ORRERY.

TWITNAM, NOV. 7.

WHEN you get to Dublin (whither I direct this, supposing you will see our dear friend as soon as possible) pray put the dean in mind of me, and tell him I hope he received my last. Tell him how dearly I love him, and how greatly I honour him: how greatly I reflect on every testimony of his friendship; how much I resolved to give the best I can of my esteem for him to posterity; and assure him, the world has nothing in it I admire so much; nothing the loss of which I should regret so much, as his genius and his virtues.



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## TO ROBERT COPE, ESQ.

SIR, DEANERY HOUSE, NOV. 11, 1738.

I WAS just going to write to you, when your clerk brought me your note for thirty-six pounds, which was more by a third part than I desired, and for which I heartily thank you. I have been used since my illness to hear so many thousand lies told of myself and others, and so circumstantially, that my head was almost turned; and if I gave them any credit, it was because one thing I knew perfectly, that we differed entirely in our opinions of publick management. I did and do detest the lowering of the gold, because I saw a resolution seven years old of your house of commons of a very different nature, and have since seen tracts against it, which to me were demonstrations; and am assured, as well as know by experience, that I have not received a penny except from you. However, although I know you to be somewhat of what we call a giber; yet I am convinced by your assertions that I was ill informed; and yet, we differ so much in the present politicks, that I doubt it will much affect the good will you formerly seemed to bear me. I grant, that the bishops, the people in employments of all kinds who receive salaries, and some others, will not lose a penny by lowering the money, because they must still have their pay; and, if your estate be set much under value, you will be no sufferer; though I, and

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I, and thousands of others, will soundly feel the smart, and particularly the lower clergy, who I find are out of every body's good graces; but for what reasons I know not. I hear your house is forming a bill against all legacies* to the church, or any publick charity, which puts me under a great difficulty; because, by my will, I have bequeathed my whole fortune to build and endow an hospital for lunaticks and idiots†. I wish I had any certainty in that matter. You mistook me in one expression; what I said was, that I wished all who were for lowering the gold, were lowered to the dust; and I might explain it, so that it would bear the sense of causing them to repent in dust and ashes.

I am, sir,
Your most obedient humble servant,

J. SWIFT.

* The bill did not pass.

† The dean drew up a petition to the house of lords in Ireland, to be excepted in the heads of the bill for a mortmain act, then in agitation; that he might be at liberty to fulfil his benevolent intention: but the bill did not pass. The hospital (endowed by Dr. Swift's legacy of above 10,000 pounds) was incorporated by charter, in August 1746. By a printed state, in 1770, it appears, that, by the addition of other legacies, the trustees were enabled at that time t admit thirty-four patients on the establishment; and had also sixteen boarders under cure, at the rate of thirty guineas a year for each.

TO

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## TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

NOV. 27, 1738.

I NEVER liked a letter from you on your usual days of coming here, for it always brings me bad news. I am heartily sorry for your son's continuing his illness, and that you have now two patients in your house. In the mean time pray take care of your health, chiefly your wicked colick, and Mrs. Harrison's disposition to a fever. I hope at least things will be better on Thursday *, else I shall be full of the spleen, because it is a day you seem to regard, although I detest it, and I read the third chapter of Job that morning †. I am deafer than when you saw me last, and indeed am quite cast down. My hearty love and service to Mrs. Harrison. I thoroughly pity you in your present circumstances. I am ever yours entirely. God support you!

J. SWIFT.

* Dr. Swift's birthday.

† This chapter he always read upon his birthday.

FROM

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## FROM MISS RICHARDSON TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

BELTURBET,

DEAR MADAM, NOVEMBER 29, 1738.

IT was a very unequal match that the dean and you should join in a plot against my uncle and me: you could not fail of carrying your point. Any thing the dean hath a hand in, is done in the most genteel and surprising manner. I fairly own I am caught: I would be glad to know what my uncle will think of himself when he hears the part he acted in it, I have been so well accustomed to receive presents of value from him, that I thought it had been a piece of edging, or some light thing, which he had committed to your care to be forwarded to me. Never was I so surprised as I was when I read your letter, to think that I had received a present from so great a person as the dean; but when I looked upon it, and knew the expense it must be to him, I was quite confounded: it was too great an honour for me, who can never deserve the least favour from him: it is a most beautiful diamond; I own I am proud of finery now, which I never was in my life before. I am highly obliged to you for your improvement of the ring: the dean's hair and name have made it a treasure to me, and I really believe it will be thought so a thousand years hence, if it can be kept so long. I am sure it shall by me, as long as I live, with as much

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much care as I keep my eyes, while I have them to look upon it.

My sister, who had the honour of waiting upon you in town, and brought me the ring very safe, is full of acknowledgments for your civilities to her, and returns you her most sincere thanks, with her humble service. Pray give mine most affectionately to miss Harrison. I am, dear madam, your most obliged and most humble servant,

KATH. RICHARDSON.

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## FROM WILLIAM RICHARDSON, ESQ.

SIR, LONDON, JANUARY 2, 1738-9.

I AM called upon, by many provocations, to prefer a bill of indictment against you, and a female accomplice of yours*; for that by the use of means very uncommon, which were in your power only, you have turned the head of a well meaning country girl of plain sense, who had been very useful to me, and esteemed by her acquaintance. I have seen of late many symptoms of her disorder: it is true, that the fascination of your works had before operated strongly upon her; for scarce any opportunity occurred but she poured forth her admiration of the author, and can repeat without book all your poems better than her catechism; however, she could attend to domestick affairs, and give proper

* Mrs. Whiteway.

directions

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directions about matters in the kitchen and larder, &c. and when she did not pore upon your writings, or some other books (I cannot say of the like kind) she was at work, or seeing that things in her province were as they should be: but now truly it appears she apprehends that heretofore she had not discovered her own value and importance. To be taken notice of by a person she has long thought to be the greatest genius any age has produced, and whom she worships with an adoration that to any mortal rises almost to idolatry, has, it is much to be feared, transported her with conceit and vanity, and where it will end, I know not. What you have done proceeded, no doubt, from a malicious intention toward me as well as the poor girl; and I resent it accordingly, as I hope she will do when she returns to her senses.

I was greatly rejoiced, dear sir, to learn from the prime serjeant Singleton, that he found you extremely well in every respect, except your hearing; and in that he said you were much better than he expected. That man, who has as true a heart as I ever met with, most entirely loves as well as admires you.

This place affords no news at present. I am detained by affairs of importance that relate to my friends, and cannot yet say when they will allow me to return. I pass my time, now and then, with some of Mr. Pope's most intimate friends; and although I would have great pleasure in being known to him, that of the present age comes next to you in fame, I shall not be introduced to him, unless I shall have the honour not to be thought wholly unworthy to deliver him a letter from the dean of St. Patrick's.

Alderman

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Alderman Barber got a fall in his parlour on his hip, by his foot getting into a hole of the carpet; it brought a fit of the gout upon him, and he is still somewhat lame in his hip; but otherwise in very good health and spirits.

Doctor Squire holds out surprisingly: as soon as the vacancy shall happen, I shall have notice, and there is no doubt but Mr. Dunkin will succeed him.

I am ever, dear sir, with the highest esteem and respect, your most obliged and most affectionate humble servant,

WILLIAM RICHARDSON.

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## FROM DR. KING.

ST. MARY-HALL, OXFORD,

SIR, JANUARY 5, 1738-9.

AT length I have put Rochefoucault to the press, and about ten or twelve days hence it will be published. But I am in great fear lest you should dislike the liberties I have taken. Although I have done nothing without the advice and approbation of those among your friends in this country, who love and esteem you most, and zealously interest themselves in every thing that concerns your character. As they are much better judges of mankind than I am, I very readily submitted to their opinion; however, if after having received the printed copies, which I will send you next week, you

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you shall still resolve to have the poem published as entire as you put it into my hands, I will certainly obey your commands, if I can find a proper person to undertake the work. I shall go to London the latter end of the next week, when I will write to you by a private hand more fully than I can venture to do by the post.

I was at Twickenham in the Christmas week. Mr. Pope had just then received a letter from you, and I had the pleasure of hearing you were well and in good spirits. May those good spirits continue with you to the last hour!

Believe me to be, with the greatest truth, sir, your most obedient and most faithful servant,

W. K.

Pray do me the honour to present my most humble service to Mrs. Whiteway.

## FROM DR. KING.

SIR, LONDON, JAN. 23, 1738-9.

I HOPE you received a letter I wrote to you from Oxford, about the thirtieth of last month, in which I acquainted you with the publication of Rochefoucault; and as I interest myself most heartily in every thing that concerns your character as an author, so I take great pleasure in telling you, that none of your works have been better received by the publick than this poem. I observe this with more

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more than ordinary satisfaction, because I may urge the approbation of the publick as some kind of apology for myself, if I shall find you are dissatisfied with the form in which this poem now appears. But if that should happen, all the rest of your friends on this side of the water must share the blame with me; for I have absolutely conformed myself to their advice and opinion as to the manner of the publication. There are some lines, indeed, which I omitted with a very ill will, and for no other reason, but because I durst not insert them, I mean the story of the medals; however, that incident is pretty well known, and care has been taken that almost every reader may be able to supply the blanks. That part of the poem which mentions the death of queen Anne, and so well describes the designs of the ministry, which succeeded upon the accession of the late king, I would likewise willingly have published, if I could have done it with safety; but I do not know whether the present worthy set of ministers would not have construed this passage into high treason, by aid of the new doctrine of innuendoes: at least a lawyer, whom I consulted on this occasion, gave me some reason to imagine this might be the case. I am in truth more cautious than I used to be, well knowing that my superiours look on me at present with a very evil eye, as I am the reputed author of the Latin poem I have sent you by the same gentleman, who does me the favour to deliver you this letter: for although that piece has escaped the state inquisition, by being written in a language that is not at present very well understood at court, and might perhaps puzzle the attorney general to explain, yet the scope of the poem and principal characters

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characters being well understood, the author must hereafter expect no mercy, if he give his enemies any grounds or colour to attack him. But notwithstanding all my caution, if I perceive you dislike this manner and form of the poem, I will, some way or other, contrive that it may be published as you shall direct.

I send you my best wishes, and I hope you will yet live many years in a perfect state for the sake of your friends, for the benefit of your country, and for the honour of mankind; and I beg you to believe that I am, with the greatest truth, sir, your most humble and most obedient servant,

W. K.

## DR. KING TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

MADAM, JANUARY 30, 1738-9.

A VERY kind letter, which I have just received from you, has put me into great confusion. I beg of you to be assured, that I think myself under the highest obligations to you, and that I set a true value on the friendship with which you have honoured me, and shall endeavour to preserve it as long as I live. If our correspondence has been interrupted, it has been wholly owing to the ill treatment I received from the postoffice; for some time I did not receive a letter that had not been opened, and very often my letters were delivered to me with



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the seals torn off. Whether those postofficers really thought me, what I never thought myself, a man of importance, or whether they imagined my letters were a cover for some greater name, I do not know; but for my part, I grew peevish, to find my friendships, and all my little chitchat, must constantly be exposed to the view of every dirty fellow, that had leisure or curiosity enough to examine my letters. However, for some little time past, I have not had the same cause of complaint. Your letter was delivered to me in good condition; I begin to think my superiours no longer suspect me of holding any unwarrantable correspondence, especially since I find I may now venture to write to the dean, even by the Oxford post. Notwithstanding what you say, I am in some pain about Rochefoucault, and doubt much whether he will be satisfied with the manner in which he finds it published; to which I consented in deference to Mr. Pope's judgment, and the opinion of others of the dean's friends in this country, who, I am sure, love and honour him, and kindly concern themselves in every thing that may affect him. The town has received this piece so well, that in all parts, and in all companies, I hear it extremely commended; and not only the dean's friends, but his greatest enemies, acknowledge that he has not lost any part of his fire, and of that inimitable turn of wit and humour so peculiar to himself. For my part, I never read any of his works either in prose or verse, that I do not call to mind that short character which cardinal Polignac gave him in speaking to me, *Il a l' esprit créateur*, which I mentioned to you in a former letter, if I remember rightly. It may not be amiss



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to tell you, that one Gally, or Gaillie, since this poem was printed, offered it to sale to a bookseller at Temple bar; and I am now told that there are two or three copies more in London. Gaillie pretends that he is just come from Ireland, and that he had directions to publish the poem here; so that perhaps the whole may at least appear, whether he will or not.

I am glad to hear that my friend Mr. Swift is well. When are we to see him again in Oxford? Since you appeal to him for a voucher, although you need none with me, let him likewise do me the justice to tell you, that he never heard me mention your name but with the greatest esteem and respect; with which I shall ever be, madam, your most obedient and most faithful servant,

W. K.

I sent the dean a packet by the gentleman under whose cover I send you this.

## FROM LORD CASTLEDURROW.

SIR, DUBLIN, FEB. 2, 1738-9.

SINCE I am forbidden your presence, I think I should be more explicit in my reason of thanks to you for Dr. Delany's obliging present, than I can be in a verbal, crude, ill delivered message by a ser-



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vant. As I am not acquainted with the doctor, I at first imagined his boundless generosity distributed his book among the lords, and that it was sent me, as a member though an unworthy one, of that august body. I soon found myself mistaken; and as all presents are enhanced in value proportionable to their manner of distribution, I thought it incumbent on me to thank him by letter, for having so obligingly distinguished me. He has honoured me with an answer to it, which highly elates me; for, weak minds are easily made vain; but whose would not be so, on the compliment he makes me, on having read some of my letters to you? They were writ, (as most of mine are) in the wantonness of fancy, without aiming at pomp of expression, or dress of words, lucky methods of gilding nonsense; yet, that he should approve, I will not wonder when I consider the benignity of your friendship. Oh! is it not sometimes too strong bias even for your judgment, that prompted you to think them worth his perusal? What am I now to do? I ought not to be silent; yet must I risk depreciating a favourable opinion he has conceived of me, by making myself farther known to him! Why, in prudence, no; in civility, yes. Under this dilemma give me your advice, as you are the origin of this favour. Or will you yield to what I suggest may not be improper? Take me under your protection (as soon as the weather will permit) in a warm hackney coach, which I shall take care to provide. Let us jumble together to his little paradise, which I long much to see, as well as to pay my debt due to his benevolence.

I am

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I am already alarmed with your excuse of deafness and dizziness. Yielding to such a complaint, always strengthens it; exerting against it, generally lessens it. Do not immerge in the sole enjoyment of yourself. Is not a friend the medicine of life? I am sure it is the comfort of it. And I hope you still admit such companions as are capable of administering it. In that number I know I am unworthy of rank: however, my best wishes shall attend you.

I have enclosed some verses. The Latin I believe will please you; one of the translations may have the same fortune, the other cannot. The verses written in the lady's book is, A Lamentable Hymn to Death, from a lover, inscribed to his mistress. I have made the author of it vain (who I am sure had never read Pope's Heloise to Abelard) in telling him his six last lines seem a parody on six of Pope's. They are on the other side, that you may not be at a loss.

Then too, when fate shall thy fair frame destroy,
That cause of all my guilt, and all my joy,
In trance extatick may thy pangs be drown'd,
Bright clouds descend, and angels watch thee round;
From opening skies may streaming glories shine,
And saints embrace thee with a love like mine.

I think the whole letter the most passionate I ever read, except Heloise's own, on the subject of love. I am equally struck with Cadenus to Vanessa. I have often soothed my love with both, when I have been in a fit.

I will conclude with the above wish, and the



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assuring you I am, with great sincerity, as well as esteem, sir,

Your most faithful,
affectionate humble servant,
CASTLEDURROW.

My boy sends you his respects, and would fain pay them in person to you.

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## DR. KING TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

MADAM, LONDON, MARCH 6, 1738-9.

I DO not remember any thing published in my time, that hath been so universally well received as the dean's last poem. Two editions have been already sold off, though two thousand were printed at first. In short, all people read it, all agree to commend it; and I have been well assured, the greatest enemies the dean has in this country, allow it to be a just and beautiful satire. As I am very sincerely and sensibly affected by every thing that may raise the dean's character as a writer (if any thing can raise it higher) so you may believe I have had the greatest pleasure in observing the success and general approbation which this poem has met with; wherefore I was not a little mortified yesterday, when the bookseller brought me the Dublin edition, and at the same time put into my

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my hands a letter he had received from Faulkner, by which I perceive the dean is much dissatisfied with our manner of publication, and that so many lines have been omitted, if Faulkner speaks truth, and knows as much of the dean's mind as he pretends to know. Faulkner has sent over several other copies to other booksellers; so that I take it for granted this poem will soon be reprinted here from the Dublin edition; and then it may be perceived how much the dean's friends have been mistaken in their judgment, however good their intentions have been. In the mean time I will write to you on this occasion without any reserve; for I know you love the dean, and kindly and zealously interest yourself in every thing that concerns his character; and if you will believe the same of me, you will do me great justice.

The doctor's friends, whom I consulted on this occasion, were of opinion, that the latter part of the poem might be thought by the publick a little vain, if so much were said by himself of himself. They were unwilling that any imputation of this kind should lie against this poem, considering there is not the least tincture of vanity appearing in any of his former writings, and that it is well known, there is no man living more free from that fault than he is.

They were of opinion that these lines,

> He lash'd the vice, but spared the name.
> No individual could resent
> Where thousands equally were meant——

might be liable to some objection, and were not, strictly speaking, a just part of his character; be-



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cause several persons have been lashed by name, a Bettesworth, and in this poem, Chartres and Whitshed; and for my part, I do not think, or ever shall think, that it is an imputation on a satirist to lash an infamous fellow by name. The lines which begin,

Here's Wolston's Tracts, the twelfth edition, &c.

are plainly a mistake, and were omitted for that reason only: for Wolston never had a pension: on the contrary he was prosecuted for his blasphemous writings; his book was burnt by the hands of the common hangman; he himself was imprisoned, and died in prison. Woolaston, the author of a book called, "The Religion of Nature "delineated," was indeed much admired at court, his book universally read, his busto set up by the late queen in her grotto at Richmond with Clarke's and Locke's; but this Woolaston was not a clergyman.

The two last lines,

That kingdom he hath left his debtor,
I wish it soon may have a better—

I omitted, because I did not well understand them; a *better* what?——There seems to be what the grammarians call an *antecedent* wanting for that word; for neither *kingdom* or *debtor* will do, so as to make it sense, and there is no other antecedent. The dean is, I think, without exception, the best and most correct writer of English that has ever yet appeared as an author; I was therefore unwilling any thing should be cavilled at as ungrammatical: he is besides the most patient of criticism of all I ever



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knew; which perhaps is not the least sign of a great genius——I have therefore ventured to make these objections to you; in which, however, for the most part, I submitted my own opinion to the judgment of others. I had something to add concerning the notes, but I have not room in this paper—but I will give you the trouble of reading another letter. Believe me, madam, your most obedient and most humble servant,

W. K.

## FROM WILLIAM RICHARDSON, ESQ.

LONDON,

DEAR SIR, APRIL THE 10TH, 1739.

IT is an age since I had the honour of a line from you. Your friend Mr. Alderman Barber, whose veneration for you prompts him to do any thing he can think of that can show his respect and affection, made a present to the university of Oxford of the original picture done for you by Jervas, to do honour to the university by your being placed in the gallery among the most renowned and distinguished personages this island has produced; but first had a copy taken, and then had the original set in a fine rich frame, and sent it to Oxford, after concerting with lord Bolingbroke, the vicechancellor, and Mr. Pope, as I remember, the inscription to be under the picture, a copy whereof is enclosed. The alder-

man

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man had a very handsome compliment from the vicechancellor, in the name of all the heads of houses there, and by their direction; wherein there is most honourable mention of the dean of St. Patrick's on that occasion.

Seeing an article in the London Evening Post upon your picture, which was drawn at the request and expense of the chapter of your cathedral, being put up in the deanery; alderman Barber took the hint, and caused what you see in the London Evening Post of this day to be printed therein. He knows nothing of my writing to you at this time; but I thought it right that you should be acquainted how intent he is, all manner of ways, to show the effects of the highest friendship, kindled to a flame by the warmest sense of gratitude, and the most exalted esteem and veneration.

Mrs. Whiteway, and Mr. M'Aulay, can inform you how absolute your commands are with me. Since you recommended him, he is sure of the utmost I can do for him.

Sir, if I have not a few words from you, I shall conclude that you think me troublesome, and are resolved to get rid of my impertinence. It will be two or three months before I can get from hence, although I am impatient to be at home: but wherever I am, or however engaged, I am always, dear sir, your most obliged and most truly faithful servant,

WILLIAM RICHARDSON.

My best respects wait upon Mrs. Whiteway.

DR.

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## DR. DUNKIN TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

MADAM, APRIL 25, 1739.

AS it was through your countenance I had the honour of being first introduced to the most worthy dean of St. Patrick*, I must have thought myself under the highest obligation to you; but the continuance of your friendship, through so many repeated acts of generosity, and the course of his gracious endeavours to raise my reputation and fortune, are such things as I must ever remember and express with a very deep sense of gratitude.

The fatigue of writing so many letters lately in my favour, was indeed what I could not in reason expect even from his humanity, were I worthy of them; and I can only say, the dean of St. Patrick is unwearied in doing good, and that he who could rise to preserve a nation, will descend to relieve an individual.

The sense of my own demerit, and the just awe in which I stand before so great and good a man, will not allow me either that freedom of speech or writing, which is requisite to let him understand with what love, veneration, and respect of his person, I reflect upon the many instances of his tender concern and uncommon zeal for my welfare. This is a duty I most earnestly wish, but am

* It was Faulkner who first introduced him to Dr. Swift by taking much pains and trouble to accomplish it.

altogether

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altogether unable to perform, and such as I entreat you, dear madam, to undertake for me; your compliance in which will be yet another, among the many and weighty obligations laid upon your most dutiful, obedient, devoted servant,

WILLIAM DUNKIN.

## FROM DR. SWIFT TO MR. POPE.

DEAR SIR, DUBLIN, APRIL 28, 1739.

THE gentleman who will have the honour to deliver you this, although he be one related to me, which is by no means any sort of recommendation; for I am utterly void of what the world calls natural affection, and with good reason, because they are a numerous race degenerating from their ancestors, who were of good esteem for their loyalty and sufferings in the rebellion against king Charles the first. This cousin of mine, who is so desirous to wait on you, is named Deane Swift, because his great grandfather by the grandmother's side was admiral Deane, who having been one of the regicides, had the good fortune to save his neck by dying a year or two before the Restoration.

I have a great esteem for Mr. Deane Swift, who is much the most valuable of any in his family: he was first a student in this university, and finished his studies in Oxford, where Dr. King, principal of St. Mary Hall, assured me, that Mr. Swift behaved himself with good reputation and credit: he hath a very

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a very good taste for wit, writes agreeable and entertaining verses, and is a perfect master equally skilled in the best Greek and Roman authors. He has a true spirit for liberty, and with all these advantages is extremely decent and modest. Mr. Swift is heir to the little paternal estate of our family, at Goodrich in Herefordshire. My grandfather was so persecuted and plundered two and fifty times by the barbarity of Cromwell's hellish crew, of which I find an account in a book called Mercurius Rusticus, that the poor old gentleman was forced to sell the better half of his estate to support his family. However, three of his sons had better fortune; for, coming over to this kingdom, and taking to the law, they all purchased good estates, of which Mr. Deane Swift has a good share, but with some incumbrance.

I had a mind that this young gentleman should have the honour of being known to you; which is all the favour I ask for him: and that if he stays any time longer in London than he now intends, you will permit him to wait on you sometimes. I am, my dearest friend,

Your most obedient
and most humble servant,
J. SWIFT.

TO

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## TO THE SAME.

MAY 10, 1739, AT A CONJECTURE.

YOU are to suppose, for the little time I shall live, that my memory is entirely gone, and especially of any thing that was told me last night, or this morning. I have one favour to entreat from you. I know the high esteem and friendship you bear to your friend Mr. Lyttelton, whom you call "the "rising genius of this age." His fame, his virtue, honour, and courage, have been early spread even among us. I find he is secretary to the prince of Wales; and his royal highness has been for several years chancellor of the university in Dublin. All this is a prelude to a request I am going to make to you. There is in this city one Alexander M'Aulay, a lawyer of great distinction for skill and honesty, zealous for the liberty of the subject, and loyal to the house of Hanover; and particularly to the prince of Wales, for his highness's love to both kingdoms.

Mr. M'Aulay is now soliciting for a seat in parliament here, vacant by the death of Dr. Coghill, a civilian, who was one of the persons chosen for this university: and, as his royal highness continues still chancellor of it, there is no person so proper to nominate the representative as himself. If this favour can be procured, by your good will and Mr. Lyttelton's interest, it will be a particular obligation to me, and grateful to the people of Ireland,

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Ireland, in giving them one of their own nation to represent this university.

There is a man in my choir, one Mr. Lamb; he has at present but half a vicarship: the value of it is not quite fifty pounds *per annum*. You writ to me in his favour some months ago; and, if I outlive any one vicar choral, Mr. Lamb shall certainly have a full place, because he very well deserves it: and I am obliged to you very much for recommending him.

## FROM MR. SECRETARY LYTTELTON*.

SIR, LONDON, MAY 16, 1739.

I CANNOT let Mr. Swift return to Ireland without my acknowledgments to you for the favour you have done Mr. Lamb†. I know that I ought to ascribe it wholly to Mr. Pope's recommendation, as I have not the happiness to be known to you myself; but give me leave to take this occasion of assuring you how much I wish to be in the number of your friends. I think I can be so even at this distance, and though we should never come to a nearer acquaintance; for the reputation of some men is amiable, and one can love their characters, without knowing their persons.

* Afterward the first lord Lyttelton.

† One of the choir in the cathedrals of St. Patrick and Christ church.

If

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If it could ever be in my power to do you any service in this country, the employing me in it would be a new favour to, sir, your obliged humble servant,

G. LYTTELTON.

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## TO MR. LYTTELTON.

SIR, JUNE 5, 1739.

YOU treat me very hard, by beginning your letter with owning an obligation to me on account of Mr. Lamb; which deserves mine and my chapter's thanks, for recommending so useful a person to my choir. It is true I gave Mr. Deane Swift a letter to my dear friend Mr. Pope, that he might have the happiness to see and know so great a genius in poetry, and so agreeable in all other good qualities; but the young man (several years older than you) was much surprised to see his junior in so high a station as secretary to his royal highness the prince of Wales, and to find himself treated by you in so kind a manner. In one article, you are greatly mistaken: for, however ignorant we may be in the affairs of England, your character is as well known among us, in every particular, as it is in the prince your master's court, and indeed all over this poor kingdom.

You will find that I have not altogether forgotten my old court politicks: for, in a letter I writ to Mr. Pope, I desired him to recommend Mr. M'Aulay to

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to your favour and protection, as a most worthy, honest, and deserving gentleman; and I perceive you have effectually interceded with the prince, to prevail with the university to choose him for a member to represent that learned body in parliament, in the room of Dr. Coghill, deceased.

I have been just now informed, that some of the fellows have sent over an apology, or rather a remonstrance, to the prince of Wales; pretending they were under a prior engagement to one Mr. Tisdal; and therefore have desired his royal highness to withdraw his recommendation. A modest request indeed, to demand from their chancellor, what they think is dishonourable in themselves, to give up an engagement! Their whole proceeding, on this occasion, against their chancellor, heir of the crown, is universally condemned here; and seems to be the last effort of such men, who, without duly considering, make rash promises, not consistent with the prudence expected from them.

I can hardly venture the boldness to desire, that his royal highness may know from you the profound respect, honour, esteem, and veneration, I bear toward his princely virtues. All my friends on your side the water represent him to me in the most amiable light; and the people infallibly reckon upon a golden age in both kingdoms, when it shall please God to make him the restorer of the liberties of his people.

I ought to accuse you highly for your ill treatment of me, by wishing yourself in the number of my friends: but you shall be pardoned, if you please to be one of my protectors; and your protection cannot be long. You shall therefore make



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it up, in thinking favourably of me. Years have made me lose my memory in every thing but friendship and gratitude: and you, whom I have never seen, will never be forgotten by me until I am dead. I am, honourable sir, with the highest respect,

Your most obedient and
obliged humble servant.

## TO MR. FAULKNER.

SIR, DEC. 4, 1739.

I CANNOT find a manuscript I wrote, called, Directions for Servants*, which I thought was very useful, as well as humourous. I believe, you have both seen and read it. I wish you could give me some intelligence of it, because my memory is quite gone; therefore, let me know all you can conjecture about it. I am, sir,

Your very humble servant,
JONATHAN SWIFT.

## FROM THE REV. MR. THROP.

REV. SIR, DECEMBER 10, 1739.

THE many professions of kindness you have made, and friendship you have shown, to my mother and

* On this head see the Eighteenth volume of this collection.



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her family, particularly in declaring your abhorrence and detestation of the cruel and inhuman behaviour of that monster —— * to my unfortunate and innocent brother, induced my mother to trouble you with a few of the narratives of that case, to disperse among such members of the house of commons as were of your acquaintance. The reason of our troubling you to do this, is because we intend presenting a petition to the members of the house of commons this session, to oblige —— to wave his privilege, every other attempt we have tried since my brother's death proving fruitless.

Your appearing, sir, in this affair, will not only make —— the more ready to do justice, but prevent others from supporting him in his villanies, which will be of infinite service to my mother and her family.

The bearer carries you a dozen of cases; and if you should have occasion for any more, they shall be sent you by, reverend sir, your most obliged and obedient humble servant,

ROBERT THROP.

I have written the names of several persons mentioned in the narrative at length upon the back of the titlepage.

* Mr. Faulkner fills the blank with "Mr. Wilson."



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## TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

MADAM, DEC. 31, 1739.

IT is impossible to have health in such desperate weather; but you are worse used than others. Every creature of either sex are uneasy; for our kingdom is turned to be a Muscovy, or worse. Even I cannot do any good by walking: Is not warmth good against rheumatick pains? I hope Deane Swift * will be able to assist you both. I wish for a happy turn in the weather. I am doubly desolate, and wish I could sleep until the sun would comfort us. Would neither your son or daughter save you the pains of writing on your back? You are much more friendly to me than a thousand of them. Adieu. I am ever yours.

J. SWIFT.

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## TO THE SAME.

DEAR MADAM,

I AM truly and heartily glad that you are a little mended, and can lie on your belly, or side, not altogether on your back. You are much in the right not to stir, and so was Croker † not to suffer

* Then married to Mrs. Harrison.

† An eminent apothecary of great humanity and skill.

you.

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you. I am not yet worse for the cold weather, but am angry at it. I am heartily sorry for yourself and daughter; but Mr. Swift dares not be sick, for his chief business is to look after you and your daughter. I walk only in my bedchamber and closet, which has also a fire. I am ever yours.

JON. SWIFT.

New Year's day, 1739-40.

I wish you may have many, and all healthy ones.

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## TO THE SAME.

DEAR MADAM, JAN. 18, 1739-40.

I HAVE been many days heartily concerned for your ill health; it is now twenty-five days since we have found nothing but frost and misery, and they may continue for as many more. This day is yet the coldest of them all. Dr. Wilson and I are both very uneasy to find no better message from you. I received, as I was going to dinner, the enclosed letter from your beloved of ——, which I shall make you happy with. It will show you the goodness, the wisdom, the gratitude, the truth, the civility of that excellent divine, adorned with an orthography (spelling) fit for himself. Pray read it a hundred times, but return it after you have read it a hundred times. My love and service to your son and daughter; let them both read the enclosed.



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I would not lose your lover's letter for 100l. It must be sent back by the bearer. Let me know the exact number of lies that are in it; but I fear that will take up your time too much. I am ever yours,

JON. SWIFT.

## TO THE SAME.

FEBRUARY 3, 1739-40.

THE bad account I had of your health for many days or rather weeks, has made me continually uneasy to the last degree; and Mr. Swift, who was with me so long yesterday, could not in conscience give me any comfort: but your kind letter has raised my spirits in some measure. I hope we have almost done with this cursed weather, yet still my garden is all in white. I read your letter to Dr. Wilson, who is somewhat better, and he resolves to apply your medicine, I mean your improvements of what you prescribe to add to his surgeon's method.

I am ever, dear madam, entirely yours,

J. SWIFT.

## TO THE SAME.

DEAR MADAM, APRIL 29, 1740.

I FIND that you and I are fellow sufferers almost equally in our healths, although I am more than twenty

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twenty years older. But I am and have been these two days in so miserable a way, and so cruelly tortured, that can hardly be conceived. The whole last night I was equally struck as if I had been in Phalaris's brazen bull, and roared as loud for eight or nine hours. I am at this instant unable to move without excessive pain, although not the thousandth part of what I suffered all last night and this morning. This you will now style the gout. I continue still very deaf. Doctor Wilson's left eye is still disordered, and very uneasy. You have now your family at home: I desire to present them with my kind and hearty service.

I am ever entirely yours, &c.

J. SWIFT.

## FROM MRS. WHITEWAY TO ALEXANDER POPE, ESQ.

SIR, MAY 16, 1740.

SHOULD I make an apology for writing to you, I might be asked why I did so? If I have erred, my design at least is good, both to you and the dean of St. Patrick; for I write in relation to my friend, and I write to his friend, which I hope will plead my excuse. As I saw a letter of yours to him, wherein I had the honour to be named, I take the liberty to tell you (with grief of heart) his memory is so much impaired, that in a few hours he forgot it; nor is his judgment sound enough, had he many tracts by



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him, to finish or correct them, as you have desired. His health is as good as can be expected, free from all the tortures of old age; and his deafness lately returned, is all the bodily uneasiness he has to complain of. A few years ago he burnt most of his writings unprinted*, except a few loose papers, which are in my possession, and which I promise you (if I outlive him) shall never be made publick without your approbation. There is one treatise in his own keeping, called Advice to Servants, very unfinished and incorrect, yet what is done of it, has so much humour, that it may appear as a posthumous work. The History of the Four Last Years of Queen Anne's Reign I suppose you have seen with Dr. King, to whom he sent it some time ago, and, if I am rightly informed, is the only piece of his (except Gulliver) which he ever proposed making money by, and was given to Dr. King with that design, if it might be printed: I mention this to you, lest the doctor should die, and his heirs imagine they have a right to dispose of it. I entreat, sir, you will not take notice to any person of the hints I have given you in this letter; they are only designed for yourself: to the dean's friends in England they can only give trouble, and to his enemies and starving wits cause of triumph. I enclose this to alderman Barber, who I am sure will deliver it safe, yet knows nothing more than its being a paper that belongs to you.

The ceremony of answering women's letters, may perhaps make you think it necessary to answer mine; but I do not expect it, because your time either is

* In resentment to the house of commons of Ireland, who sent Faulkner to Newgate for printing the satire on Quadrille.

or

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or ought to be better employed, unless it be in my power to serve you in buying Irish linen, or any other command you are pleased to lay on me, which I shall execute, to the best of my capacity, with the greatest readiness, integrity, and secrecy; for whether it be my years, or a less degree of vanity in my composition than in some of my sex, I can receive such an honour from you without mentioning it. I should, some time past, have writ to you on this subject, had I not fancied that it glanced at the ambition of being thought a person of consequence, by interfering between you and the dean; a character of all others which I dislike.

I have several of your letters to the dean, which I will send by the first safe hand that I can get to deliver them to yourself; I believe it may be Mr. M'Aulay, the gentleman the dean recommended through your friendship to the prince of Wales.

I believe this may be the only letter which you ever received without asking a favour, a compliment, extolling your genius, running in raptures on your poetry, or admiring your distinguishable virtue. I am, sir, with very high respect, your most obedient and most humble servant,

MARTHA WHITEWAY.

Mr. Swift who waited on you last summer, is since that married to my daughter: he desires me to present you his most obedient respects and humble thanks for the particular honour conferred upon him in permitting him to spend a day with you at Twickenham; a favour he will always remember with gratitude.

FROM

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## FROM WILLIAM PULTENEY, ESQ.

SIR, LONDON, JUNE 3, 1740.

I HAD, some time ago, a letter from Mr. Stopford, who told me, that you enjoyed a better state of health last year than you had done for some time past. No one wishes you more sincerely than I do the continuance of it. And since the gout has been your physick, I heartily hope you may have one good fit regularly every year, and all the rest of it perfect health and spirits.

I am persuaded you will do me the justice to believe, that if I have not writ to you for some time, it has proceeded from an unwillingness alone of engaging you in a very useless correspondence, and not from any want of a real regard and true esteem. Mr. Pope can be my witness how constantly I inquire after you, and how pleased and happy I am, when he tells me, that you have the goodness frequently to mention me in your letters to him.

I fear you have but little desire to come among us again. England has few things inviting in it at present. Three camps, near forty thousand troops, and sixteen kings*, and most of them such as are really fit to be kings in any part of the world. Four millions of money have been raised on the people this year, and in all probability nothing will be

* Sixteen lords of the regency, the king being abroad.

done.

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done. I have not the least notion, that even our expedition under lord Cathcart* is intended to be sent any where; and yet every minister we have (except sir Robert) very gravely affirms it will go; nay, and I am afraid believes it too. But our situation is very extraordinary; sir Robert will have an army, will not have a war, and cannot have a peace; that is, the people are so averse to it, that he dares not make one. But in one year more, when, by the influence of this army and our money, he has got a new parliament to his liking, then he will make peace, and get it approved too, be it as it will. After which I am afraid we shall all grow tired of struggling any longer, and give up the game.

But I will trouble you with no more politicks: and if I can hear from you in two lines that you are well, I promise you not to reply to it too soon. You must give me leave to add to my letter a copy of verses at the end of a declamation made by a boy at Westminster school on this theme,

Ridentem dicere verum,
Quid vetat?

Dulce, decane, decus, flos optime gentis Hibernæ
Nomine quique audis, ingenioque celer;
Dum lepido indulges risu, et mutaris in horas,
Quô nova vis animi, materiesque rapit;
Nunc gravis astrologus, cœlo dominaris et astris,
Filaque pro libitu Partrigiana secas.
Nunc populo speciosa hospes miracula promis,
Gentesque æquoreas, aëriasque creas.
Seu plausum captat queruli persona draperi,
Seu levis a vacuo fabula sumpta cado.

* Against Carthagena. It went, and miscarried.

Mores

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Mores egregius mira exprimis arte magister,
Et vitam atque homines pagina quæque sapit.
Socraticæ minor est vis et sapientia chartæ,
Nec tantum potuit grande Platonis opus.

Mrs. Pulteney knowing that I am writing to you, charges me to present her services, when I assure you that I am most faithfully and sincerely,

Your obedient humble servant,

W. PULTENEY.

## MR. POPE TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

TWICKENHAM, JUNE 18, 1740.

I AM extremely sensible of the favour of your letter, and very well see the kindness as well as honour which moved you to it. I have no merit for the one, but being (like yourself) a sincere friend to the dean, though much a less useful one; for all my friendship can only operate in wishes, yours in good works. He has had the happiness to meet with such in all the stages of his life; and I hope in God and in you, that he will not want one in the last. Never imagine, madam, that I can do otherwise than esteem that sex, which has furnished him with the best friends.

The favour you offer me I accept with the utmost thankfulness; and I think no person more fit to convey it to my hands than Mr. M'Aulay, of whom I



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know you have so good an opinion. Indeed any one whom you think worthy your trust, I shall think deserves mine, in a point I am ever so tender of.

I wish the very small opportunity I had of showing Mr. Swift, your son, my regards for him, had been greater; and I wish it now more, since he is become so near to you, for whom my respect runs hand in hand with my affection for the dean; and I cannot wish well for the one without doing so for the other.

I turn my mind all I can from the melancholy subject of your letter. May God Almighty alleviate your concern, and his complaints, as much as possible in this state of infirmities, while he lives; and may your tenderness, madam, prevent any thing after his death which may anywise depreciate his memory. I dare say nothing of ill consequence can happen from the commission given to Dr. King.

You see, madam, I write to you with absolute freedom, as becomes me to the friend of my friend, and to a woman of sense and spirit. I will say no more, that you may find I treat you with the same delicacy that you do me (and for which I thank you) without the least compliment: and it is none when I add, that I am, with esteem, madam, your most obliged and most obedient servant,

A. POPE.

TO

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## TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

I HAVE been very miserable all night, and to day extremely deaf and full of pain. I am so stupid and confounded, that I cannot express the mortification I am under both in body and mind. All I can say is, That I am not in torture; but I daily and hourly expect it. Pray let me know how your health is and your family. I hardly understand one word I write. I am sure my days will be very few; few and miserable they must be.

I am, for those few days, yours entirely,

J. SWIFT.

If I do not blunder, it is Saturday, July 26, 1740.

If I live till Monday, I shall hope to see you, perhaps for the last time.

---

## TO THE SAME.

DEAR MADAM, JANUARY 13, 1740-41.

YOUR son *, who was with me yesterday, and staid the whole afternoon till near ten o'clock, gave

* Mr. Swift.

me

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me a very melancholy account of your ill health, extremely to my grief. I send a servant with this letter, and you will please to employ Mr. Swift to answer it, because I am in very great pain about you; for the weather is so extremely sharp, that it must needs add to your disorders. Pray let your son or daughter write a few lines to give me some sort of comfort. My cold is now attended with a cough this bitter cold weather; but I am impatient until your son or daughter gives me some hopes. I am ever your assured friend and most humble servant,

J. SWIFT.

## FROM THE EARL OF ORRERY.

DUKE STREET, WESTMINSTER,
JULY 7, 1741.

THANKS to you, dear sir, for your frequent remembrance of me by my great friend and patron master George Faulkner: thanks to you for the honours you have showed my wife: but above all, thanks to you for using exercise and taking care of your health. It is the strongest instance of affection your friends either desire or deserve. In mentioning your friends, I must particularize Mr. Pope: he obeys your commands, and flings away much time upon me: *Nec deficit alter aureus;* doctor King does the same. Thus deities condescended to visit and converse with mortals.

Poor

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Poor lord Oxford is gone to those regions from whence travellers never return, unless in an airy visit to faithless lovers, as Margaret to William; or to cities devoted to destruction, as Hector amidst the flames of Troy. The deceased earl has left behind him many books, many manuscripts, and no money: his lady brought him five hundred thousand pounds, four of which have been sacrificed to indolence, good nature, and want of worldly wisdom: and there will still remain, after proper sales, and right management, five thousand pounds a year for his widow.

Mr. Cæsar died about two months ago. Mrs. Cæsar is still all tears and lamentations, although she certainly may be numbered *inter felices, sua si bona norint.*

Lord Bathurst is at Cirencester, erecting pillars and statues to queen Anne. Lord Bolingbroke lives in France: posterity, it is to be hoped, may be the better for his retirement. The duke of Argyll reigns or ought to reign in Scotland.—Such is the state of Europe; but our disappointment in America has cast a gloomy face over London and Westminster. The citizens have recourse to mum and tobacco, by which means they puff away care, and keep dismay at a proper distance; in the mean time, my friends the ducks and geese in the park cackle on, and join in chorus to the sounds of victory that are daily drummed forth on the parade, but reach no farther than the atmosphere of Whitehall. —— What news next? The weather—but you certainly know it is hot; for in truth, notwithstanding this letter comes from my heart, and is written in the pleasure

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pleasure of thinking of you, yet I sweat to assure you how much I am, dear sir, your ever obliged and obedient humble servant,

ORRERY.

## FROM THE EARL OF ORRERY TO DEANE SWIFT, ESQ.

SIR, MARSTON, DEC. 4, 1742.

I AM much obliged to you for the full, though melancholy, account you have sent me of my ever honoured friend. It is the more melancholy to me, as I have heard him often lament the particular misfortune incident to human nature, of an utter deprivation of senses many years before a deprivation of life. I have heard him describe persons in that condition, with a liveliness and a horrour, that on this late occasion have recalled to me his very words. Our litany, methinks should have an addition of a particular prayer against this most dreadful misfortune. I am sure mine shall. The bite of a mad dog (a most tremendous evil) ends soon in death; but the effects of his loss of memory may last even to the longest age of man; therefore I own my friendship for him has now changed my thoughts and wishes into the very reverse of what they were, I rejoice to hear he grows lean. I am sorry to hear his appetite is good. I was glad when there seemed an approaching mortification in his eyelid. In one word, the man I wished to live the longest I wish the



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soonest dead. It is the only blessing that can now befal him. His reason will never return; or if it should, it will only be to show him the misery of having lost it. I am impatient for his going where imperfection ceases, and where perfection begins; where Wilsons cannot break in and steal, and where envy, hatred, and malice have no influence or power. While he continues to breathe, he is an example, stronger and more piercing than he or any other divine could preach, against pride, conceit, and vain glory. Good God! doctor Swift beaten and marked with stripes by a beast in human shape, one Wilson *. But he is not only an example against presumption

* Dr. Francis Wilson was prebendary of Kilmactolway, and rector of Clondalkin, in the diocese of Dublin, the great tithes of which belong to the deanery of St. Patrick's. Dr. Wilson, who lived in the centre of this prebend and parish, and was well acquainted with the country, farmed these tithes of Dr Swift on very reasonable terms, greatly to his own advantage. When the dean was much in the decline of life, he invited Dr. Wilson to accept of apartments for himself and his wife in the deanery house at Dublin; where they had very good lodgings, with the benefit of his servants and stables. Dr. Swift's memory failing him greatly at this time, Wilson took the advantage of carrying him to his house at Newland, within four miles of Dublin, and endeavoured to intoxicate him with liquor, which he could not accomplish; and, on their return to Dublin, solicited Dr. Swift to make him subdean of St. Patrick's, and turn out Dr. Wynne, a very worthy and hospitable gentleman, which Dr. Swift refused; on which, Dr. Wilson, in a most outrageous manner, insulted the dean, beat him very severely, took him by the throat, and would have choked him, had it not been for the dean's footman and coachman, who rescued him out of the hands of Wilson. This affair made a great noise; Wilson was forbidden the dean's house, and died soon after. To this same "beast in human shape," as lord Orrery justly calls him, Dr. Swift had bequeathed "the works of Plato in three folio "volumes,

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sumption and haughtiness, but in reality an incitement to marriage. Men in years ought always to secure a friend to take care of declining life, and watch narrowly as they fall the last minute particles of the hourglass. A bachelor will seldom find, among all his kindred, so true a nurse, so faithful a friend, so disinterested a companion, as one tied to him by the double chain of duty and affection. A wife could not be banished from his chamber, or his unhappy hours of retirement; nor had the dean felt a blow, or wanted a companion, had he been married, or, in other words, had Stella lived. All that a friend could do, has been done by Mrs. Whiteway; all that a companion could persuade, has been attempted by Mrs. Ridgeway. The rest—but I shall run on for ever, and I set out at first only with an intention of thanking you for your letter, and assuring you that

I am, sir, your most obedient humble servant,
ORRERY.

P. S. I beg to hear from you from time to time, if any new occurrence happens in the dean's unhappy state.

" volumes, the earl of Clarendon's history in three folio volumes,
" and my best Bible, together with thirteen small Persian pictures
" in the drawingroom, and the small silver tankard given to me
" by the contribution of some friends whose names are engraved at
" the bottom of the said tankard."



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## *LETTERS OF UNCERTAIN DATE.*

### FROM THE DUCHESS OF HAMILTON.

WEDNESDAY, (YEAR UNCERTAIN).

DEAR DEAN,

WHEN we were together last, I remember we spoke of a certain stanza, which you suspected me parent of, by reason there were some things in it, you were sure I should have said twelve years ago. If this be a rule, I am certain you are not dean Swift; for twelve years ago your promised letter had not been so long in coming to me. All I can say is, I wish you had been twelve years ago what I wish you now, and that you were now what you was twelve years ago to

Your real friend and humble servant,

E. HAMILTON.

### FROM THE DUKE OF WHARTON.

MONDAY MORNING, (YEAR UNCERTAIN)

DEAR DEAN,

I SHALL embark for England to morrow. It would be necessary for me to take leave of lord Molesworth

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Molesworth on many accounts; and as Young is engaged in town, I must infallibly go alone, unless your charity extends itself to favour me with your company there this morning.

I beg you would send me your answer, and believe me

Sincerely your faithful friend and servant,

WHARTON.

P. S. If you condescend so far, come to me about eleven of the clock.

---

## TO THE EARL OF PETERBOROW.

MY LORD,

I NEVER knew or heard of any person so volatile and so fixed as your lordship: you, while your imagination is carrying you through every corner of the world, where you have or have not been, can at the same time remember to do offices of favour and kindness to the meanest of your friends; and, in all the scenes you have passed, have not been able to attain that one quality peculiar to a great man of forgetting every thing but injuries. Of this I am a living witness against you; for, being the most insignificant of all your old humble servants, you were so cruel as never to give me time to ask a favour; but prevented me in doing whatever you thought I desired, or could be for my credit or advantage.

I have often admired at the capriciousness of for-



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tune in regard to your lordship. She has forced courts to act against their oldest and most constant maxims; to make you a general because you had courage and conduct; an ambassador because you had wisdom and knowledge in the interests of Europe; and an admiral on account of your skill in maritime affairs: whereas, according to the usual method of court proceedings, I should have been at the head of the army, and you of the church, or rather a curate under the dean of St. Patrick's.

The archbishop of Dublin laments that he did not see your lordship till he was just upon the point of leaving the Bath: I pray God you may have found success in that journey; else I shall continue to think there is a fatality in all your lordship's undertakings, which only terminate in your own honour, and the good of the publick, without the least advantage to your health or fortune.

I remember lord Oxford's ministry used to tell me, "That, not knowing where to write to you, they "were forced to write at you." It is so with me; for you are in one thing an evangelical man, that "you know not where to lay your head;" and I think you have no house. Pray, my lord, write to me, that I may have the pleasure, in this scoundrel country, of going about, and showing my depending parsons a letter from the earl of Peterborow.

I am, &c.

BY

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## BY DR. SWIFT;

BUT WHEN OR TO WHOM WRITTEN IS UNCERTAIN.

EVERY squire, almost to a man, is an oppressor of the clergy; a racker of his tenants; a jobber of all publick works; very proud; and generally illiterate. Two neighbouring squires, although they be intimate friends, relations, or allies, if one of them want one hundred foot of the other's land contiguous to his own, which would make any building square, or his garden uniform (without the least inconveniency to the other) he shall be absolutely refused; or (as the utmost mark of friendship) shall be forced to pay for it twenty times more than the value. This they call, paying for your conveniency: which is directly contrary to the very letter of an ancient heathen maxim in morality—That whatever benefit we can confer upon another, without injuring ourselves, we are bound to do it to a perfect stranger. The esquires take the titles of great men, with as little ceremony, as Alexander or Cæsar. For instance, the great Conolly *, the great Wesley †, the great Damer ‡.

A fellow, whose father was a butcher, desiring a lawyer to be a referee in some little brangle between him and his neighbour, complained that the lawyer excused himself in the following manner:—Sir, I

* Speaker of the house of commons.
† Garret Wesley, esq.
‡ Joseph Damer, esq., of the county of Tipperary.



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am your most humble servant; but dare not venture to interfere in the quarrels of you great men. Which I take to be just of a piece with Harlequin's swearing upon his honour. Jealousies, quarrels, and other ruptures, are as frequent between neighbouring squires, and from the same motives: the former brangling about their meres and bounds, as the others do about their frontiers. The detestable tyranny and oppression of landlords are visible in every part of the kingdom.

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## TO THE REV. MR. JOHN TOWERS,

PREBENDARY OF ST. PATRICK'S, AT POWERSCOURT, NEAR BRAY.

SIR,

I CANNOT imagine what business it is that so entirely employs you. I am sure it is not to gain money, but to spend it; perhaps it is to new cast and contrive your house and gardens at 400l. more expense. I am sorry it should cost you two pence to have an account of my health, which is not worth a penny; yet I struggle, and ride, and walk, and am temperate, and drink wine on purpose to delay, or make abortive, those schemes proposed for a successor; and if I were well, I would counterfeit myself sick, as Toby Matthews, archbishop of York, used to do when all the bishops were gaping to succeed him. It is one good sign that giddiness is peculiar to youth, and I find I grow giddier as I grow older,

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older, and, therefore, consequently I grow younger. If you will remove six miles nearer, I shall be content to come and spunge upon you as poor as you are, for I cannot venture to be half a day's journey from Dublin, because there is no sufficient medium of flesh between my skin and my bones, particularly in the parts that lie upon the saddle. Therefore, be pleased to send me three dozen ounces of flesh before I attempt such an adventure, or get me a six mile inn between this town and your house. The cathedral organ and backside are painting and mending, by which I have saved a sermon; and, as the rogues of workmen go on, I may save another.

How, a wonder, came young Acheson to be among you? I believe neither his father nor mother know any thing of him; his mother is at Grange with Mrs. Acheson, her mother, and, I hear, is very ill of her asthma and other disorders, got by cards, and laziness, and keeping ill hours. Ten thousand sackfuls of such knights and such sons are, in my mind, neither worth rearing nor preserving, I count upon it that the boy is good for nothing. I am, sir, with great truth, your obedient, humble servant,

J. SWIFT.

*A TRANS-*

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# *A TRANSLATION OF THE FRENCH LETTERS IN THIS WORK.*

## MR. LE CLERC TO MR. ADDISON *.

SIR, AMSTERDAM, FEB. 12, 1709.

I DID myself the honour to write to you at the beginning of the present year, to beg you would be so good as to inform me of a particular affair, of which it behoved me to get the earliest intelligence; and yet I have no answer from you. I have only been informed that you have resigned the post you lately held, in order to go over to Ireland as secretary to lord Wharton. I wish you joy upon this event, presuming that the latter employ is preferable to the former; though I am very sensible that I shall be a loser by your removal. Still I wish you all manner of satisfaction in your new office; and heartily pray that God may crown all your enterprises with success. The favour I begged of you, was to send me the family name, and titles, of my lord Halifax; and to ask himself, if you thought proper, whether he would permit me to dedicate my Livy to him. As you had signified to me by Mr. Philips, that you had forgot the sheet which I wanted in Mr. Rymer's collection, I had sent you word that it is the sheet

* See the original, vol. XI, p. 60.



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10 T, or the four pages immediately preceding the index of names in the first tome. If you have got it since, be so good as to send it to Messrs. Toutton and Stuiguer, carefully folded up, and directed to me. I suppose this letter will find you still at London, because it is reported that lord Wharton will not set out till toward the month of April. There is nothing new here, in the republick of letters, worth your notice. The jesuits of Paris have passed a severe censure on father Hardouin's opinions, and obliged him to retract them in a very ignominious manner. We shall see what will be the consequence. I should be glad could I be of any service to you here; you would then see how sincerely I am, sir, your most humble and obedient servant,

J. LE CLERC.

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## TO MR. GIRALDI *.

SIR, DUBLIN, FEB. 25, 1714-15.

I TAKE the liberty to recommend to you the bearer, Mr. Howard, a learned gentleman of good family in this country, who intends to make the tour of Italy, and being a canon in my deanery, and professor of a college in this university, would fain be confirmed in his heresy by travelling among catholicks. And after all, sir, it is but just that since you have borrowed our English frankness and sincerity to

* Mr. Giraldi was secretary to the duke of Tuscany. See the original, vol. XI, p. 433.

ingraft

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ingraft on your Italian politeness, some of us tramontanes should make reprisals on you by travelling. You will also permit me to beg you will be so kind as to present my most humble duty to his royal highness the grand duke.

With regard to myself, I will be so free as to tell you, that two months before the queen's decease, finding that it was impossible to reconcile my friends of the ministry, I retired to a country house in Berkshire; from whence, after that melancholy event, I came over to Ireland, where I now reside upon my deanery, and with christian resignation wait for the destruction of our cause and of my friends, which the reigning faction are daily contriving. For these gentlemen are absolutely determined to strike off half a dozen heads of the best men in England, whom you intimately knew and esteemed. God knows what will be the consequence. For my part, I have bid adieu to politicks, and with the good leave of the honest men who are now in power, I shall spend the remainder of my days in my hermitage, and attend entirely to my own private affairs. Adieu, sir, and do me the justice to believe that I am, with great respect, sir, yours, &c.

TO

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## TO VANESSA *.

MAY 12, 1719.

I MAKE you my compliments on your perfection in the French language. It is necessary to know you long, in order to know all your accomplishments: by perpetually seeing and hearing you, new ones appear, which before were concealed. It is a reproach to me, that I know only the Gascon and Patois in comparison of you. There is nothing to be objected, either as to the orthography, propriety, elegance, ease, or spirit. And what a blockhead am I to answer you in the same language, you who are incapable of any folly, unless it be the esteem that you are pleased to entertain for me; for it is no merit, nor any proof of my good taste, to find out in you all that nature has bestowed on a mortal; that is to say, honour, virtue, good sense, wit, sweetness, agreeableness, and firmness of soul; but by concealing yourself, as you do, the world knows you not, and you lose the eulogy of millions. Ever since I have had the honour of knowing you, I have always remarked, that neither in private, nor in general conversation, has one word ever escaped you, which could be better expressed. And I protest, that after making frequently the most severe criticisms, I never have been able to find the least fault, either in your actions, or your words. Coquetry, affectation, prudery,

* See the original, vol. XII, p. 24.

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are imperfections which you never knew. And with all this, do you think it possible not to esteem you above the rest of humankind? What beasts in petticoats are the most excellent of those, whom I see dispersed throughout the world, in comparison of you! On seeing, on hearing them, I say a hundred times a day, speak not, look not, think not, do nothing like those wretches. What a misfortune to be the occasion of bringing down contempt on so many women; who, but for the thoughts of you, would be a little tolerable! But it is time to put an end to this trouble, and to bid you adieu. I am, and ever shall remain, with all possible respect, sincerity and esteem, yours.

## FROM THE ABBÉ DES FONTAINES *.

SIR, PARIS, JULY 4, 1726.

I HAVE the honour to send you the second edition of your work, which I have translated into French. I should have sent you the first, had I not been obliged, for reasons which I am not at liberty to tell you, to insert a passage in the preface, which you would not have been pleased with, and which indeed I inserted much against my inclinations. As the book has made its way without opposition, these reasons no longer subsist, and I have expunged this passage in the second edition, as you will find. I

* See the original, vol. XII, p. 151.

have

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have likewise altered the passage relating to my lord Carteret, concerning which I had received false intelligence. In many parts you will easily see that my translation is not exact; but what pleases in England, has not always the same effect in France; either because our manners are different, or because the allusions and allegories, that strike people in one country, do not make the same impression in another; or, in fine, because the two nations do not always agree in taste. My intention was to present my countrymen with a book, which might be of use to them; and this has made me take some liberties in varying from the original. I have been even so free as to make some additions, according as I found my own imagination raised by yours. To you only I am indebted for the honour this translation does me; a translation that has been sold with amazing rapidity, for there have been already three editions of it. I have conceived so high an esteem for you, and so greatly am I obliged to you, that if you are not entirely satisfied with the suppression I made in this edition, I am still ready to go any farther length, in order to cancel the memory of that part of the preface: as for the rest, I beg you will pay due attention to the justice I have done you in that very preface.

We flatter ourselves that we shall soon have the honour of seeing you in this capital. All your friends are impatient for your arrival. Nothing else is talked of; and all Paris eagerly expects this agreeable event. Do not defer giving us this pleasure; you will see a nation that holds you in the highest esteem. In the mean while I claim the honour of your friendship, and beg you will be persuaded,



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that no one respects you more than myself; being, with the profoundest regard and esteem, sir, your most humble and most obedient servant.

THE ABBÉ DES FONTAINES.

Dr. Arbuthnot has been so good as to undertake to deliver this letter to you, together with the copy of your work, which I have the honour of sending you.

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## DR. SWIFT'S ANSWER *.

SIR,

IT is above a month since I received your letter of the 4th of July; but the copy of the second edition of your translation is not yet come to hand. I have read the preface to the first; and give me leave to tell you, that I was very much surprised to find, that at the same time you mentioned the country in which I was born, you also took notice of me by name, as the author of that book, though I have had the misfortune of incurring the displeasure of some of our ministers by it, and never acknowledged it as mine. Your behaviour however, in this respect, though somewhat exceptionable, shall not prevent me from doing you justice. The generality of translators are very lavish of their praises on such works as they undertake to render into their own language, imagining perhaps that their reputation

* See the original, vol. XII, p. 153.

depends

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depends in some measure on that of the authors, whom they have thought proper to translate. But you were sensible of your own abilities, which rendered all such precautions needless. Capable of mending a bad book, an enterprise more difficult than to write a good one, you have ventured to publish the translation of a work, which you affirm to abound with nonsense, puerilities, *&c.* We think with you, that nations do not always agree in taste; but are inclined to believe, that good taste is the same, wherever there are men of wit, judgment, and learning. Therefore, if the travels of Gulliver are calculated only for the British islands, that voyager must certainly be reckoned a paltry writer. The same vices and follies prevail in all countries, at least in all the civilized parts of Europe: and an author, who would sit down to write only for a single town, a province, a kingdom, or even a century, so far from deserving to be translated, does not deserve to be read.

This Gulliver's adherents, who are very numerous here, maintain that his book will last as long as our language, because he does not derive his merit from certain modes of expression or thought, but from a series of observations on the imperfections, follies and vices of mankind.

You may very well judge, that the people I have been speaking of do not approve of your criticisms; and you will doubtless be surprised, when I inform you, that they regard this sea surgeon as a grave author, who never departs from his character, and who uses no foreign embellishment, never pretends to set up for a wit, but is satisfied with giving the publick a plain and simple narrative of the adventures



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that befel him, and of the things he saw and heard in the course of his voyages.

With regard to the article relating to lord Carteret, without waiting for any information whence you borrowed your intelligence, I shall take the liberty to tell you, that you have written only one half of the truth; and that this real, or supposed drapier, has saved Ireland, by spiriting up the whole nation to oppose a project, by which a certain number of individuals would have been enriched at the publick expense.

A series of accidents have intervened, which will prevent my going to France at present, and I am now too old to hope for any future opportunity. I am sensible that this is a great loss to me. The only consolation that remains, is to think that I shall be the better able to bear that spot of ground, to which fortune has condemned me. I am, *&c.*

## FROM LADY BOLINGBROKE*.

DAWLEY, FEB. 1, 1726-7.

I HAVE been told, sir, that you complain of having received no letters from me. You do me wrong: I treat you as one of the deities, who keep an account with mankind of their intentions. It is about ten years since I proposed writing to you; before I had the honour of knowing you, the idea, which I had formed of your gravity, restrained me: since I have had the honour of seeing you, I never could find

* See the original, vol. XII, p. 219.

spirit

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spirit enough to venture upon it. A certain gentleman, named Gulliver, had put this poor imagination of mine, which is so depressed by the air of London, and by conversations of which I know only the sound, a little in motion; I was desirous of seizing the moment, in order to write to you, but I fell ill, and have been so perpetually for these three months. I avail myself, therefore, sir, of the first return of my health, to thank you for your reproaches, which I am very proud of, and to say a word to you concerning my friend Gulliver. I learn, with great satisfaction, that he has just been translated into French; and as my residence in England has considerably increased my love for my own country and its inhabitants, I am delighted that they now can participate in the pleasure which that good gentleman has given me, and that they can profit by his discoveries. I am not without hopes, that the twelve ships, which France has just fitted out, may be destined for an embassy to the nation of the Houyhnhnms. In that case I would propose to you, that we should make the voyage together. In the mean time I am pleased with a workman of your country, who, in order to furnish the ladies with fans, which you know, sir, are much used here, has made some, wherein all the adventures of your faithful traveller are represented. You may easily judge what a share he will have in their conversation. This, indeed, will be of great prejudice to the rain and fine weather, which filled up a part of it; and as to myself in particular, I shall be deprived of the words *very cold* and *very warm*, the few expressions I understand. I reckon to send you some of those fans by one of your friends. You may make a merit of them with your Irish ladies, if



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you have any occasion for them; which I imagine you have not, at least if they think like the French ladies. His lordship of Dawley, Mr. Pope and myself, are taken up here in drinking, eating, sleeping, or doing nothing, except praying to God for your welfare. Return this spring to see us; my lord expects your coming with impatience, that he may kill the weightiest ox, and the largest hog, on my farm: both shall be served up whole on your reverence's table, for fear that my cook should in any manner disguise them. You will shine among us at least as much as among your own prebends, and we shall be no less solicitous to please you. I will dispute that point with every body, being, of all persons living, sir, your most humble and most obedient servant.

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## FROM LADY BOLINGBROKE*.

MR. Pope m'a fait grand plaisir, monsieur, de m'assurer que votre santé est bonne; et de me montrer dans une de vos lettres des marques de l'honneur de votre souvenir. Je trouve que vous prenez fort mal votre tems d'habiter votre Dublin pendant que nous habitons notre Dawley. Nous aurions eu grand soin de vous cet hiver, et nous aurions haï ensemble le genre humain, autant qu'il vous auroit plû, car je trouve qu'il n'embellit point au croître. On a fait deux pieces de théâtre en France, tirées soi-disant des idées de Gulliver. Je ne vous les envoye point, car elles sont détestables: mais cela prouve au moins, que ce bon voyageur a si bien réussi chez nous qu'on

* Endorsed, "Lady Bolingbroke."

a crû,

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a crû, qu'en mettant seulement son nom aux plus mauvaises pieces, on les rendroit recommandables au publique. Notre fermier vous embrasse : il se plaint et boude de ce que vous êtes parti sans qu'il ait pu vous dire adieu ; et de ce qu'il a vu une de vos lettres, où vous ne dites pas un mot pour lui : mais je vous crois comme les coquettes, qui se fiant à leurs charmes ne s'embarassent pas de leurs torts. En effet ils vous seront pardonnés à la première lettre et encore plus aisément à la première espérance de vous revoir. Adieu, monsieur, portez vous bien, et nous serons content, je ne m'aviserai pas de vous mander des nouvelles de ce pays ci : Je suis étrangère de plus en plus, et je ne serois tentée de me faire naturaliser, que dans ceux où je pourrois vivre avec vous.

## TRANSLATION.

SIR,

MR. Pope has given me great pleasure, by assuring me that you are in good health, and showing me a mark of your kind remembrance, in one of your letters. I think you have chosen a wrong time to confine yourself to Dublin, while we reside at Dawley. We should have taken great care of you this winter, and joined together in our aversion to mankind, as much as you pleased ; for I do not find they much improve upon a near acquaintance. The French have lately formed in France two theatrical pieces, which are said to have been drawn from Gulliver. They are such wretched stuff, that I shall not send them to you ; but it is at least an indication of your honest traveller's having had such success among

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among us, that the name of Gulliver is sufficient to recommend the most paltry performance to the publick. Our farmer embraces you: he complains of your going away without giving him an opportunity to take leave of you, and of your omitting to mention a word concerning him, in one of your letters: but I fancy you are like the coquettes, who, presuming on the power of their charms, are indifferent how far they may offend. I can assure you, that all trespasses will be forgiven you upon the receipt of the very first letter, and still more readily upon the very first hope that we shall see you again. Adieu; take care of yourself, and we shall be satisfied. I have no notion of sending you any news from this country: I am here a stranger more than ever; and I should never think of being naturalized in any other spot, but where I could spend my days in your company.

## MR. VOLTAIRE TO THE COUNT DE MORVILLE*,

MINISTER AND SECRETARY OF STATE, AT VERSAILLES.

MY LORD, JUNE, 1727.

HITHERTO I have confined myself to a tacit admiration of your management of the publick affairs of Europe; but it is impossible for a person, who has your glory so much at heart, and for whom you have a sincere affection, to keep silence any longer, and not to present his sincere compliments to you upon the wisdom of your conduct.

* See the original, vol. XII, p. 235.

Besides,

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Besides, I could not decline the honour, which the celebrated dean Swift does me, in offering to deliver this letter to your lordship. I am sensible that he is already known to you by fame, and that you are desirous of his acquaintance. He does honour to a nation which you highly esteem. You have perused the translations of several pieces attributed to him; and who is more capable than you, my lord, of discovering the beauties of an original, even through the veil of an inelegant version? I apprehend you will not be sorry to dine in company with dean Swift, and the president Henault: and I also flatter myself, that the liberty I take in introducing to your acquaintance one of the most extraordinary men that England ever produced; one who is most capable of forming a just idea of your truly great qualities, will be considered by you as a token of my sincere attachment to your person.

I shall ever remain, with the most profound respect and esteem, my lord, your lordship's most obedient humble servant,

VOLTAIRE.

## ADVERTISEMENT BY DR. SWIFT.

IN HIS DEFENCE AGAINST JOSHUA, LORD ALLEN, FEB. 18, 1729.

"WHEREAS Dr. Jonathan Swift, dean of St. Patrick's Dublin, hath been credibly informed, that on Friday the 13th of this instant February, a certain person did, in a publick place, and in the hearing of a great number, apply himself to the right honourable

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honourable the lord mayor of this city, and some of his brethren, in the following reproachful manner: 'My lord, you and your city can squander away the publick money, in giving a gold box to a fellow who has libelled the government!' or words to that effect. Now, if the said words, or words to the like effect, were intended against him the said dean, and as a reflection on the right hon. the lord mayor, aldermen, and commons, for the decreeing unanimously, and in full assembly, the freedom of this city to the said dean, in an honourable manner, on account of an opinion they had conceived of some services done by him the said dean to this city, and to the kingdom in general: The said dean doth declare, that the said words, or words to the like effect, are insolent, false, scandalous, malicious, and in a particular manner perfidious; the said person, who is reported to have spoken the said or the like words, having for some years past, and even within some few days, professed a great friendship for the said dean; and, what is hardly credible, sending a common friend of the dean and himself, not many hours after the said or the like words had been spoken, to renew his profession of friendship to the said dean, but concealing the oratory; whereof the dean had no account till the following day, and then told it to all his friends."

END OF THE THIRTEENTH VOLUME.

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